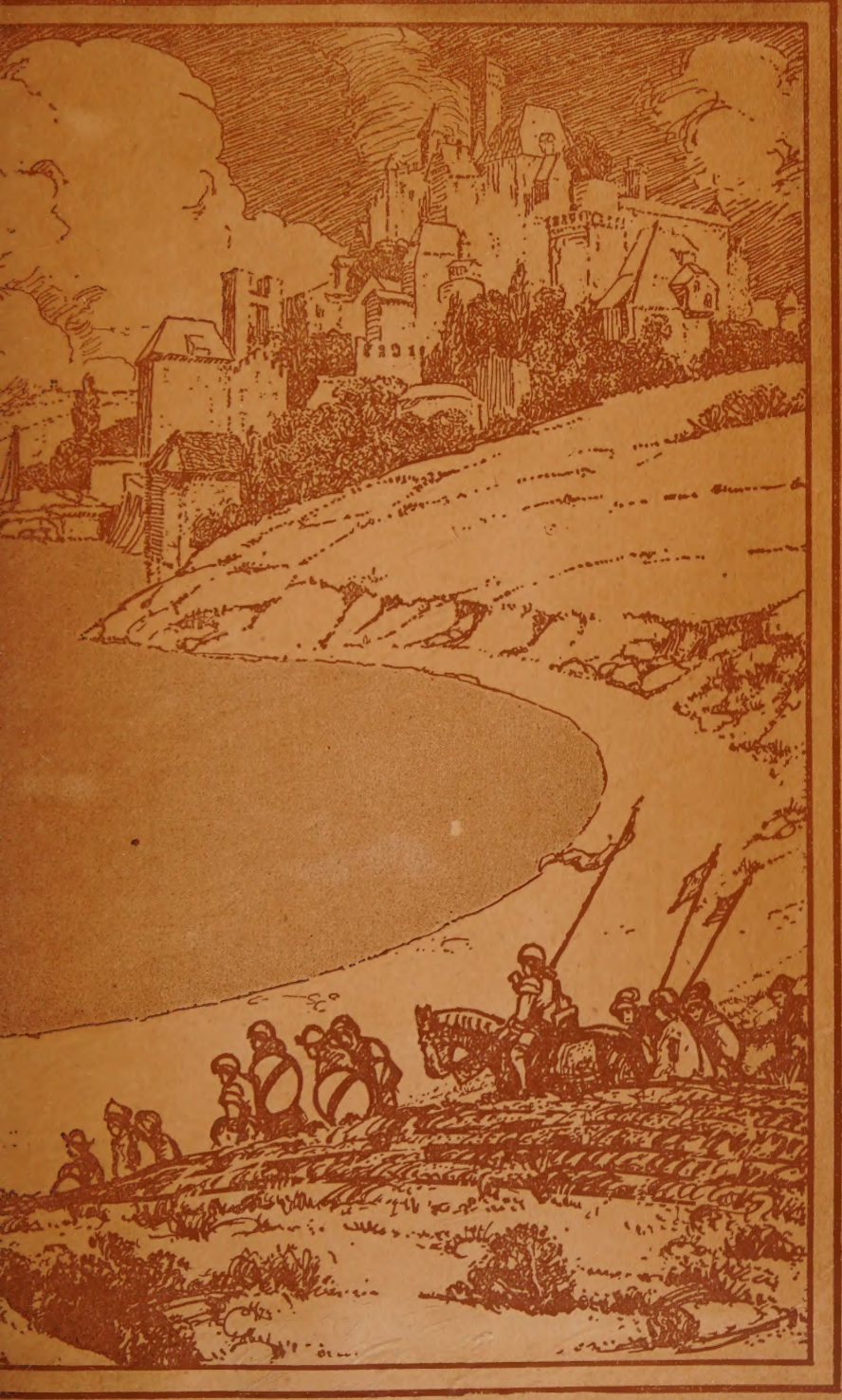
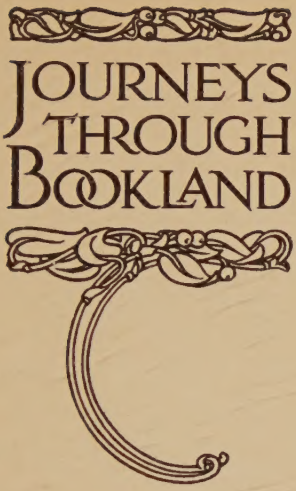
Journeys
Through
Bookland




JOURNEYS
THROUGH
BOOKLAND

W. S. Southworth

Aladdin rode to The Sultan's Palace

Journeys Through Bookland

A New and Original Plan for Reading, Applied to the World's Best Literature for Children

BY

Charles H. Sylvester

AUTHOR OF *English and American Literature, Etc.*

VOLUME THREE

BELLOWS-REEVE COMPANY

CHICAGO

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JOHN'S PUMPKIN

MRS. ARCHIBALD

Last spring I found a pumpkin seed,
And thought that I would go
And plant it in a secret place,
That no one else would know,
And watch all summer long to see
It grow, and grow, and grow,
And maybe raise a pumpkin for
A Jack-a-lantern show.

I stuck a stick beside the seed,
And thought that I should shout
One morning when I stooped and saw
The greenest little sprout!
I used to carry water there,
When no one was about,
And every day I'd count to see
How many leaves were out.

Till by and by there came a flower
The color of the sun,
Which withered up, and then I saw
The pumpkin was begun;
But oh! I knew I'd have to wait
So long to have my fun,
Before that small green ball could be
A great big yellow one.

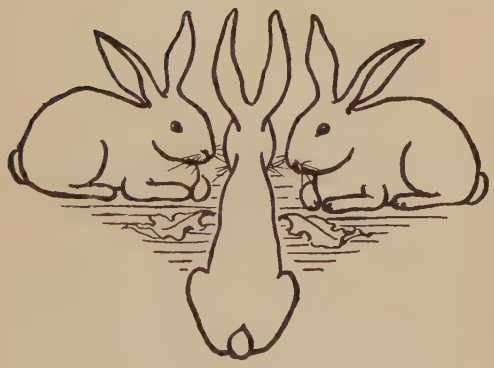
At last, one day, when it had grown
To be the proper size,

A GREAT BIG YELLOW ONE

Said Aunt Matilda: "John, see here,
I'll give you a surprise!"
She took me to a pantry shelf,
And there before my eyes,
Was set a dreadful row of half
A dozen pumpkin pies.

Said Aunt Matilda: "John, I found
A pumpkin, high and dry,
Upon a pile of rubbish, down
Behind that worn-out sty!"

O, dear, I didn't cry, because
I'm quite too big to cry,
But, honestly, I couldn't eat
A mouthful of the pie.



THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

LEWIS CARROLL

NOTE.—The *Mock Turtle's Story* is from *Alice in Wonderland*, one of the most delightful books that ever was written for children. It tells the story of a little girl's dream of Wonderland—a curious country where one's size changes constantly, and where one meets and talks with the quaintest, most interesting creatures. *Through the Looking-Glass*, a companion book to *Alice in Wonderland*, is almost equally charming, with its descriptions of the land where everything happens backward. *Queen Alice*, on page 26, and *The Walrus and the Carpenter*, on page 41, are from *Through the Looking-Glass.*

The real name of the man who wrote these books was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, but every one knows him better as Lewis Carroll. He was a staid and learned mathematician, who wrote valuable books on most difficult mathematical subjects; for instance, he wrote a *Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry*, and it is not a joke, though the name may sound like one to a person who has read *Alice in Wonderland.* However, there was one subject in which this grave lecturer on mathematics was more interested than he was in his own lectures, and that was children—especially little girls. He liked to have them with him always, and they, seeing in him a friend and playmate, coaxed

him constantly for stories and stories, and yet more stories.

One day, in July, 1862, he took three of his little friends, Alice and Edith and Lorina Liddell, for a trip up the river, and on that afternoon he began telling them about Alice and her Wonderland, continuing the story on other occasions. He had no intention then of making a book, but the story pleased little Alice and her sisters so well that they talked about it at home and among their grown-up friends, who finally persuaded the author to have it printed. It has gone on growing more and more popular, and will keep on doing so as long as children love fun and wonderful happenings.

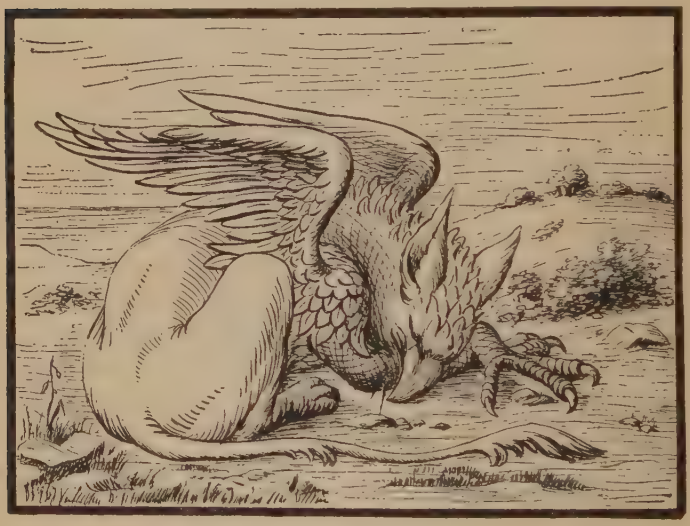
The pictures which Sir John Tenniel made for Lewis Carroll's books are almost as famous as the books themselves, and every child who has studied them knows exactly how dear little Alice looked, and feels certain that he would recognize a Gryphon or a Mock Turtle anywhere. The pictures given here are after Tenniel's drawings.

THEY had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. "What is his sorrow?" she asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, "It's all his fancy, that:

he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!"

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon,



THE GRYPHON

"she wants for to know your history, she do."

"I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone: "sit down both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

ALICE SAT STILL

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sighing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there

must be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise——"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily; "really you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it——"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on:

"We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day——"

"*I've* been to a day-school too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, *and washing*—extra.' "

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification'," Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice, doubtfully; "it means—to —make—anything—prettier."

"Well then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers —"Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaog-

raphy: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you, myself," the Mock Turtle said: "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learned it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon. "I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn, and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle: "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon

interrupted in a very decided tone: "tell her something about the games now."

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice and tried to speak, but for a minute or two sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon, and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:

"You may not have lived much under the sea"— ("I haven't," said Alice)—"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a Lobster"—(Alice began to say "I once tasted"—but checked herself hastily, and said, "No, never")—"so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the seashore——"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on: then, when you've cleared all the jellyfish out of the way——"

"*That* generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"You advance twice——"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said: "advance twice, set to partners——"

"Change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.

"Then you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the——"

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"As far out to the sea as you can——"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice.

"Back to land again, and—that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

"It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice timidly.

"Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Very much indeed," said Alice.

"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"

"Oh, *you* sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their fore paws to mark the time, while

THE LOBSTER-QUADRILLE

the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:

"'Will you walk a little faster!' said a whiting to a snail,
'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will
you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't
you join the dance?

"'You can really have no notion how delightful
it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the
lobsters, out to sea!'
But the snail replied 'Too far, too far!' and
gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would
not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not,
would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not,
could not join the dance.

"'What matters it how far we go?' his scaly
friend replied,
'There is another shore, you know, upon the
other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to
France;
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and
join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will
you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't
you join the dance?'"

"Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch," said Alice, feeling very glad that it was

over at last; "and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!"

"Oh, as to the whiting," said the Mock Turtle, "they—you've seen them, of course?"

"Yes," said Alice, "I've often seen them at dinn——" she checked herself hastily.

"I don't know where Dinn may be," said the Mock Turtle, "but if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like."

"I believe so," Alice replied thoughtfully. "They have their tails in their mouths; and they're all over crumbs."

"You're wrong about the crumbs," said the Mock Turtle; "crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they *have* their tails in their mouths; and the reason is"—here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes. "Tell her about the reason and all that," he said to the Gryphon.

"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all."

"Thank you," said Alice, "it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than that, if you like," said the Gryphon. "Do you know why it's called a whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"*It does the boots and shoes,*" the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated in a wondering tone.

"Why, what are *your* shoes done with?" said the Gryphon. "I mean, what makes them so shiny?"

Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. "They're done with blacking, I believe."

"Boots and shoes under the sea," the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, "are done with whiting. Now you know."

"And what are they made of?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

"Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied rather impatiently; "any shrimp could have told you that."

"If I'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, "I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please; we don't want *you* with us!' "

"They were obliged to have him with them," the Mock Turtle said; "no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

"Wouldn't it really?" said Alice in a tone of great surprise.

"Of course not," said the Mock Turtle; "why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say 'With what porpoise?' "

"Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied

in an offended tone. And the Gryphon added, "Come, let's hear some of *your* adventures."

"I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," said Alice a little timidly; "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

"Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

"No, no! the adventures first," said the Gryphon in an impatient tone; "explanations take such a dreadful time."

So Alice began telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit; she was a little nervous about it just at first, the two creatures got so close to her, one on each side, and opened their eyes and mouths so *very* wide, but she gained courage as she went on. Her listeners were perfectly quiet till she got to the part about her repeating, "*You are old, Father William,*" to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming different, and then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath, and said, "That's very curious."

"It's all about as curious as it can be," said the Gryphon.

"It all came different!" the Mock Turtle repeated thoughtfully. "I should like to hear her try and repeat something now. Tell her to begin." He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had some kind of authority over Alice.

"Stand up and repeat, '*'Tis the voice of the sluggard*'," said the Gryphon.

"How the creatures order one about, and

AND TURNS OUT HIS TOES

make one repeat lessons!" thought Alice. "I might just as well be at school at once."

However, she got up, and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of the Lobster-Quadrille, that she hardly knew what she was saying, and the words came very queer indeed:

"'Tis the voice of the lobster; I heard him declare,

'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar
my hair.'
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out
his toes."

"That's different from what *I* used to say when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"Well, I never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense."

Alice said nothing; she had sat down again with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a natural way again.

"I should like to have it explained," said the Mock Turtle.

"She can't explain it," said the Gryphon hastily. "Go on with the next verse."

"But about his toes?" the Mock Turtle persisted. "How *could* he turn them out with his nose, you know?"

"It's the first position in dancing," Alice said; but she was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

"Go on with the next verse," the Gryphon repeated impatiently; "it begins '*I passed by his garden.*'"

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:

"I passed by his garden, and marked, with one
eye,

How the owl and the oyster were sharing the pie."

"What *is* the use of repeating all that stuff," the Mock Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing *I* ever heard."

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off," said the Gryphon, and Alice was only too glad to do so.

"Shall we try another figure of the Lobster-Quadrille?" the Gryphon went on. "Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song?"

"Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, "Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her '*Turtle Soup*,' will you, old fellow?"

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this:

"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two p
ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?

Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening.
Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!"

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

MARY HOWITT

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
  Said a spider to a fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
  That ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor
  Is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things
  To show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,
  "To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
  Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary
  With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
  Said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around,
  The sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile,
  I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,
  "For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again
  Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly,
  "Dear friend, what shall I do

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly;
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings,
How brilliant are your eyes.
I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning, now,
I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon be back again;
So he wove a subtle thread
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.
He went out to his door again,
And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple,
There's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by:
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew—
Thought only of her brilliant eyes
And green and purple hue;
Thought only of her crested head—
Poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but
She ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you, ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly.

QUEEN ALICE

LEWIS CARROLL

LICE threw herself down to rest on a lawn as soft as moss, with little flower beds dotted about it here and there. "Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what *is* this on my head?" she exclaimed, as she put her hands up to something very heavy, that fitted tight all round her head.

"But how *can* it have got there without my knowing it?" she said to herself, as she lifted it off, and set it on her lap to make out what it could possibly be. It was a golden crown.

"Well, this *is* grand!" said Alice. "I never expected I should be a queen so soon—and I'll tell you what it is, your majesty," she went on in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding herself), "it'll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know!"

So she got up and walked about—rather stiffly just at first, as she was afraid that the crown might come off: but she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see her; "and if I really am a queen," she said, as she sat down again, "I shall be able to manage it quite well in time."

Everything was happening so oddly that she didn't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red

IT WAS A GOLDEN CROWN

Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side: she would have liked very much to ask them how they came there, but she feared it would not be quite civil. However, there would be no harm, she thought, in asking if the game was over.

"Please, would you tell me——" she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

"Speak when you're spoken to!" the Queen sharply interrupted her.

"But if everybody obeyed that rule," said Alice, who was always ready for a little argument, "and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for *you* to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that——"

"Ridiculous!" cried the Queen. "Why, don't you see, child——" here she broke off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed the subject of the conversation. "What do you mean by 'If you really are a queen?' What right have you to call yourself so? You can't be a queen, you know, till you've passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better."

"I only said 'if'," poor Alice pleaded in a piteous tone.

The two queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked, with a little shudder, "She *says* she only said 'if'——"

"But she said a great deal more than that," the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. "Oh, ever so much more than that."

"So you did, you know," the Red Queen said to Alice. "Always speak the truth—think before you speak—and write it down afterward."

"I'm sure I didn't mean——" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

"That's just what I complain of. You *should* have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even

a joke should have some meaning——and a child's more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn't deny that, even if you tried with both hands."

"I don't deny things with my *hands*," Alice objected.

"Nobody said you did," said the Red Queen. "I said you couldn't if you tried."

"She's in that state of mind," said the White Queen, "that she wants to deny *something*—only she doesn't know what to deny."

"A nasty, vicious temper," the Red Queen remarked; and there was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying to the White Queen, "I invite you to Alice's dinner party this afternoon."

The White Queen smiled feebly, and said, "And I invite *you*."

"I didn't know I was to have a party at all," said Alice; "but if there is to be one, I think *I* ought to invite the guests."

"We gave you the opportunity of doing it," the Red Queen remarked: "but I dare say you've not had many lessons in manners yet?"

"Manners are not taught in lessons," said Alice. "Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort."

"Can you do addition?" the White Queen asked. "What's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?"

"I don't know," said Alice. "I lost count."

"She can't do Addition," the Red Queen interrupted. "Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight."

"Nine from eight I can't, you know," Alice replied very readily: "but——"

"She can't do Subtraction," said the White

ALICE CONSIDERED

Queen. "Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife—what's the answer to that?"

"I suppose——" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her. "Bread-and-butter, of course. Try another Subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog: what remains?"

Alice considered. "The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it—and the dog

wouldn't remain; it would come to bite me—and I'm sure *I* shouldn't remain!"

"Then you think nothing would remain?" said the Red Queen.

"I think that's the answer."

"Wrong as usual," said the Red Queen; "the dog's temper would remain."

"But I don't see how——"

"Why, look here!" the Red Queen cried. "The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps it would," Alice replied cautiously.

"Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!" the Queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways." But she couldn't help thinking to herself, "What dreadful nonsense we *are* talking!"

"She can't do sums a *bit*," the queens said together, with great emphasis.

"Can *you* do sums?" Alice said, turning suddenly on the White Queen, for she didn't like being found fault with so much.

The Queen gasped and shut her eyes. "I can do Addition," she said, "if you give me time—but I can't do Subtraction under *any* circumstances!"

"Of course you know your A B C?" said the Red Queen.

"To be sure I do," said Alice.

"So do I," the White Queen whispered: "we'll often say it over together, dear. And I'll tell you a secret—I can read words of one

letter! Isn't *that* grand? However, don't be discouraged. You'll come to it in time."

Here the Red Queen began again. "Can you answer useful questions?" she said. "How is bread made?"

"I know *that*," Alice cried eagerly. "You take some flour——"

"Where do you pick the flower?" the White Queen asked. "In a garden, or in the hedges?"

"Well, it isn't *picked* at all," Alice explained: "it's *ground*——"

"How many acres of ground?" said the White Queen. "You mustn't leave out so many things."

"Fan her head!" the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. "She'll be feverish after so much thinking." So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves, till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

"She's all right again now," said the Red Queen. "Do you know languages? What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?"

"Fiddle-de-dee's not English," Alice replied gravely.

"Who ever said it was?" said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty this time. "If you'll tell me what language 'fiddle-de-dee' is, I'll tell you the French for it!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly, and said, "Queens never make bargains."

"I wish queens never asked questions," Alice thought to herself.

"Don't let us quarrel," the White Queen said, in an anxious tone. "What is the cause of lightning?"

"The cause of lightning," Alice said, very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, "is the thunder—no, no!" she hastily corrected herself. "I meant the other way."

"It's too late to correct it," said the Red Queen: "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences."

"Which reminds me," the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, "we had *such* a thunderstorm last Tuesday—I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know."

Alice was puzzled. "In *our* country," she remarked, "there's only one day at a time."

The Red Queen said, "That's a poor thin way of doing things. Now *here*, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together—for warmth, you know."

"Are five nights warmer than one night, then?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Five times as warm, of course."

"But they should be five times as *cold*, by the same rule——"

"Just so!" cried the Red Queen. "Five times as warm, *and* five times as cold—just as I'm five times as rich as you are, *and* five times as clever!"

Alice sighed and gave it up. "It's exactly like a riddle with no answer!" she thought.

"Humpty Dumpty saw it too," the White Queen went on in a low voice, more as if she were talking to herself. "He came to the door with a corkscrew in his hand——"

"What did he want?" said the Red Queen.

"He said he *would* come in," the White Queen went on, "because he was looking for a hippopotamus. Now, as it happened, there wasn't such a thing in the house, that morning."

"Is there generally?" Alice asked in an astonished tone.

"Well, only on Thursdays," said the Queen.

"I know what he came for," said Alice: "he wanted to punish the fish, because——"

Here the White Queen began again. "It was *such* a thunderstorm, you can't think!" ("She *never* could, you know," said the Red Queen.) "And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in—and it went rolling round the room in great lumps—and knocking over the tables and things—till I was so frightened, I couldn't remember my own name!"

Alice thought to herself, "I never should *try* to remember my name in the middle of an accident! Where would be the use of it?" but she did not say this aloud, for fear of hurting the poor Queen's feelings.

"Your Majesty must excuse her," the Red Queen said to Alice, taking one of the White Queen's hands in her own, and gently stroking it: "she means well, but she can't help saying foolish things, as a general rule."

The White Queen looked timidly at Alice,

who felt she *ought* to say something kind, but really couldn't think of anything at the moment.

"She never was really well brought up," the Red Queen went on: "but it's amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she'll be!" But this was more than Alice had courage to do.

"A little kindness—and putting her hair in papers—would do wonders with her——"

The White Queen gave a deep sigh, and laid her head on Alice's shoulder. "I *am* so sleepy!" she moaned.

"She's tired, poor thing!" said the Red Queen. "Smooth her hair—lend her your nightcap—and sing her a soothing lullaby."

"I haven't got a nightcap with me," said Alice, as she tried to obey the first direction: "and I don't know any soothing lullabies."

"I must do it myself, then," said the Red Queen, and she began:

"Hush-a-by, lady, in Alice's lap!
Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap:
When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball—
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!"

"And now you know the words," she added, as she put her head down on Alice's other shoulder, "just sing it through to *me;* I'm getting sleepy, too." In another moment both queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.

"What *am* I to do?" exclaimed Alice, looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head,

TWO QUEENS ASLEEP AT ONCE

and then the other, rolled down from her shoulder, and lay like a heavy lump in her lap. "I don't think it *ever* happened before, that any one had to take care of two queens asleep at once! No, not in all the history of England—it couldn't, you know, because there never was more than one queen at a time. Do wake up, you heavy things!" she went on in an impatient tone; but there was no answer but a gentle snoring.

THE LEPRECAUN

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

NOTE,—The Leprecaun, or Shoemaker, is one of the solitary fairies of Ireland. He is a little fellow who wears a red coat with seven buttons in each row, and a cocked or pointed hat, on the point of which he often spins round like a top. You may often see him under the hedge mending shoes; where, if you are sharp enough, you may catch him and make him give up the big crocks of gold, of which the little miser has saved many and many. But you must be careful, for if after you have seen him once you take your eyes off him for a single instant, he vanishes into the air like a wreath of smoke.

Little cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
Only the plaintiff yellow-bird
Singing in sultry fields around?
Chary, chary, chary, chee-e!
Only the grasshopper and the bee?
"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
Scarlet leather sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight,
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!"

Lay your ear close to the hill:
Do you not catch the tiny clamor,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Leprecaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade?
He's a span
And a quarter in height;
Get him in sight, hold him fast,
And you're a made
Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
How should you like to roll in your carriage
And look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
Seize the shoemaker, so you may!
"Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding feast,
And pink for a ball:
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe,
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too!"

Nine and ninety treasure crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountain, wood and rocks,
Ruin and round-tower, cave or rath,
And where the cormorants build;
From the times of old
Guarded by him;
Each of them filled

HE PULLED A SNUFFBOX OUT

Full to the brim
With gold!

I caught him at work one day myself,
In the castle ditch where the foxglove grows,
A wrinkled, wizened and bearded elf,
Spectacles stuck on the top of his nose,

Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron, shoe in his lap.
"Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tick-tack-too!
A grig stepped upon my cap,
Away the moth flew.
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job's done."

The rogue was mine beyond a doubt;
I stared at him, he stared at me!
"Servant, Sir!" "Humph," said he,
And pulled a snuffbox out;
He took a long pinch, looked better pleased,
The queer little Leprecaun,
Offered the box with a whimsical grace,
Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
And, while I sneezed, was gone!

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

LEWIS CARROLL

The sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
  Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
  After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
  "To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
  The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
  No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
  There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
  Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
  They said, " it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
  Swept it for half a year,

Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

"Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—

Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock,
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"

"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

THE LITTLE OYSTERS WAITED

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?

"I DEEPLY SYMPATHIZE."

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"Oh Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

IN TIME'S SWING

LUCY LARCOM

Father Time, your footsteps go
Lightly as the falling snow.
In your swing I'm sitting, see!
Push me softly; one, two, three,
Twelve times only. Like a sheet,
Spread the snow beneath my feet.
Singing merrily, let me swing
Out of winter into spring.

Swing me out, and swing me in!
Trees are bare, but birds begin
Twittering to the peeping leaves,
On the bough beneath the eaves
Wait,—one lilac bud I saw.
Icy hillsides feel the thaw;
April chased off March to-day;
Now I catch a glimpse of May.

Oh, the smell of sprouting grass!
In a blur the violets pass.
Whispering from the wildwood come
Mayflower's breath and insect's hum.
Roses carpeting the ground;
Thrushes, orioles, warbling sound:
Swing me low, and swing me high,
To the warm clouds of July.

Slower now, for at my side
White pond lilies open wide.

PUSH ME SOFTLY

Underneath the pine's tall spire
Cardinal blossoms burn like fire.
They are gone; the golden-rod
Flashes from the dark green sod.
Crickets in the grass I hear;
Asters light the fading year.

Slower still! October weaves
Rainbows of the forest leaves.

Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,
Glimmer out of sleety dew.
Meadow-green I sadly miss:
Winds through withered sedges hiss.
Oh, 'tis snowing, swing me fast,
While December shivers past!

Frosty-bearded Father Time,
Stop your footfall on the rime!
Hard you push, your hand is rough;
You have swung me long enough.
"Nay, no stopping," say you? Well,
Some of your best stories tell,
While you swing me—gently, do!—
From the Old Year to the New.

The title tells you that this poem is not about a real swing, under an apple tree. Why is Time asked to push "twelve times only"? What month is it when the swinging begins? How many times does the swing move in the first stanza? How many times in the second? Do the birds begin to twitter while the trees are still bare? Should we expect to see lilac buds in February or March?

Do you know the "smell of sprouting grass"? Do the violets pass in May? Does it seem to you that the author has chosen the right flowers and birds to represent each month? Do the pond lilies, the cardinal blossoms, the golden-rod, the asters, and the gentians follow each other in that order?

If you are familiar with the flowers mentioned, you will know that they almost all grow in damp, marshy places. Where do sedges grow? Does it not seem to you that the illustrations are particularly well chosen?

There is a series of beautiful little pictures in the words, "underneath the pine's tall spire cardinal blossoms burn like fire;" "the golden-rod flashes from the dark green sod;" "asters light the fading year;" "gentians fringed . . . glimmer out of sleety dew."

Why are the gentians likened to "*eyes* of blue"? Has the fringe that borders them anything to do with it? What does "*sleety* dew" mean? Say the line "Winds through withered sedges hiss" aloud, and see whether you cannot almost hear the wind.

Why is Father Time called "frosty-bearded"? Why is his hand "rough"? Once asked to start the swing, Father Time refuses to stop it, and we know that the pictures of this poem are repeated over and over again in the life of every person.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

MARY HOWITT

HERE were, in very ancient times, two brothers, one of whom was rich, and the other poor. Christmas was approaching, but the poor man had nothing in the house for a Christmas dinner; so he went to his brother and asked him for a trifling gift.

The rich man was ill-natured, and when he heard his brother's request he looked very surly. But as Christmas is a time when even the worst people give gifts, he took a fine ham down from the chimney, where it was hanging to smoke, threw it at his brother, and bade him be gone and never show his face again.

The poor man thanked his brother for the ham, put it under his arm, and went his way. He had to pass through a great forest on his way home, and when he reached the thickest part of it, he saw an old man, with a long, white beard, hewing timber.

"Good evening," said the poor man.

"Good evening," returned the old man, raising himself from his work, and looking at him. "That is a fine ham you are carrying."

On hearing this, the poor man told him all about the ham and how it was obtained.

"It is lucky for you," said the old man, "that you have met with me. If you will take that

ham into the land of the dwarfs, the entrance to which lies just under the roots of this tree, you can make a capital bargain with it; for the dwarfs are very fond of ham, and rarely get any. But mind what I say; you must not sell it for money, but demand for it the old hand-mill which stands behind the door. When you come back I'll show you how to use it."

The poor man thanked his new friend, who showed him the door under a stone below the roots of the tree, and by this door he entered into the land of the dwarfs. No sooner had he set foot in it than the dwarfs swarmed about him, attracted by the smell of the ham. They offered him queer, old-fashioned money and gold and silver ore for it; but he refused all their tempting offers, and said that he would sell it only for the old hand-mill behind the door. At this the dwarfs held up their little old hands and looked quite perplexed.

"We cannot make a bargain, it seems," said the poor man, "so I'll bid you all good day."

The fragrance of the ham had by this time reached the remote parts of the land. The dwarfs came flocking around in little troops, leaving their work of digging out precious ores, eager for the ham.

"Let him have the old mill," said some of the newcomers; "it is quite out of order, and he does not know how to use it. Let him have it, and we will have the ham."

So the bargain was made. The poor man took the old hand-mill, which was a little thing,

THE POOR MAN POINTS TO THE MILL

not half so large as the ham, and went back to the woods. Here the old man showed him how to use it. All this had taken up a great deal of time, and it was midnight before he reached home.

"Where in the world have you been?" said his wife. "Here I have been waiting and waiting, and we have no wood to make a fire, nor anything to put into the porridge-pot for our Christmas supper."

The house was dark and cold; but the poor man bade his wife wait and see what would happen. He placed the little hand-mill on the table, and began to turn the crank. First, out there came some grand, lighted wax candles, and a fire on the hearth, and a porridge-pot boiling over it, because in his mind he said they should come first. Then he ground out a tablecloth, and dishes, and spoons, and knives and forks, and napkins.

He was himself astonished at his good luck, as you may believe; and his wife was almost beside herself with joy and astonishment. Well, they had a capital supper; and after it was eaten, they ground out of the mill every possible thing to make their house and themselves warm and comfortable. So they had a merry Christmas eve and morning, made merrier by the thought that they need never want again.

When the people went by the house to church the next day, they could hardly believe their eyes. There was glass in the windows instead of wooden shutters, and the poor man and his wife, dressed in new clothes, were seen devoutly kneeling in the church.

"There is something very strange in all this," said every one.

"Something very strange indeed," said the rich man, when three days afterwards he received an invitation from his once poor brother to a grand feast. And what a feast it was! The table was covered with a cloth as white as snow, and the dishes were all of silver or gold.

The rich man could not in his great house, and with all his wealth, set out such a table, or serve such food.

"Where did you get all these things?" exclaimed he. His brother told him all about the bargain he had made with the dwarfs, and putting the mill on the table, ground out boots and shoes, coats and cloaks, stockings, gowns, and blankets, and bade his wife give them to the poor people that had gathered about the house to get a sight of the grand feast the poor brother had made for the rich one, and to sniff the delightful odors that came from the kitchen.

The rich man was very envious of his brother's good fortune, and wanted to borrow the mill, intending—for he was not an honest man—never to return it again. His brother would not lend it, for the old man with the white beard had told him never to sell or lend it to any one, no matter what inducements might be offered.

Some years went by, and at last the possessor of the mill built himself a grand castle on a rock by the sea, facing west. Its windows, reflecting the golden sunset, could be seen far out from the shore, and it became a noted landmark for sailors. Strangers from foreign parts often came to see this castle and the wonderful mill, of which the most extraordinary tales were told.

At length a great foreign merchant came, and when he had seen the mill, inquired whether it would grind salt. Being told that it would,

he wanted to buy it, for he traded in salt, and thought that if he owned the mill he could supply all his customers without taking long and dangerous voyages.

The man would not sell it, of course. He was so rich now that he did not want to use it for himself; but every Christmas he ground out food and clothes and coal for the poor, and nice presents for the little children. So he rejected all the offers of the rich merchant, who, however, determined to have it. He bribed one of the man's servants to let him go into the castle at night, and he stole the mill and sailed away in triumph, feeling certain that his fortune was made.

He had scarcely got out to sea before he determined to set the mill to work. "Now, mill, grind salt," said he; "grind salt with all your might!—Salt, salt, and nothing but salt!" The mill began to grind, and the sailors to fill the sacks; but these were soon full, and in spite of all that could be done, it began to fill the ship.

The dishonest merchant was now very much frightened. What was to be done? The mill would not stop grinding; and at last the ship was overloaded, and down it went, making a great whirlpool where it sank.

The ship went to pieces; but the mill stands on the bottom of the sea, and keeps grinding out "salt, salt, nothing but salt!" That is the reason, say the peasants of Denmark and Norway, why the sea is salt.

THE POTATO

THOMAS MOORE

I'm a careless potato, and care not a pin
How into existence I came;
If they planted me drill-wise, or dibbled me in,
To me 'tis exactly the same.
The bean and the pea may more loftily tower,
But I care not a button for them;
Defiance I nod with my beautiful flower
When the earth is hoed up to my stem.

ORIGIN OF THE OPAL

A dewdrop came, with a spark of flame
He had caught from the sun's last ray,
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest
Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and frown;
But she smiled all at once, to view
Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,
Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look
At the sky, so soft and blue;
And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen,
Was seen by the idler too.

A cold north wind, as he thus reclined,
Of a sudden raged around;
And a maiden fair, who was walking there,
Next morning, an *opal* found.

WHAT THE OLD MAN DOES IS ALWAYS RIGHT

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

I WILL tell you the story which was told to me when I was a little boy. Every time I thought of the story it seemed to me to become more and more charming; for it is with stories as it is with many people—they become better as they grow older.

I take it for granted that you have been in the country, and have seen a very old farmhouse with a thatched roof, and mosses and small plants growing wild upon the thatch. There is a stork's nest on the summit of the gable; for we can't do without the stork. The walls of the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made so that it will open. The baking-oven sticks out of the wall like a little fat body. The elder tree hangs over the paling, and beneath its branches, at the foot of the paling, is a pool of water in which a few ducks are disporting themselves. There is a yard dog, too, who barks at all comers.

Just such a farmhouse stood out in the country; and in this house dwelt an old couple—a peasant and his wife. Small as was their property, there was one article among it that they could do without—a horse, that lived on the

grass it found by the side of the highroad. The old peasant rode into the town on this horse; and often his neighbors borrowed it of him, and rendered the old couple some service in return for the loan of it. But they thought it would be best if they sold the horse, or exchanged it for something that might be more useful to them. But what might this *something* be?

"You'll know that best, old man," said the wife. "It is fair day to-day, so ride into town, and get rid of the horse for money, or make a good exchange; whichever you do will be right to me. Ride off to the fair."

And she fastened his neckerchief for him, for she could do that better than he could; and she tied it in a double bow, for she could do that very prettily. Then she brushed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. So he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or to be bartered for something else. Yes, the old man knew what he was about.

The sun shone hotly down, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for many people, who were all bound for the fair, were driving, or riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the sunbeams.

Among the rest, a man was trudging along, driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow can be.

"She gives good milk, I'm sure," said the peasant. "That would be a very good exchange—the cow for the horse."

"Hallo, you there with the cow!" he said; "I tell you what—I fancy a horse costs more than a cow, but I don't care for that; a cow would be more useful to me. If you like, we'll exchange."

"To be sure I will," returned the man; and they exchanged accordingly.

So that was settled, and the peasant might have turned back, for he had done the business he came to do; but as he had once made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to proceed, merely to have a look at it; and so he went on to the town with his cow.

Leading the animal, he strode sturdily on; and after a short time he overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said our peasant to himself. "He would find plenty of grass by our palings, and in the winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more practical to have a sheep instead of a cow. Shall we exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was struck. So our peasant went on in the high road with his sheep.

Soon he overtook another man, who came into the road from a field, carrying a great goose under his arm.

"That's a heavy thing you have there. It has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, and paddling in the water at our place. That would be something

for my old woman; she could make much profit out of it. How often she has said, 'If we only had a goose!' Now, perhaps, she can have one. Shall we exchange? I'll give you my sheep for your goose, and thank you into the bargain."

The other man had not the least objection; and accordingly they exchanged, and our peasant became the owner of the goose.

By this time he was very near the town. The crowd on the highroad became greater and greater; there was quite a crush of men and cattle. They walked in the road, and close by the paling; and at the barrier they even walked into the tollman's potato field, where his own fowl was strutting about with a string to its legs, lest it should take fright at the crowd, and stray away, and so be lost. This fowl had short tail feathers, and winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning. "Cluck, cluck!" said the fowl. What it thought when it said this I cannot tell you; but as soon as our good man saw it, he thought, "That's the finest fowl I've ever seen in my life! Why, it's finer than our parson's brood hen. On my word, I should like to have that fowl. A fowl can always find a grain or two, and can almost keep itself. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get that in exchange for my goose. Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll taker.

"Exchange!" repeated the man; "well, that would not be a bad thing."

And so they exchanged; the toll taker at the

barrier kept the goose, and the peasant carried away the fowl.

Now, he had done a good deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat and to drink; and soon he was in front of the inn. He was just about to step in, when the hostler came out; so they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sackful of them—enough to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that's terrible waste! I should like to take them to my old woman at home. Last year the old tree by the turf-hole only bore a single apple, and we kept it in the cupboard till it was quite rotten and spoiled. 'It was always property,' my old woman said; but here she could see a quantity of property—a whole sackful. Yes, I shall be glad to show them to her."

"What will you give me for the sackful?" asked the hostler.

"What will I give? I will give my fowl in exchange."

And he gave the fowl accordingly, and received the apples, which he carried into the guest room. He leaned the sack carefully by the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot; he had not thought of that. Many guests were present—horse dealers, ox-

herds, and two Englishmen—and the two Englishmen were so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold coins, and almost burst; and they could wager, too, as you shall hear.

Hiss-s-s! hiss-s-s! What was that by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast.

"What is that?"

"Why, do you know——" said our peasant.

And he told the whole story of the horse that he had exchanged for a cow, and all the rest of it down to the apples.

"Well, your old woman will give it you well when you get home," said one of the Englishmen. "There will be a disturbance."

"What?—give me what?" said the peasant. "She will kiss me, and say, 'What the old man does is always right.'"

"Shall we wager?" said the Englishman. "We'll wager coined gold by the ton—a hundred pounds to the hundredweight!"

"A bushel will be enough," replied the peasant. "I can only set the bushel of apples against it; and I'll throw myself and my old woman into the bargain—and I fancy that's piling up the measure."

"Done—taken!"

And the bet was made. The host's carriage came up, and the Englishmen got in, and the peasant got in; away they went, and soon they stopped before the peasant's hut.

"Good evening, old woman."

"Good evening, old man."

"I've made exchange."

"Yes, you understand what you're about," said the woman.

And she embraced him, and paid no attention to the stranger guests, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse," said he.

"Heaven be thanked!" said she. "What glorious milk we shall now have, and butter and cheese upon the table! That was a most capital exchange!"

"Yes, but I changed the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, that's better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything; we have just pasture enough for a sheep. Ewe's milk and cheese, and woolen jackets and stockings! The cow cannot give those, and her hairs will only come off. How you think of everything!"

"But I changed away the sheep for a goose."

"Then this year we shall have really roast goose to eat, my dear old man. You are always thinking of something to give me pleasure. How charming that is! We can let the goose walk about with a string to her leg, and she'll grow fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl," said the man.

"A fowl? That *was* a good exchange!" replied the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall soon have chickens; we shall have a whole poultry yard! Oh, that's just what I was wishing for."

"Yes, but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shriveled apples."

"MY DEAR, GOOD HUSBAND!"

"What!—I must positively kiss you for that," exclaimed the wife. "My dear, good husband! Now I'll tell you something. Do you know, you had hardly left me this morning, before I began thinking how I could give you something very nice this evening. I thought it should be pancakes with savory herbs. I had eggs, and bacon too; but I wanted herbs. So I went over to the schoolmaster's—they have herbs there, I know—but the schoolmistress is a mean woman, though she looks so sweet. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. 'Lend!' she an-

swered me; 'nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a shriveled apple. I could not even lend you a shriveled apple, my dear woman.' But now *I* can lend *her* twenty, or a whole sackful. That I'm very glad of; that makes me laugh!" And with that she gave him a sounding kiss.

"I like that!" exclaimed both the Englishmen together. "Always going downhill, and always merry; that's worth the money."

So they paid a hundredweight of gold to the peasant, who was not scolded, but kissed.

Yes, it always pays, when the wife sees and always asserts that her husband knows best, and that whatever he does is right.

You see, that is my story. I heard it when I was a child; and now you have heard it too, and know that "What the old man does is always right."

THE MILKMAID

JEFFREYS TAYLOR

A milkmaid, who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see,—I should think that this milk will
procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

"Well then,—stop a bit,—it must not be for-
gotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be
rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be
hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs,—no, sound chickens,
I mean:
Of these some may die,—we'll suppose seven-
teen;
Seventeen! not so many,—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But then there's their barley; how much will
they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when
they feed,—
So that's a mere trifle; now then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll
be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six—
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix;
Now what will that make? fifty chickens, I said,—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—*I'll ask Brother Ned.*

"O, but stop,—three-and-sixpence a *pair* I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple,—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain!)
Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up so much money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess,—
I'll say twenty pounds, *and it can't be no less.*

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese, and two turkeys,—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;

When, alas for her prospects! her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

This amusing little poem may be made to seem even funnier if we stop to think what an absurd little milkmaid she really was! Let us ask ourselves a few questions:

How many quarts of milk were probably in the pail? How many dozen eggs in a hundred? What is milk worth a quart? What are eggs worth a dozen? Was she carrying enough milk to buy a hundred, or even fourscore, good eggs?

Does a farmer count on having sixty out of eighty eggs hatch successfully? If he has sixty chickens hatched, can he count with certainty on fifty growing big enough to boil or roast?

Is it true that the cost of the grain to feed them is a mere trifle?

How much is an English shilling in our money? Is a dollar and a half a pair too much to expect for good chickens? Is eighty-seven and a half cents too small a price for a pair? Is twenty pounds too much or too little for twenty-five pairs of chickens at three shillings and sixpence per pair?

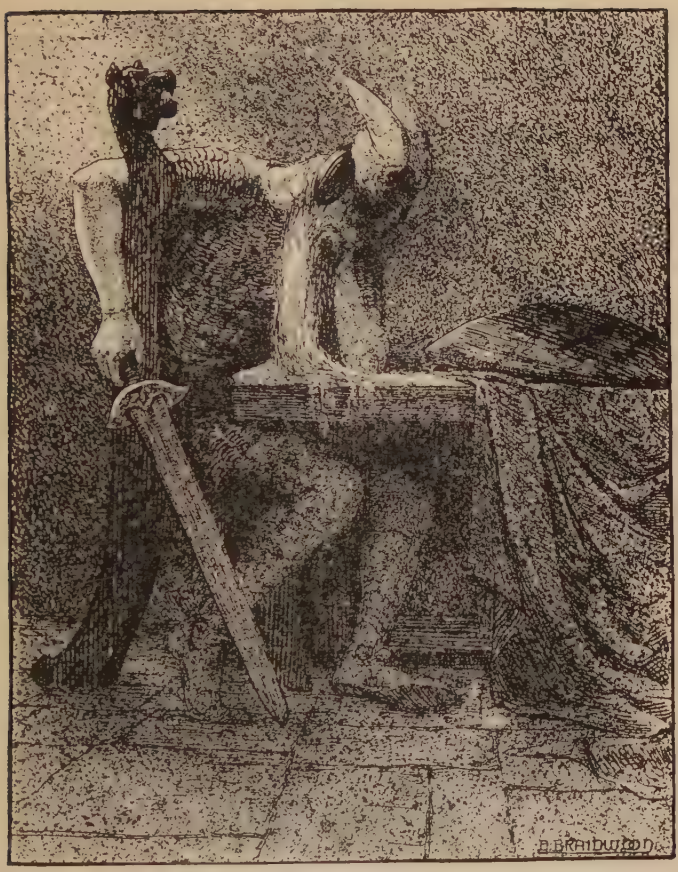
If she could get twenty pounds for her chickens, could she buy a cow, thirty geese, two turkeys and a sow with a litter of eight pigs for the money?

HOLGER DANSKE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

NOTE,—The first paragraphs of this story contain an old Danish legend which Hans Christian Andersen uses very skilfully. We can imagine that the story would mean a great deal more to boys of Denmark than it does to us, for they would be a great deal more familiar with the people referred to than we are; but there is so much in the story that is not confined to Denmark, and it is told in such a fascinating way, that even the boys of the United States will find it interesting.

IN Denmark there lies a castle named Kronenburgh. It lies close by the Oer Sound, where the ships pass through by hundreds every day—English, Russian, and likewise Prussian ships. And they salute the old castle with cannons—'Boom!' And the castle answers with a 'Boom!' for that's what the cannons say instead of 'Good day' and 'Thank you!' In winter no ships sail there, for the whole sea is covered with ice quite across to the Swedish coast; but it has quite the look of a highroad. There wave the Danish flag and the Swedish flag, and Danes and Swedes say 'Good day' and 'Thank you!' to each other, not with cannons, but with a friendly grasp of



HOLGER DANSKE

the hand; and one gets white bread and biscuits from the other—for strange fare tastes best.

"But the most beautiful of all is the old Kronenburgh; and here it is that Holger Danske sits in the deep, dark cellar, where nobody goes. He is clad in iron and steel, and leans his head on

his strong arm; his long beard hangs down over the marble table, and has grown into it. He sleeps and dreams, but in his dreams he sees everything that happens up there in Denmark. Every Christmas Eve comes an angel, and tells him that what he has dreamed is right, and that he may go to sleep in quiet, for that Denmark is not yet in any real danger; but when once such a danger comes, then old Holger Danske will rouse himself, so that the table shall burst when he draws out his beard! Then he will come forth and strike, so that it shall be heard in all the countries in the world."

An old grandfather sat and told his little grandson all this about Holger Danske; and the little boy knew that what his grandfather told him was true. And while the old man sat and told his story, he carved an image which was to represent Holger Danske, and to be fastened to the prow of a ship; for the old grandfather was a carver of figureheads, that is, one who cuts out the figures fastened to the front of ships, from which every ship is named. And here he had cut out Holger Danske, who stood there proudly with his long beard, and held the broad battle-sword in one hand, while with the other he leaned upon the Danish arms.

And the old grandfather told him so much about distinguished men and women, that it appeared at last to the little grandson as if he knew as much as Holger Danske himself, who, after all, could only dream; and when the little fellow was in his bed, he thought so much of it,

that he actually pressed his chin against the coverlet, and fancied he had a long beard that had grown fast to it.

But the old grandfather remained sitting at his work, and carved away at the last part of it; and this was the Danish coat of arms. When he had finished, he looked at the whole, and thought of all he had read and heard, and that he had told this evening to the little boy; and he nodded, and wiped his spectacles, and put them on again, and said:

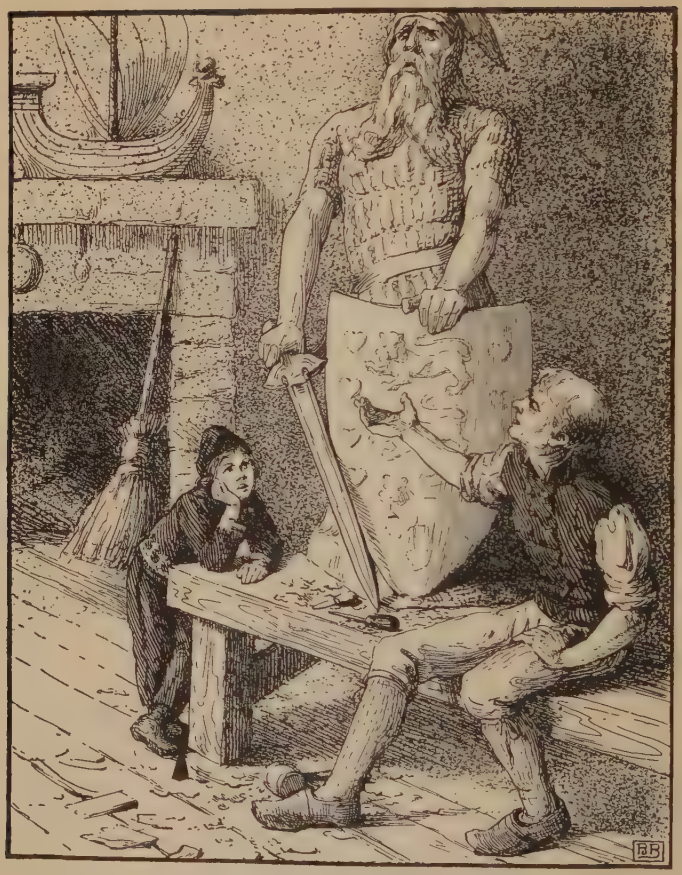
"Yes, in my time Holger Danske will probably not come; but the boy in the bed yonder may get to see him, and be there when the struggle really comes."

And the good old grandfather nodded again; and the more he looked at Holger Danske, the more plain did it become to him that it was a good image he had carved. It seemed really to gain color, and the armor appeared to gleam like iron and steel; the hearts in the Danish arms became redder and redder, and the lions with the golden crowns on their heads leaped up.[1]

"That's the most beautiful coat of arms there is in the world!" said the old man. "The lions are strength, and the heart is gentleness and love!"

And he looked at the uppermost lion, and thought of King Canute, who bound great England to the throne of Denmark; and he looked at the second lion, and thought of Waldemar, who united Denmark and conquered the

1. The Danish arms consist of three lions and nine hearts.



THE FIGUREHEAD

Wendish lands; and he glanced at the third lion, and remembered Margaret, who united Denmark, Sweden and Norway. But while he looked at the red hearts, they gleamed more brightly than before; they became flames, and his heart followed each of them.

The first heart led him into a dark, narrow prison; there sat a prisoner, a beautiful woman, the daughter of King Christian IV, Eleanor Ulfeld;[2] and the flame, which was shaped like a rose, attached itself to her bosom and blossomed, so that it became one with the heart of her, the noblest and best of all Danish women.

And his spirit followed the second flame, which led him out upon the sea, where the cannons thundered and the ships lay shrouded in smoke; and the flame fastened itself in the shape of a ribbon of honor on the breast of Hvitfeld, as he blew himself and his ship into the air, that he might save the fleet.[3]

And the third flame led him to the wretched huts of Greenland, where the preacher Hans Egede[4] wrought, with love in every word and deed; the flame was a star on his breast, another heart in the Danish arms.

And the spirit of the old grandfather flew on before the waving flames, for his spirit knew whither the flames desired to go. In the hum-

2. This princess was the wife of Corfitz Ulfeld, who was accused of high treason. Her only crime was the most faithful love to her unhappy consort; but she was compelled to pass twenty-two years in a horrible dungeon, until her persecutor, Queen Sophia Amelia, was dead.

3. In the naval battle in Kjoge Bay between the Danes and the Swedes, in 1710, Hvitfeld's ship, the *Danebrog*, took fire. To save the town of Kjoge, and the Danish fleet, which was being driven by the wind toward his vessel, he blew himself and his whole crew into the air.

4. Hans Egede went to Greenland in 1721, and toiled there during fifteen years among incredible hardships and privations. Not only did he spread Christianity, but exhibited in himself a remarkable example of a Christian man.

ble room of the peasant woman stood Frederick VI., writing his name with chalk on the beam.[5] The flame trembled on his breast, and trembled in his heart; in the peasant's lowly room his heart, too, became a heart in the Danish arms. And the old grandfather dried his eyes, for he had known King Frederick with the silvery locks and honest blue eyes, and had lived for him; he folded his hands, and looked in silence straight before him.

Then came the daughter-in-law of the old grandfather, and said it was late, and he ought now to rest; for the supper table was spread.

"But it is beautiful, what you have done, grandfather!" said she. "Holger Danske, and all our old coat of arms! It seems to me just as if I had seen that face before!"

"No, that can scarcely be," replied the old grandfather; "but I have seen it, and I have tried to carve it in wood as I have kept it in my memory. It was when the English lay in front of the wharf, on the Danish 2d of April[6] when we showed that we were old Danes. In the *Denmark*, on board which I was, in Steen Bille's squadron, I had a man at my side—it seemed as if the bullets were afraid of him! Merrily he

5. On a journey on the west coast of Jutland, the King visited an old woman. When he had already quitted her house, the woman ran after him, and begged him, as a remembrance, to write his name upon a beam; the King turned back, and complied. During his whole lifetime he felt and worked for the peasant class; therefore the Danish peasants begged to be allowed to carry his coffin to the royal vault at Roeskilde, four Danish miles from Copenhagen.

6. On the 2d of April, 1801, occurred the naval battle between the Danes and the English, under Sir Hyde Parker and Nelson.

sang old songs, and shot and fought as if he were something more than a man. I remember his face yet; but whence he came, and whither he went, I know not—nobody knows. I have often thought he might have been old Holger Danske himself, who had swum down from the Kronenburgh, and aided us in the hour of danger; that was my idea, and there stands his picture."

And the statue threw its great shadow up against the wall, and even over part of the ceiling; it looked as though the real Holger Danske were standing behind it, for the shadow moved, but this might have been because the flame of the candle did not burn steadily.

And the daughter-in-law kissed the old grandfather, and led him to the great armchair by the table; and she and her husband, who was the son of the old man, and father of the little boy in bed, sat and ate their supper; and the grandfather spoke of the Danish lions and of the Danish hearts, of strength and of gentleness; and quite clearly did he explain that there was another strength besides the power that lies in the sword; and he pointed to the shelf on which were the old books, where stood the plays of Kolberg, which had been read so often, for they were very amusing; one could almost fancy one recognized the people of bygone days in them.

"See, he knew how to strike, too," said the grandfather; "he scourged the foolishness and prejudice of the people so long as he could." And the grandfather nodded at the mirror, above

which stood the calendar, with the "Round Tower"[7] on it, and said, "Tycho Brahe was also one who used the sword, not to cut into flesh and bone, but to build up a plainer way among all the stars of heaven. And then *he*, whose father belonged to my calling, the son of the figurehead carver, he whom we have ourselves seen, with his silver hairs and his broad shoulders, he whose name is spoken of in all lands! Yes, *he* was a sculptor; *I* am only a carver. Yes, Holger Danske may come in many forms, so that one hears in every country in the world of Denmark's strength. Shall we now drink the health of Bertel?"[8]

But the little lad in the bed saw plainly the old Kronenburgh, with the Oer Sound, and the real Holger Danske, who sat deep below, with his beard grown through the marble table, dreaming of all that happens up here. Holger Danske also dreamed of the little, humble room where the carver sat; he heard all that passed, and nodded in his sleep, and said:

"Yes, remember me, ye Danish folk; remember me. I shall come in the hour of need."

And without, by the Kronenburgh, shone the bright day, and the wind carried the note of the hunting horn over from the neighboring land; the ship sailed past, and saluted, "Boom! boom!" and from the Kronenburgh came the reply, "Boom! boom!" But Holger Danske

7. The astronomical observatory at Copenhagen.
8. Bertel Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor.

did not awake, however loudly they shot, for it was only "Good day" and "Thank you!"

There must be another kind of shooting before he awakes; but he will awake, for there is faith in Holger Danske.

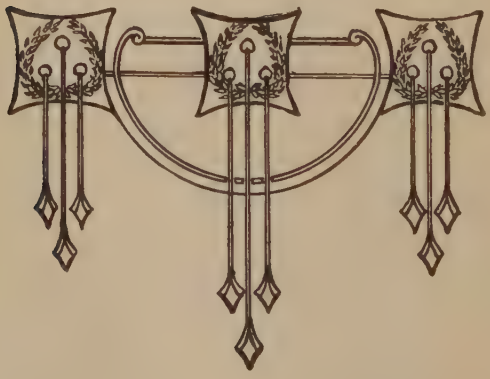
Can you see Holger Danske "clad in iron and steel?" Where have you seen a picture of such clothing? Is it not curious that his beard is said to have grown into the marble? He must have been sitting there for many centuries for such a thing to happen! Do you not understand that the little boy did not *know* that Holger Danske was in the deep cellar, but merely believed it to be true? If so, why does the story say he *knew* it?

When you read that the Danish Arms consist of "three lions and nine hearts," what do you see? Has the United States any arms? What are they?

Do you know a legend about King Canute and the waves of the sea? Can you find out anything more about Waldemar and Margaret?

Do you think the man whose face was carved into a figurehead was really Holger Danske? Do you think it possible that the grandfather could mean that every brave man who fights for his country is a Holger Danske? Can you imagine the great figure of Holger Danske throwing its shadow on the wall and seeming to move about in the candle light? Does the grandfather believe that such heroes can do other things than fight? What do you know

about Thorwaldsen? Did you ever see a picture of his beautiful statue of Christ? Did the little boy see any other Holger Danske than the one whose beard was grown into the marble table? Has a Holger ever come to save this United States from great danger? Would you call Washington and Longfellow and Hawthorne, Holgers? Why? Can you name a few men whom the grandfather, had he been an American, might have said were Holgers? Do you not believe that if the people of the United States need a great man he will be forthcoming if we have faith that he will come? Do you not think that the little Danish boy, by his dreaming about Holger Danske, might have come to be the very one to aid his country most? Is it worth while for each of us to try to be a Holger?



BETH GELERT

WILLIAM R. SPENCER

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"O, where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert, too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child,—no voice replied,—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh;
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

THE DEATH OF GELERT

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

HE author of *Robinson Crusoe*, Daniel Defoe, lived in England from 1661 to 1731. He was a brave, liberty-loving man who was always in opposition to the tyranny of the government, and was many times punished for his independent speech and lively interest in the wrongs of his fellows.

We do not know positively what inspired him to write the story, or where he got his facts. It has been generally believed that his tale was founded on *The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk*, a book which was published about seven years before *Robinson Crusoe* appeared, in 1719. Selkirk was a buccaneer on a ship cruising in the South Atlantic. He quarreled violently with his captain, and at his own request was put ashore alone on the island of Juan Fernandez. Here he lived for four years and four months, and was then rescued by a privateer. The adventures of Selkirk have so little in common with those of Robinson Crusoe that it is doubtful whether Defoe had the former in mind at all. Moreover, there had been published in England some twenty years before Defoe wrote *Robinson Crusoe* the story of Peter Serrano, who was shipwrecked and lived for several years on an island near

the mouth of the Orinoco. This is the scene of *Robinson Crusoe*, and it is probable that Defoe was influenced by Serrano's story.

The title-page of the first edition is as follows: "The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner; Who lived Eight and Twenty Years, all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River Oroonoque; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last as strangely delivered by Pyrates. Written by Himself. London: Printed for W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-Noster-Row.MDCCXIX"

The story as Defoe tells it is vividly written in what seems to us now rather quaint phraseology, but everything appears so simple and so real that it is hard to believe that the man who wrote the story did not really have the experiences he relates. Defoe did not intend to write a book for children, and *Robinson Crusoe* is really the first great English story, and the forerunner of our modern novels. The book, however, became very popular, and the children seized upon it at once and made it their own particular story. Countless editions of it have been printed, and it has been translated into almost every modern language. Besides this, there have been dozens of English versions of *Robinson Crusoe*, from simple little tales in words of one syllable, to finer editions in which Defoe's language has been modernized and a

really new story created. However, there is nothing so charming and so real as Crusoe's own account of himself, and the selections which follow are taken from the larger book just about as they were written by Defoe.

Robinson Crusoe was a good honest Englishman, who made the best of a hard situation and worked his way into comparative comfort in spite of a thousand difficulties and dangers, of which only those who read the book have any idea. He was so manly about it always, and so straightforward in his account of what he did, that it is worth any one's while to read the entire book.

THE MAN FRIDAY

AM now to be supposed retired in my castle, after my late voyage to the wreck, my frigate laid up and secured under water, and my condition restored to what it was before; I had more wealth than I had before, but was not at all the richer; for I had no more use for it than the Indians of Peru had before the Spaniards came there.

It was one of the nights in the rainy season in March, the four-and-twentieth year of my first setting foot in this island of solitariness; I was lying in my bed or hammock awake, very well in health, had no pain, no distemper, no uneasiness of body, nor any uneasiness of mind more than ordinary, but could by no means close my eyes; that is, so as to sleep; no, not a

wink all night long. It is impossible to set down the innumerable crowd of thoughts that whirled through that great thoroughfare of the brain, the memory, in this night's time: I ran over the whole history of my life in miniature, or by abridgment, as I may call it, to my coming to this island, and also of that part of my life since I came to this island.

When these thoughts were over, my head was for some time taken up in considering the nature of those wretched creatures, the cannibals,[1] and how it came to pass in the world that the wise Governor of all things should give up any of his creatures to such inhumanity—nay, to something so much below even brutality itself—as to devour its own kind: but, as this ended in some (at that time) fruitless speculations, it occurred to me to inquire, what part of the world these wretches lived in? how far off the coast was from whence they came? what they ventured over so far from home for? what kind of boats they had? and why I might not order myself and my business so, that I might be able to go over thither, as they were to come to me?

I never so much as troubled myself to consider what I should do with myself when I went thither; what would become of me if I fell into the hands of these savages; or how I should

1. Crusoe had been much disturbed by discovering footprints and remains of fires, which showed him that his island had been visited. As he found human bones near the embers, he knew that his visitors were cannibals.

escape them if they attacked me; but my mind was wholly bent upon the notion of my passing over in my boat to the mainland. I looked upon my present condition as the most miserable that could possibly be; that I was not able to throw myself into anything but death, that could be called worse; and if I reached the shore of the main, I might perhaps meet with relief, or I might coast along, till I came to some inhabited country, where I might find some relief; and, after all, perhaps I might fall in with some Christian ship that would take me in; and if the worst came to the worst, I could but die, which would put an end to all these miseries at once.

When this had agitated my thoughts for two hours or more, with such violence that it set my very blood into a ferment, and my pulse beat as if I had been in a fever, merely with the extraordinary fervor of my mind about it, Nature, as if I had been fatigued and exhausted with the very thoughts of it, threw me into a sound sleep. One would have thought I should have dreamed of it, but I did not, nor of anything relating to it; but I dreamed that as I was going out in the morning as usual, from my castle, I saw upon the shore two canoes and eleven savages, coming to land, and that they brought with them another savage, whom they were going to kill, in order to eat him; when, on a sudden, the savage that they were going to kill jumped away, and ran for his life; and I thought, in my sleep, that he came running

into my little thick grove before my fortification, to hide himself; and that I, seeing him alone, and not perceiving that the others sought him that way, showed myself to him, and smiling upon him, encouraged him; that he kneeled down to me, seeming to pray me to assist him; upon which I showed him my ladder, made him go up, and carried him into my cave, and he became my servant; and that as soon as I had gotten this man, I said to myself, "Now I may certainly venture to the mainland, for this fellow will serve me as a pilot, and will tell me what to do, and whither to go for provisions, and whither not to go for fear of being devoured; what places to venture into, and what to escape." I waked with this thought; and was under such inexpressible impressions of joy at the prospect of my escape in my dream, that the disappointments which I felt upon coming to myself, and finding that it was no more than a dream, were equally extravagant the other way, and threw me into a very great dejection of spirit.

Upon this, however, I made this conclusion: that my only way to go about to attempt an escape was, to endeavor to get a savage into my possession; and, if possible, it should be one of their prisoners, whom they had condemned to be eaten, and should bring hither to kill. My next thing was to contrive how to do it, and this indeed was very difficult to resolve on; but as I could pitch upon no probable means for it, so I resolved to put myself upon the watch, to see them when they came on shore, and leave the

rest to the event, taking such measures as the opportunity should present, let what would be.

With these resolutions in my thoughts, I set myself upon the scout as often as possible, and indeed so often, that I was heartily tired of it. About a year and a half after I had entertained these notions, and by long musing had, as it were, resolved them all into nothing, for want of an occasion to put them into execution, I was surprised one morning by seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes more in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; and so lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted; however, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just as ready for action if anything had presented.

Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that they were no less than thirty in number; that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat

dressed; how they had cooked it, I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived, by my perspective, two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall; being knocked down, I suppose, with a club, or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, Nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly toward me—I mean, toward that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frighted, I must acknowledge, when I perceived him run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body; and now I expected that part of my dream was coming to pass, and that he would certainly take shelter in my grove; but I could not depend, by any means, upon my dream for the rest, that the other savages would not pursue him thither, and find him there. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there was not above three men that followed him, and

still more was I encouraged, when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground on them, so that, if he could but hold out for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, where I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there; but when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but, plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes, or thereabouts, landed, and ran with exceeding strength and swiftness; when the three pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no further, and soon after went softly back; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the end. I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them.

It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant; and that I was plainly called by Providence to save this poor creature's life; I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladders, as I observed before, and getting up again with the

same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea; and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frighted at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced toward the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece; I was loth to fire because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke, too, they would not have known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frighted, and I advanced toward him: but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me: so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frighted with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined still to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, and then stopped again, then a little further, and

HE KNEELED DOWN AGAIN

stopped again, and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of, and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come

still nearer; at length, he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and, taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head; this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I had knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself: so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead; upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years.

But there was no time for such reflections now; the savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him; upon this, my savage, for so I called him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it, but he runs to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head so cleverly that no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better; which I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their

own wooden swords: however, it seems, as I learned afterward, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will even cut off heads with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow, too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

But that which astonished him most was to know how I killed the other Indian so far off; so, pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; and I bade him go, as well as I could; when he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turning him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which it seems was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows, and came back, so I turned to go away, and beckoned him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them. Upon this he made signs to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed; and so I made signs to him again to do so. He fell to work; and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him; and did so by the other also;

I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave on the further part of the island: so I did not let my dream come to pass in that part, that he came into my grove for shelter. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, from his running: and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had laid some rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight, strong limbs, not too large, tall and well shaped; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of a European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of the skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun-olive color, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not

flat like the negroes, a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and as white as ivory.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he awoke again, and came out of the cave to me; for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by: when he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a great many antic gestures to show it; at last he laid his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this, made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me so long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him.

In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I let him know his name should be FRIDAY, which was the day I saved his life; I called him so for the memory of the time; I likewise taught him to say "Master"; and then let him know that was to be my name: I likewise taught him to say "Yes" and "No" and to know the meaning of them; I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him. I kept

there with him all night; but, as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked.

As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again and eat them. At this, I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone; and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or their canoes; so that it was plain they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

But I was not content with this discovery; but having now more courage, and consequently more curiosity, I took my man Friday with me, giving him the sword in his hand, with the bow and arrows at his back, which I found he could use very dexterously, making him carry one gun for me, and I two for myself; and away we marched to the place where these creatures had been; for I had a mind now to get some fuller intelligence of them. When I came to the place, my very blood ran chill in my veins, and my

heart sunk within me, at the horror of the spectacle; indeed, it was a dreadful sight, at least it was so to me, though Friday made nothing of it. Friday, by his signs, made me understand that they brought over four prisoners to feast upon; that three of them were eaten up, and that he, pointing to himself, was the fourth; that there had been a great battle between them and their next king, of whose subjects, it seems, he had been one; and that they had taken a great number of prisoners, all of which were carried to several places, by those who had taken them in the fight, in order to feast upon them, as was done here by these wretches upon those they brought hither.

We then came back to our castle; and there I fell to work for my man Friday; and first of all, I gave him a pair of linen drawers, which I had out of the poor gunner's chest I mentioned, which I found in the wreck, and which, with a little alteration, fitted him very well; then I made him a jerkin of goat's skin, as well as my skill would allow, and I was now grown a tolerably good tailor; and I gave him a cap which I had made of a hare's skin, very convenient, and fashionable enough; and thus he was clothed, for the present, tolerably well; and was mighty well pleased to see himself almost as well clothed as his master. It is true, he went awkwardly in these clothes at first: wearing the drawers was very awkward to him, and the sleeves of the waistcoat galled his shoulders and the inside of his arms; but a little easing

them where he complained they hurt him, and using himself to them, at length he took to them very well.

The next day, after I came home to my hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him; and that I might do well for him and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications, in the inside of the last, and in the outside of the first; and as there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a formal framed doorcase, and a door to it of boards, and set it up in the passage, a little within the entrance; and, causing the door to open in the inside, I barred it up in the night, taking in my ladders, too; so that Friday could no way come at me in the inside of my innermost wall, without making so much noise in getting over it that it must needs awaken me; for my first wall had now a complete roof over it of long poles, covering all my tent, and leaning up to the side of the hill; which was again laid across with smaller sticks, instead of laths, and then thatched over a great thickness with the rice straw, which was strong, like reeds; and at the hole or place which was left to go in or out by the ladder, I had placed a kind of trapdoor, which, if it had been attempted on the outside, would not have opened at all, but would have fallen down and made a great noise; and as to weapons, I took them all into my side every night. But I needed none of all this precaution: for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than

Friday was to me; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliging and engaging; his very affections were tied to me like those of a child to a father; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life to save mine, upon any occasion whatsoever; the many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions for my safety on his account.

I was greatly delighted with him, and made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak, and understand me when I spoke; and he was the aptest scholar that ever was; and particularly was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased when he could but understand me, or make me understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him. Now my life began to be so easy that I began to say to myself, that could I but have been safe from more savages, I cared not if I was never to be removed from the place where I lived.

* * * * * * * *

I soon found a way to convince him that I would do him no harm, and taking him up by the hand, laughed at him, and pointing at a fowl which was indeed a parrot, and to my gun, and to the ground under the parrot, to let him see I would make it fall, I made him understand that I would shoot and kill that bird; accordingly, I fired, and bade him look, and immediately he saw the parrot fall. He stood like one

frighted again, notwithstanding all I had said to him; and I found he was the more amazed, because he did not see me put anything into the gun; but thought that there must be some wonderful fund of death and destruction in that thing, able to kill man, beast, bird, or anything near or far off; and the astonishment this created in him was such as could not wear off for a long time; and, I believe, if I would have let him, he would have worshipped me and my gun; as for the gun itself, he would not so much as touch it for several days after; but would speak to it and talk to it, as if it had answered him, when he was by himself; which, as I afterward learned of him, was to desire it not to kill him. Well, after his astonishment was a little over at this, I pointed to him to run and fetch the bird I had shot, which he did, but stayed some time; for the parrot, not being quite dead, had fluttered away a good distance from the place where she fell; however, he found her, took her up, and brought her to me; and as I had perceived his ignorance about the gun before, I took this advantage to charge the gun again, and not to let him see me do it, that I might be ready for any other mark that might present.

I resolved to feast him the next day by roasting a piece of a kid: this I did by hanging it before the fire on a string, as I had seen many people do in England, setting two poles up, one on each side of the fire, and one across the top, and tying the string to the cross stick, letting the meat turn continually. This Friday ad-

HE TOLD ME HE WOULD NEVER EAT MAN'S FLESH

mired very much; but when he came to taste the flesh, he took so many ways to tell me how well he liked it, that I could not but understand him: and at last he told me, as well as he could, he would never eat man's flesh any more, which I was very glad to hear.

The next day, I set him to work beating some corn out, and sifting it in the manner I used to do, as I observed before; and he soon under-

stood how to do it as well as I, especially after he had seen what the meaning of it was, and that it was to make bread of; for after that, I let him see me make my bread, and bake it too; and in a little time, Friday was able to do all the work for me, as well as I could do it myself.

This was the pleasantest year of all the life I led in this place. Friday began to talk pretty well, and understand the names of almost everything I had occasion to call for, and of every place I had to send him to, and talk a great deal to me: so that, in short, I began now to have some use for my tongue again, which, indeed, I had very little occasion for before, that is to say, about speech. Besides the pleasure of talking to him, I had a singular satisfaction in the fellow himself: his simple, unfeigned honesty appeared to me more and more every day, and I began really to love the creature; and on his side I believe he loved me more than it was possible for him ever to love anything before.

I had a mind once to try if he had any inclination for his own country again; and having taught him English so well that he could answer me almost any questions, I asked him whether the nation that he belonged to never conquered in battle? At which he smiled, and said, "Yes, yes, we always fight the better"; that is, he meant, always get the better in fight; and so we began the following discourse:

Master.—You always fight the better; how came you to be taken prisoner, then, Friday?

Friday.—My nation beat much for all that.

Master.—How beat? If your nation beat them, how came you to be taken?

Friday.—They more many than my nation, in the place where me was: they take one, two, three, and me: my nation over-beat them in the yonder place, where me no was; there my nation take one, two, great thousand.

Master.—But why did not your side recover you from the hands of your enemies, then?

Friday.—They run, one, two, three, and me, and make go in the canoe; my nation have no canoe that time.

Master.—Well, Friday, and what does your nation do with the men they take; do they carry them away and eat them, as these did?

Friday.—Yes, my nation eat mans too, eat all up.

Master.—Where do they carry them?

Friday.—Go to other place, where they think.

Master.—Do they come hither?

Friday.—Yes, yes, they come hither; come other else place.

Master.—Have you been here with them?

Friday.—Yes, I been here (points to the N. W. side of the island, which it seems was their side).

By this, I understood that my man Friday had formerly been among the savages who used to come on shore on the further part of the island, on the same man-eating occasions that he was now brought for: and, some time after, when I took the courage to carry him to that side, being the same formerly mentioned, he

presently knew the place, and told me he was there once, when they ate up twenty men, two women, and one child. He could not tell twenty in English, but he numbered them, by laying so many stones in a row, and pointing to me to tell them over.

CRUSOE AND THE PIRATES

I WAS fast asleep in my hutch one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me, and called aloud, "Master, Master, they are come, they are come!" I jumped up, and, regardless of danger, I went, as soon as I could get my clothes on, through my little grove, which, by the way, was by this time grown to be a very thick wood; I say, regardless of danger, I went without my arms, which was not my custom to do; but I was surprised, when, turning my eyes to the sea, I presently saw a boat at about a league and a half distant, standing in for the shore, with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, as they call it, and the wind blowing pretty fair to bring them in: also I observed presently, that they did not come from that side which the shore lay on, but from the southernmost end of the island. Upon this I called Friday in, and bade him lie close, for these were not the people we looked for, and we might not know yet whether they were friends or enemies. In the next place, I went in to fetch my perspective glass, to see what

I could make of them; and, having taken the ladder out, I climbed up to the top of the hill, as I used to do when I was apprehensive of anything, to take my view the plainer, without being discovered.

I had scarce set my foot upon the hill, when my eye plainly discovered a ship lying at anchor, at about two leagues and a half distance from me, S.S.E., but not above a league and a half from the shore. By my observation, it appeared plainly to be an English ship, and the boat appeared to be an English longboat.

I cannot express the confusion I was in; though the joy of seeing a ship, and one that I had reason to believe was manned by my own countrymen, and consequently friends, was such as I cannot describe; but yet I had some secret doubts about me—I cannot tell from whence they came—bidding me keep upon my guard; for that I had better continue as I was, than fall into the hands of thieves and murderers.

I saw the boat draw near the shore, as if they looked for a creek to thrust in at, for the convenience of landing; however, as they did not come quite far enough, they did not see the little inlet where I formerly landed my rafts, but ran their boat on shore, upon the beach, at about half a mile from me; which was very happy for me; for otherwise they would have landed just at my door, as I may say, and would soon have beaten me out of my castle, and perhaps have plundered me of all I had. When they were on shore, I was fully satisfied they were Englishmen, at

least most of them; one or two I thought were Dutch, but it did not prove so; there were in all eleven men, whereof three of them I found were unarmed, and, as I thought, bound; and when the first four or five of them were jumped on shore, they took those three out of the boat, as prisoners. One of the three I could perceive using the most passionate gestures of entreaty, affliction, and despair, even to a kind of extravagance; the other two, I could perceive, lifted up their hands sometimes, and appeared concerned indeed, but not to such a degree as the first. I was perfectly confounded at the sight, and knew not what the meaning of it should be.

All this while I had no thought of what the matter really was, but stood trembling with the horror of the sight, expecting every moment when the three prisoners should be killed; nay, once I saw one of the villains lift up his arm with a great cutlass, as the seamen call it, or sword, to strike one of the poor men; and I expected to see him fall every moment; at which all the blood in my body seemed to run chill in my veins. I wished heartily that I had any way to have come undiscovered within shot of them, that I might have secured the three men, for I saw no firearms they had among them; but it fell out to my mind another way. After I had observed the outrageous usage of the three men by the insolent seamen, I observed the fellows run scattering about the island, as if they wanted to see the country. I observed that the three other men had liberty to go also where they

pleased; but they sat down all three upon the ground very pensive, and looked like men in despair.

It was just at high water when these people came on shore; and while they rambled about to see what kind of a place they were in, they had carelessly stayed till the tide was spent, and the water was ebbed considerably away, leaving their boat aground. They had left two men in the boat, who, as I found afterward, having drunk a little too much brandy, fell asleep; however, one of them, waking a little sooner than the other, and finding the boat too fast aground for him to stir it, hallooed out for the rest, who were straggling about; upon which they all soon came to the boat; but it was past all their strength to launch her, the boat being very heavy, and the shore on that side being a soft oozy sand, almost like a quicksand. In this condition, like true seamen, who are, perhaps, the least of all mankind given to forethought, they gave it over, and away they strolled about the country again; and I heard one of them say aloud to another, calling them off from the boat, "Why, let her alone, Jack, can't you? she'll float next tide"; by which I was fully confirmed in the main inquiry of what countrymen they were. All this while I kept myself very close, not once daring to stir out of my castle any further than to my place of observation, near the top of the hill; and very glad I was to think how well it was fortified. I knew it was no less than ten hours before the boat could float again, and

I FITTED MYSELF UP FOR A BATTLE

by that time it would be dark, and I might be at more liberty to see their motions, and to hear their discourse, if they had any.

In the meantime, I fitted myself up for a battle, as before, though with more caution, knowing I had to do with another kind of enemy than I had at first. I ordered Friday also, whom I had made an excellent marksman with his gun, to load himself with arms. I took myself two fowling pieces, and I gave him three muskets; my figure, indeed, was very fierce; I had my formidable goatskin coat on, with my

great cap, a naked sword by my side, two pistols in my belt, and a gun upon each shoulder.

It was my design not to have made any attempt till it was dark; but about two o'clock, being the heat of the day, I found that they were all gone straggling into the woods, and, as I thought, laid down to sleep; the three poor distressed men, too anxious for their condition to get any sleep, were, however, sat down under the shelter of a great tree, at about a quarter of a mile from me, and, as I thought, out of sight of any of the rest. Upon this I resolved to discover myself to them, and learn something of their condition. Immediately I marched as above, my man Friday at a good distance behind me, as formidable for his arms as I, but not making quite so staring a spectre-like figure as I did. I came as near them undiscovered as I could, and then, before any of them saw me, I called aloud to them in Spanish, "What are ye, gentlemen?" They started up at the noise, but were ten times more confounded when they saw me, and the uncouth figure that I made. They made no answer at all, but I thought I perceived them just going to fly from me, when I spoke to them in English.

"Gentlemen," said I, "do not be surprised at me; perhaps you may have a friend near, when you did not expect it."

"He must be sent directly from Heaven, then," said one of them very gravely to me, and pulling off his hat at the same time to me; "for our condition is past the help of man."

THEY STARTED UP

"All help is from Heaven, sir," said I; "but can you put a stranger in the way to help you? for you seem to be in some great distress. I saw you when you landed; and when you seemed to make application to the brutes that came with you, I saw one of them lift up his sword to kill you."

The poor man, with tears running down his face, and trembling, looking like one astonished, returned—

"Am I talking to God, or man? Is it a real man, or an angel?"

"Be in no fear about that, sir," said I; "if God had sent an angel to relieve you, he would have come better clothed, and armed after another manner than you see me in; pray lay aside your fears; I am a man, an Englishman, and disposed to assist you; you see I have one servant only; we have arms and ammunition; tell us freely, can we serve you? What is your case?"

"Our case, sir," said he, "is too long to tell you, while our murderers are so near us; but in short, sir, I was commander of that ship; my men have mutinied against me; they have been hardly prevailed on not to murder me, and at last have set me on shore in this desolate place, with these two men with me—one my mate, the other a passenger; where we expected to perish, believing the place to be uninhabited, and know not what to think of it."

"Where are those brutes, your enemies," said I; "do you know where they are gone?"

"There they lie, sir," said he, pointing to a thicket of trees; "my heart trembles for fear they have seen us, and heard you speak; if they have, they will certainly murder us all."

"Have they any firearms?" said I.

"They had only two pieces," he answered, "one of which they left in the boat."

"Well, then," said I, "leave the rest to me; I see they are all asleep; it is an easy thing to kill them all; but shall we rather take them prisoners?"

He told me there were two desperate villains among them that it was scarce safe to show any mercy to; but if they were secured, he believed all the rest would return to their duty. I asked him which they were. He told me he could not at that distance distinguish them, but he would obey my orders in everything I would direct.

"Well," said I, "let us retreat out of their view or hearing, lest they awake, and we will resolve further."

So they willingly went back with me, till the woods covered us from them.

"Look you, sir," said I, "if I venture upon your deliverance, are you willing to make two conditions with me?" He anticipated my proposals by telling me that both he and the ship, if recovered, should be wholly directed and commanded by me in everything; and if the ship was not recovered, he would live and die with me in what part of the world soever I would send him, and the two other men said the same.

"Well," said I, "my conditions are but two: first—that while you stay in this island with me, you will not pretend to any authority here; and if I put arms in your hands, you will, upon all occasions, give them up to me, and do no prejudice to me or mine upon this island, and in the meantime be governed by my orders; secondly—that if the ship is or may be recovered, you will carry me and my man to England passage free."

In the middle of this discourse we heard some of them awake, and soon after we saw two of them on their feet. I asked if either of them were the men who, he had said, were the heads of the mutiny. He said, "No." "Well, then," said I, "you may let them escape; and Providence seems to have awakened them on purpose to save themselves. Now," said I, "if the rest escape you, it is your fault."

Animated with this, he took the musket I had given him in his hand, and a pistol in his belt, and his two comrades with him, with each a piece in his hand. The two men who were with him going first made some noise, at which one of the seamen, who was awake, turned about, and seeing them coming, cried out to the rest; but it was too late then, for the moment he cried out they fired, I mean the two men, the captain wisely reserving his own piece. They had so well aimed their shot at the men they knew, that one of them was killed on the spot, and the other very much wounded; but not being dead, he started up on his feet, and called eagerly

for help to the other; but the captain, stepping up to him, told him it was too late to cry for help, he should call upon God to forgive his villainy, and with that word knocked him down with the stock of his musket, so that he never spoke more; there were three more in the company, and one of them was slightly wounded; by this time I was come; and when they saw their danger, and that it was in vain to resist, they begged for mercy. The captain told them he would spare their lives if they would give him an assurance of their abhorrence of the treachery they had been guilty of, and would swear to be faithful to him in recovering the ship, and afterward in carrying her back to Jamaica, from whence they came. They gave him all the protestations of their sincerity that could be desired; and he was willing to believe them, and spare their lives, which I was not against; only that I obliged him to keep them bound hand and foot while they were upon the island.

While this was being done, I sent Friday with the captain's mate to the boat, with orders to secure her, and bring away the oars and sail, which they did; and by and by three straggling men, that were (happily for them) parted from the rest, came back upon hearing the guns fired; and seeing the captain, who was before their prisoner, now their conqueror, they submitted to be bound also, and so our victory was complete.

At present our business was to consider how to recover the ship, and the captain agreed with

me that there should be no attacking them with so small a number as we were.

It presently occurred to me that in a little while the ship's crew, wondering what was become of their comrades and of the boat, would certainly come on shore in their other boat to look for them, and that then, perhaps, they might come armed, and be too strong for us; this he allowed to be rational. Upon this, I told him the first thing we had to do was to stave the boat, which lay upon the beach, so that they might not carry her off; and taking everything out of her, leave her so far useless as not to be fit to swim; accordingly we went on board, took the arms which were left on board out of her, and whatever else we found there, which was a bottle of brandy, and another of rum, a few biscuit-cakes, a horn of powder, and a great lump of sugar in a piece of canvas (the sugar was five or six pounds); all which was very welcome to me.

When we had carried all these things on shore (the oars, mast, sail, and rudder of the boat were carried before), we knocked a great hole in her bottom, that if they had come strong enough to master us, yet they could not carry off the boat. Indeed, it was not much in my thoughts that we could be able to recover the ship; but my view was, that if they went away without the boat, I did not much question to make her again fit to carry us to the Leeward Islands.

While we were thus preparing our designs, and had first, by main strength, heaved the boat

upon the beach, so high that the tide would not float her off at high-water mark; and besides, had broken a hole in her bottom too big to be quickly stopped, and were sat down musing what we should do, we heard the ship fire a gun, and make a waft with her ancient, as a signal for the boat to come on board; but no boat stirred; and they fired several times, making other signals for the boat. At last, when all their signals and firing proved fruitless, and they found the boat did not stir, we saw them, by the help of my glasses, hoist another boat out, and row toward the shore; and we found, as they approached, that there were no less than ten men in her, and that they had firearms with them.

As the ship lay almost two leagues from the shore, we had a full view of them as they came, and a plain sight even of their faces; because the tide having set them a little to the east of the other boat, they rode up under shore, to come to the same place where the other had landed, and where the boat lay.

As soon as they got to the place where their other boat lay, they ran their boat into the beach and came all on shore, hauling the boat up after them; which I was glad to see, for I was afraid they would rather have left the boat at an anchor some distance from the shore, with some hands in her, to guard her, and so we should not be able to seize the boat. Being on shore, the first thing they did, they ran all to their other boat; and it was easy to see they were under a great

surprise to find her stripped, as above, of all that was in her, and a great hole in her bottom. After they had mused awhile upon this, they set up two or three great shouts, hallooing with all their might, to try if they could make their companions hear; but all was to no purpose. Then they came all close in a ring, and fired a volley of their small arms, which we heard, and the echoes made the woods ring; but it was all one; our first prisoners, who were in the cave, could not hear; and those in our keeping, though they heard it well enough, yet durst give no answer to them. They were so astonished at the surprise of this, that as they told us afterward, they resolved to go all on board again to their ship, and let them know that the men were all murdered, and the longboat staved; accordingly, they immediately launched their boat again, and got all of them on board.

The captain was terribly amazed, and even confounded, at this, believing they would go on board the ship again, and set sail, giving their comrades over for lost, and so he should still lose the ship, which he was in hopes we should have recovered; but he was quickly as much frighted the other way.

They had not been long put off with the boat, when we perceived them all coming on shore again; but with this new measure in their conduct, which it seems they consulted together upon, viz., to leave three men in the boat, and the rest to go on shore, and go up into the country to look for their fellows.

We had no remedy but to wait and see what the issue of things might present; the seven men came on shore, and the three who remained in the boat put her off to a good distance from the shore, and came to an anchor to wait for them; so that it was impossible for us to come at them in the boat. Those that came on shore kept close together, marching toward the top of the little hill under which my habitation lay; and we could see them plainly, though they could not perceive us; we should have been very glad if they would have come nearer to us, so that we might have fired at them, or that they would have gone further off, that we might come abroad. But when they were come to the brow of the hill, where they could see a great way into the valleys and woods, which lay toward the northeast part, and where the island lay lowest, they shouted and hallooed till they were weary; and not caring, it seems, to venture far from the shore, nor far from one another, they sat down together under a tree to consider it.

We waited a great while, though very impatient for their removing; and were very uneasy, when, after a long consultation, we saw them all start up, and march down toward the sea; it seems they had such dreadful apprehensions of the danger of the place, that they resolved to go on board the ship again, give their companions over for lost, and so go on with their intended voyage with the ship.

As soon as I perceived them go toward the shore, I imagined it to be as it really was, that

they had given over their search, and were going back again; and the captain, as soon as I told him my thoughts, was ready to sink at the apprehensions of it; but I presently thought of a stratagem to fetch them back again. I ordered Friday and the captain's mate to go over the little creek westward, and so soon as they came to a little rising ground, at about half a mile distance, I bade them halloo out, as loud as they could, and wait till they found the seamen heard them; that as soon as ever they heard the seamen answer them, they should return it again; and then, keeping out of sight, take a round, always answering when the others hallooed, to draw them as far into the island and among the woods as possible, and then wheel about again to me by such ways as I directed them.

They were just going into the boat when Friday and the mate hallooed; and they presently heard them, and, answering, ran along the shore westward, toward the voice they heard, when they were stopped by the creek, where, the water being up, they could not get over, and called for the boat to come up and set them over; as, indeed, I expected. When they had set themselves over, I observed that the boat being gone a good way into the creek, and, as it were, in a harbor within the land, they took one of the three men out of her, to go along with them, and left only two in the boat, having fastened her to a stump of a little tree on the shore. This was what I wished for; and immediately leaving

Friday and the captain's mate to their business, I took the rest with me; and, crossing the creek out of their sight, we surprised the two men before they were aware—one of them lying on the shore, and the other being in the boat; the fellow on shore was between sleeping and waking, and going to start up; the captain, who was foremost, ran in upon him, and knocked him down; and then called out to him in the boat to yield, or he was a dead man. There needed very few arguments to persuade a single man to yield, when he saw five men upon him, and his comrade knocked down; besides, this was, it seems, one of the three who were not so hearty in the mutiny as the rest of the crew, and therefore was easily persuaded not only to yield, but afterward to join very sincerely with us.

In the meantime Friday and the captain's mate so well managed their business with the rest, that they drew them, by hallooing and answering, from one hill to another, and from one wood to another, till they not only heartily tired them, but left them where they were very sure they could not reach back to their boat before it was dark; and, indeed, they were heartily tired themselves also, by the time they came back to us.

We had nothing now to do but to watch for the others in the dark, and to fall upon them, so as to make sure work with them. It was several hours after Friday came back to me before they came back to their boat; and we could hear the foremost of them, long before they came quite

up, calling to those behind to come along; and could also hear them answer, and complain how lame and tired they were, and not able to go any faster: which was very welcome news to us. At length they came up to the boat; but it is impossible to express their confusion when they found the boat aground in the creek, the tide ebbed out, and their two men gone; we could hear them call one to another in the most lamentable manner, telling one another they were got into an enchanted island; that either there were inhabitants in it, and they should all be murdered, or else there were devils and spirits in it, and they should all be carried away and devoured. They hallooed again, and called their two comrades by their names a great many times; but no answer. After some time, we could see them, by the little light there was, run about, wringing their hands like men in despair; and sometimes they would go and sit down in the boat to rest themselves, then come ashore again, and walk about again, and so the same thing over again. My men would fain have had me give them leave to fall upon them at once in the dark; but I was willing to take them at some advantage, so as to spare them, and kill as few of them as I could; and especially I was unwilling to hazard the killing of any of our men, knowing the others were very well armed. I resolved to wait, to see if they did not separate; and therefore, to make sure of them, I drew my ambuscade nearer.

We came upon them, indeed, in the dark, so

that they could not see our number; and I made the man they had left in the boat, who was now one of us, to call them by name, to try if I could bring them to a parley, and so perhaps might reduce them to terms; which fell out just as we desired: for, indeed, it was easy to think, as their condition then was, they would be very willing to capitulate. So he calls out as loud as he could to one of them, "Tom Smith! Tom Smith!" Tom Smith answered immediately, "Is that Robinson?" for it seems he knew the voice. The other answered, "Ay, ay; for God's sake, Tom Smith, throw down your arms and yield, or you are all dead men this moment." "Who must we yield to? Where are they?" says Smith again. "Here they are," says he; "here's our captain and fifty men with him, have been hunting you these two hours; the boatswain is killed, Will Fry is wounded, and I am a prisoner; and if you do not yield you are all lost."—"Will they give us quarter then?" says Tom Smith, "and we will yield."—"I'll go and ask, if you promise to yield," said Robinson: so he asked the captain. And the captain himself then calls out, "You, Smith, you know my voice; if you lay down your arms immediately, and submit, you shall have your lives, all but Will Atkins."

Upon this, Will Atkins cried out, "For God's sake, captain, give me quarter; what have I done? They have all been as bad as I" (which, by the way, was not true; for, it seems, this Will Atkins was the first man that laid hold of the

captain, when they first mutinied, and used him barbarously, in tying his hands, and giving him injurious language); however, the captain told him he must lay down his arms at discretion, and trust to the Governor's mercy: by which he meant me, for they all called me Governor. In a word, they all laid down their arms, and begged their lives; and I sent the man that had parleyed with them, and two more, who bound them all; and then my great army of fifty men, which, with those three, were in all but eight, came up and seized upon them, and upon their boat; only that I kept myself and one more out of sight, for reasons of state.

Our next work was to repair the boat, and think of seizing the ship; and as for the captain, now he had leisure to parley with them, he expostulated with them upon the villainy of their practices with him, and at length upon the further wickedness of their design, and how certainly it must bring them to misery and distress in the end, and perhaps to the gallows. They all appeared very penitent, and begged hard for their lives. As for that, he told them they were not his prisoners, but the commander's of the island; that they thought they had set him on shore in a barren, uninhabited island; but it had pleased God so to direct them, that it was inhabited, and that the Governor was an Englishman; that he might hang them all there if he pleased; but, as he had given them all quarter, he supposed he would send them to England, to be dealt with there as justice required, except

Atkins, whom he was commanded by the Governor to advise to prepare for death; for that he would be hanged in the morning.

Though this was all but a fiction of his own, yet it had its desired effect; Atkins fell upon his knees to beg the captain to intercede with the Governor for his life; and all the rest begged of him, for God's sake, that they might not be sent to England.

It now occurred to me, that the time of our deliverance was come, and that it would be a most easy thing to bring these fellows in to be hearty in getting possession of the ship; so I retired in the dark from them, that they might not see what kind of a Governor they had, and called the captain to me; when I called, as at a good distance, one of the men was ordered to speak again, and say to the captain, "Captain, the commander calls for you"; and presently the captain replied, "Tell his Excellency I am just a-coming." This more perfectly amused them, and they all believed that the commander was just by, with his fifty men. Upon the captain coming to me, I told him my project for seizing the ship, which he liked wonderfully well, and resolved to put it in execution the next morning. But, in order to execute it with more art, and to be secure of success, I told him we must divide the prisoners, and that he should go and take Atkins, and two more of the worst of them, and send them pinioned to the cave where the others lay; this was committed to Friday and the two men who came on shore with the

captain. They conveyed them to the cave as to a prison; and it was, indeed, a dismal place, especially to men in their condition. The others I ordered to my bower, as I called it; and as it was fenced in, and they were pinioned, the place was secure enough, considering they were upon their behavior.

To these in the morning I sent the captain, who was to enter into a parley with them; in a word, to try them, and tell me whether he thought they might be trusted or not to go on board and surprise the ship. He talked to them of the injury done him, of the condition they were brought to; and that though the Governor had given them quarter for their lives as to the present action, yet that if they were sent to England, to be sure they would all be hanged in chains; but that if they would join in so just an attempt as to recover the ship, he would have the Governor's engagement for their pardon.

Any one may guess how readily such a proposal would be accepted by men in their condition; they fell down on their knees to the captain, and promised, with the deepest imprecations, that they would be faithful to him to the last drop, and that they should owe their lives to him, and would go with him all over the world; that they would own him as a father to them as long as they lived.

Our strength was now thus ordered for the expedition: 1, the captain, his mate, and passenger; 2, the two prisoners of the first gang, to whom, having their character from the cap-

tain, I had given their liberty, and trusted them with arms; 3, the other two that I had kept till now in my apartment pinioned, but, on the captain's motion, had now released; 4, the single man taken in the boat; 5, these five released at last; so that there were thirteen in all, besides five we kept prisoners in the cave for hostages.

The captain had now no difficulty before him, but to furnish his two boats, stop the breach of one, and man them. He made his passenger captain of one, with four of the men; and himself, his mate, and five more, went in the other; and they contrived their business very well, for they came up to the ship about midnight. As soon as they came within call of the ship, he made Robinson hail them, and tell them he had brought off the men and the boat, but that it was a long time before they had found them, and the like; holding them in chat till they came to the ship's side; when the captain and mate, entering first, with their arms immediately knocked down the second mate and carpenter with the butt end of their muskets, being very faithfully seconded by their men; they secured all the rest that were upon the main and quarter-decks, and began to fasten the hatches, to keep them down that were below, when the other boat and their men, entering the forechains, secured the forecastle of the ship, and the scuttle which went down into the cook-room, making three men they found there prisoners. When this was done, and all safe upon deck, the captain ordered the mate, with three men, to break into

the roundhouse, where the new rebel captain lay, who, having taken the alarm, had got up, and with two men and a boy had got firearms in their hands; and when the mate, with a crow, split open the door, the new captain and his men fired boldly among them, and wounded the mate with a musket ball, which broke his arm, and wounded two more of the men, but killed nobody. The mate, calling for help, rushed, however, into the roundhouse, wounded as he was, and with his pistol shot the new captain through the head, the bullet entering at his mouth, and came out again behind one of his ears, so that he never spoke a word more: upon which the rest yielded, and the ship was taken effectually, without any more lives being lost.

As soon as the ship was thus secured, the captain ordered seven guns to be fired, which was the signal agreed upon with me to give me notice of his success; which, you may be sure, I was very glad to hear, having sat watching upon the shore for it till nearly two of the clock in the morning. Having thus heard the signal plainly, I laid me down; and it having been a day of great fatigue to me, I slept very sound, till I was surprised with the noise of a gun; and presently starting up, I heard a man call me by the name, "Governor! Governor!" and presently I knew the captain's voice; when, climbing to the top of the hill, there he stood, and pointing to the ship, he embraced me in his arms. "My dear friend and deliverer," said he, "there's your ship; for she is all yours, and so are we, and

all that belong to her." I cast my eyes to the ship, and there she rode, within little more than half a mile of the shore; for they had weighed her anchor as soon as they were masters of her, and, the weather being fair, had brought her to an anchor just against the mouth of the little creek; and, the tide being up, the captain had brought the pinnace in near the place where I had first landed my rafts, and so landed just at my door. I was at first ready to sink down with the surprise; for I saw my deliverance, indeed, visibly put into my hands, all things easy, and a large ship just ready to carry me away whither I pleased to go.

We then began to consult what was to be done with the prisoners we had; for it was worth considering whether we might venture to take them away with us or no, especially two of them, whom we knew to be incorrigible and refractory to the last degree; and the captain said he knew they were such rogues that there was no obliging them, and if he did carry them away, it must be in irons, as malefactors, to be delivered over to justice at the first English colony he could come at; and I found that the captain himself was very anxious about it. Upon this, I told him that, if he desired it, I durst undertake to bring the two men he spoke of to make it their own request that he should leave them upon the island.

"I should be very glad of that," said the captain, "with all my heart."

"Well," said I, "I will send for them up, and talk with them for you."

So I caused Friday and the two hostages, for they were now discharged, their comrades having performed their promise; I say, I caused them to go to the cave, and bring up the five men, pinioned as they were, to the bower, and keep them there till I came. After some time, I came thither dressed in the new habit which had been given me by the captain. Being all met, and the captain with me, I caused all the men to be brought before me, and I told them I had got a full account of their villainous behavior to the captain, but that they were fallen into the pit which they had dug for others. They might see by and by that their new captain had received the reward of his villainy; for that they would see him hanging at the yardarm; as to them, I wanted to know what they had to say why I should not execute them as pirates, taken in the fact, as by my commission they could not doubt I had authority to do.

One of them answered in the name of the rest, that they had nothing to say but this, that when they were taken, the captain promised them their lives, and they humbly implored my mercy: but I told them I knew not what mercy to show them; for as for myself, I had resolved to quit the island with all my men, and had taken passage with the captain to go for England; and as for the captain, he could not carry them to England, other than as prisoners in irons, to be tried for mutiny, and running away with the ship; the consequence of which, they must needs know, would be the gallows; so that I could not

tell what was best for them, unless they had a mind to take their fate in the island; if they desired that, I did not care, as I had liberty to leave it. They seemed very thankful for it, and said they would much rather venture to stay there than to be carried to England to be hanged: so I left it on that issue.

However, the captain seemed to make some difficulty of it, as if he durst not leave them there; upon this, I seemed a little angry with the captain, and told him they were my prisoners, not his; and that seeing I had offered them so much favor, I would be as good as my word; and that if he did not think fit to consent to it, I would set them at liberty, as I found them; and if he did not like it, he might take them again if he could catch them. Upon this, they appeared very thankful, and I accordingly set them at liberty, and bade them retire into the woods, to the place whence they came, and I would leave them some firearms, some ammunition, and some directions how they should live very well, if they thought fit. Upon this I prepared to go on board the ship, and desired him to go on board in the meantime, and keep all right in the ship; but told the captain I would stay that night to prepare my things, and told him to send the boat on shore next day for me; ordering him, at all events, to cause the new captain, who was killed, to be hanged at the yardarm, that these men might see him.

When the captain was gone, I sent for the men up to me to my apartment, and entered

I LET THEM INTO THE STORY OF MY LIVING

seriously into discourse with them on their circumstances. I told them I thought they had made a right choice; that if the captain had carried them away, they would certainly be hanged. I showed them the new captain hanging at the yardarm of the ship, and told them they had nothing less to expect.

When they had all declared their willingness to stay, I then told them I would let them into the story of my living there, and put them into the way of making it easy to them: accordingly,

I gave them the whole history of the place, and of my coming to it; showed them my fortifications, the way I made my bread, planted my corn, cured my grapes; and, in a word, all that was necessary to make them easy. I told them the story also of the sixteen Spaniards that were to be expected, for whom I left a letter, and made them promise to treat them in common with themselves.

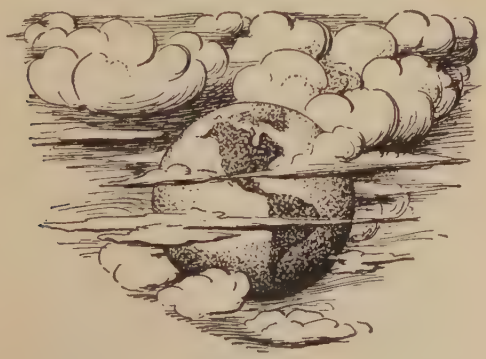
I left them my firearms, viz., five muskets, three fowling pieces, and three swords. I had above a barrel and a half of powder left; for after the first year or two I used but little, and wasted none. I gave them a description of the way I managed the goats, and directions to milk and fatten them, and to make both butter and cheese. In a word, I gave them every part of my own story; and told them I should prevail with the captain to leave them two barrels of gunpowder more, and some garden seeds, which I told them I would have been very glad of. Also, I gave them the bag of peas which the captain had brought me to eat, and bade them to be sure to sow and increase them.

I left them the next day, and went on board the ship. We prepared immediately to sail, but did not weigh that night. The next morning early, two of the five men came swimming to the ship's side, and, making the most lamentable complaint of the other three, begged to be taken into the ship for God's sake, for they should be murdered, and begged the captain to take them on board, though he hanged them immediately.

Upon this the captain pretended to have no power without me; but after some difficulty, and after solemn promises of amendment, they were taken on board, and were, some time after, soundly whipped and pickled; after which they proved very honest and quiet fellows.

Some time after this, the boat was ordered on shore, the tide being up, with the things promised to the men; to which the captain, at my intercession, caused their chests and clothes to be added, which they took, and were very thankful for.

And thus I left the island, the 19th of December, as I found by the ship's account, in the year 1686, after I had been upon it eight-and-twenty years, two months, and nineteen days; being delivered from this captivity the same day of the month that I first had been cast ashore. In this vessel, after a long voyage, I arrived in England the 11th of June, in the year 1687, having been thirty-five years absent.



THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

JOHN RUSKIN

I

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that, in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burned up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and

its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if, with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all

those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, the floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only

beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and, what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his

cheeks were very round and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical-pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door; I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a

beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill-stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck; "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman petulantly; "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, through the house came a gust of wind that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said

Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me!"

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned

away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman, at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck deprecatingly, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite water enough in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It's a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave

an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and past the window, at the same instant, drove a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again——Bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and

THE BROTHERS SAT UP

rushing rain without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their

door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see, in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The

two brothers crept, shivering and horror-struck, into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor: corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:

Southwest Wind, Esquire.

II

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade: we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the alehouse next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than like metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers, of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that

once, after emptying it full of Rhenish seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the alehouse; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked

at it for a little while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment, "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he saw right; it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He

uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the furthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronunciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of its reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance, from beneath the gold, the red nose and the sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails,

GLUCK LOOKED AT HIM IN AMAZEMENT

then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping,

apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together; while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns of

three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you

see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

III

THE King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which of course they did not believe a word. They beat

him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords, and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peep-

ing out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now

nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery; and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water: not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing

the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic-terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and, with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his

"THOU HAST HAD THY SHARE OF LIFE."

brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended

on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!"—he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly—"Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

The Black Stone.

IV

POOR little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and

took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains.

Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: a heavy purple haze was hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha!" laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

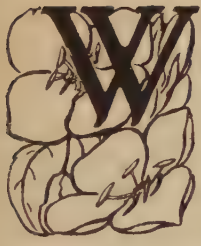
And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder-clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning

HE CAST IN THE FLASK

of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

The Two Black Stones.

V



HEN Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water."

Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned, and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft-belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right"; for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers

of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck; "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel?" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of clear dew, and the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden

GLUCK AND THE DWARF

River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, ac-

cording to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called, by the people of the valley,

The Black Brothers.

It would be a rather hard thing to choose the very best fairy story, but there are a great many persons who would say that, everything considered, *The King of the Golden River* is the finest. Many like *The Ugly Duckling*, by Hans Christian Andersen, and it certainly is a beautiful story. We must remember in comparing the two that *The Ugly Duckling* has probably lost something in being translated into the English, for it is almost impossible to make a translation as perfect as the original. For the reason just given, perhaps, *The King of the Golden River* excels as literature, and almost every boy or girl is glad to study the story enough to understand what makes it so very fine.

As soon as we have read it we feel that it is an interesting story, and that we are really the better for reading it. We cannot follow the fortunes of little Gluck without feeling our hearts grow

warmer at his kindly acts, or without knowing that the hospitality, self-denial, sympathy and generosity that he shows are some of the finest traits of human character. Moreover, we are inspired with the desire to be like Gluck, and to curb any inclination to become like his two dark brothers.

What we wish to do, however, in this brief study, is to try to find some other points less noticeable, perhaps, but equally interesting, in which this story excels many others. Now, one of these points is the remarkably brilliant way in which things are described by Mr. Ruskin.

We remember that he was a famous English writer who had a very high regard for painting, and who wrote about pictures until he made the world believe many of the sensible things he said. Naturally, the writer who had such an appreciation for pictures would be particular in description. In other words, we should expect him to paint for us beautiful word pictures. In this we are not disappointed, when we reach, for instance, the description of the beautiful morning when Hans started out on his journey to the Golden River. You will find it in an early part of the third section of the story.

It is not necessary for Ruskin to describe the view that lay before Hans, but his love for the beautiful and his passion for colors made him sketch for us the imaginary beauties that lay before the selfish and avaricious man. On our

part we must try to see the picture as the author saw it when he wrote.

Imagine rising before us a valley, surrounded on both sides by massive mountains. The valley, we may say, runs north and south, and we are at the south end of it, for on the cliffs at the west side the sun is shining, its long level rays piercing the fringe of pines and touching with a ruddy color the tops of the mountains. It would be a difficult matter to climb the masses of castellated rock shivered into numberless curious forms, for they extend far into the region of eternal snow, and from where we stand it seems as though they pierce the blue heavens. The snow line is not level along the cliffs, for in places the drifts lie deep in chasms which, from a distance, look like branching rivers of pure white, or, as Ruskin says, when lighted by the sun, appear like "lines of forked lightning." At one end of the valley we may see the Golden River, surging, possibly, from the eastern wall, as it is almost wholly in the shadow; yet there are dashes of spray which the shining sun turns to gold. Between the Golden River and ourselves lie some broad fields of ice. In fact, the picture is not altogether one of beauty, for there is a suggestion of sublimity and awe mixed with the view which causes us to shudder in spite of the glowing radiance of the morning. In the next paragraph Hans is shown proceeding on his journey, and then the depressing elements in the picture become clearer.

What did Hans find that surprised him? Did it appear a longer walk to the Golden River than he had anticipated? What was the nature of the ice? If a person were crossing a glacier, would sounds of rushing water tend to frighten him? Was the surface of the glacier smooth? Were there many fragments of ice that seemed to take human form? Why are the shadows called deceitful? What are lurid lights? What effect did the sights and sounds have upon Hans? Had Hans been in similar dangers before? Were these dangers worse than ever before, or was Hans in the mood to be disturbed by them?

When you have answered the questions in the last paragraph, finish for yourselves the picture of the valley as we first sketched it. Close your eyes and try to see the valley, mountains, sunlight, great rocks, yawning chasms, and the enormous fragments of ice that looked like terrible beings ready to devour any one who came near them. When you have done this, you will realize the power of Ruskin's descriptions.

Now compare the valley as Hans saw it with the valley as Schwartz and Gluck saw it. What changes are there in the picture?

There are other descriptions in the story besides those of the valley and the Golden River. It would be interesting to go through and compare the different pictures which Ruskin gives us of the King of the Golden River. If we should do this we might gather our in-

formation and put it into a table something like this:

The King of the Golden River

I. First Appearance.
   1. He is an extraordinary-looking little gentleman.
   2. Nose,—large and slightly brass-colored.
   3. Cheeks,—round and very red.
   4. Eyes,—twinkling under silky lashes.
   5. Mustaches,—curled twice around.
   6. Hair,—long and of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color.
   7. Height,—four feet six.
   8. Clothing:
      a. Cap,—conical-pointed, four feet six inches (nearly).
         (1) Black feather, three feet long.
      b. Doublet.
      c. Coat,—exaggerated swallow-tail.
      d. Cloak,—enormous, black, glossy-looking, eighteen feet long.

II. Second Appearance (spinning on the globe of foam).
   1. Cap and all as before.

III. Third Appearance.
   1. The drinking-mug.
      a. The handle of two wreaths of golden hair descending and mixing with the beard and whiskers.
      b. Face,—small, fierce, reddish-gold.
      c. Nose,—red.
      d. Eyes,—sharp.

2. The King.
   a. Height,—one and a half feet; a golden dwarf.
   b. Legs,—little and yellow.
   c. Face,—as before.
   d. Doublet,—slashed, of spun gold, prismatic colors.
   e. Hair,—exquisitely delicate curls.
   f. Features,—coppery, fierce and determined in expression.

IV. Fourth Appearance.
1. Same as in third appearance.

V. Different Forms the King Assumes:
1. To Hans:
   a. A small dog, dying of thirst; tongue hanging out, jaws dry; almost lifeless; ants crawling about its lips and throat.
   b. A fair child, nearly lifeless; breast heaving with thirst; eyes closed; lips parched and burning.
   c. An old man; sunken features; deadly pale and expressing despair.
2. To Schwartz:
   a. The fair child as it appeared to Hans.
   b. The old man who appeared to Hans.
   c. Brother Hans exhausted and begging for water.
3. To Gluck;
   a. An old man leaning on a staff.
   b. A little child panting by the roadside.
   c. A little dog gasping for breath, which changes into the king.

There are a great many things besides vivid descriptions that make *The King of the Golden River* a fine story. But it is not a good idea to study any selection in literature too long or too hard, for in so doing we are likely to lose our interest in the selection or even to take a dislike to it. You know if we look too long at a beautiful sunset our eyes grow weary and we seem to lose our power to admire it, but when the next evening comes, with another glorious sunset, we are just as much interested in it as ever. So it is with reading. If a thing is really brilliant, we may look at it so long that our minds become tired; but we can leave it for a while and come back to it with renewed interest.

Accordingly, when we have studied the descriptions of *The King of the Golden River* we have probably done enough for one day or one time, at least. Some other time we shall enjoy returning to it and finding new things. For instance, we might like to see how many beautiful sentences, or what great thoughts we can find well expressed.

Of the fine quotations here are two:

"And there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold."

"A flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade."

You will be able to find without any trouble

some great thoughts which are well worth remembering. Here is one which you can turn over in your minds, and which will come to have more and more meaning as you grow older:

"The water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

THOMAS HOOD

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words
Enough to shock a saint,
That, though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried and wept outright;
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her;
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, "Gee woe!"

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the tender-ship, you see."
"The tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,—
"What a hard-ship that must be!"

"O, would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him!
But O, I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown! O Sally Brown!
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then, reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well!"
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned,—and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

THE MARINER'S DREAM

WILLIAM DIMOND

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dream't of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses,—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,—
"O God! thou hast blest me,—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now 'larms on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.

ON A BED OF GREEN SEA FLOWERS

Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,—
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

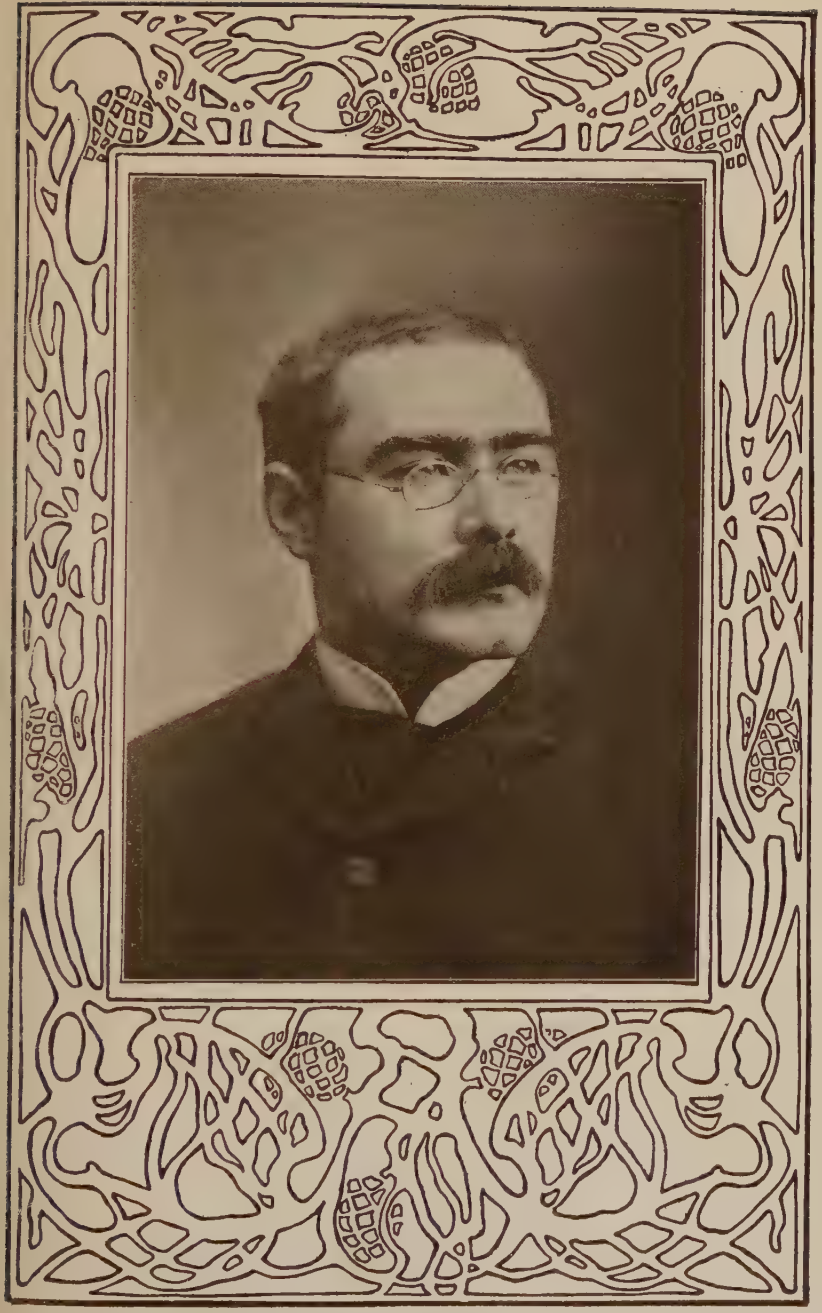
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love or kindred thy wishes repay;

Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge,
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On a bed of green sea flowers thy limbs shall be laid,—
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye,—
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!



RUDYARD KIPLING

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN"

RUDYARD KIPLING

HIS full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah*[1] called him Willie-*Baba*,[2] but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight.

1. A native maid or nurse for children.

2. Literally *father*, but commonly used as a term of respect or kindness to children.

Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound.[3] He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppy," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. The "Colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His

3. A walled inclosure or courtyard, containing a residence, with the necessary outbuildings and servants' quarters.

face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances, he had insisted upon having his long, yellow locks cut short, in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie; and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

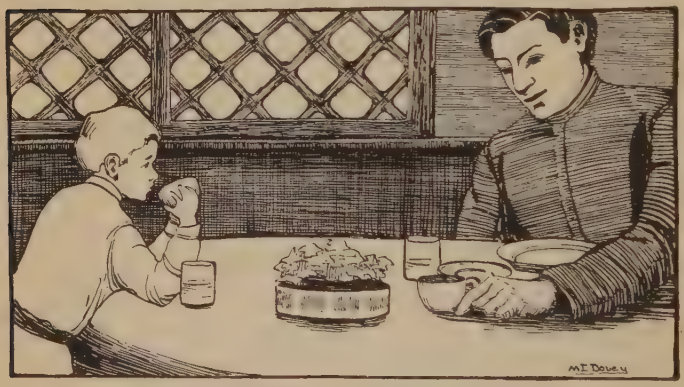
Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called "Coppy" for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box, and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one, except his father—who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure—half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppy, with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a "big girl," Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie

had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, rein-



"IS IT PWOPER TO KISS BIG GIRLS?"

ing up outside that subaltern's bungalow[4] early one morning—"I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

4. A one-storied, thatched or tiled house, surrounded by a veranda.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a tea-cup, and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had, with great craft, managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie, calmly. "But ve groom didn't see. I said '*Hut jao.*'"[5]

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all

5. That is, *Go back.*

these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it!—I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. "But my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink *you'd* do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it, too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* do vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha —or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You

see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and—all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp-fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have forseen that the

flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hayrick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge, and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering underlip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed onto the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

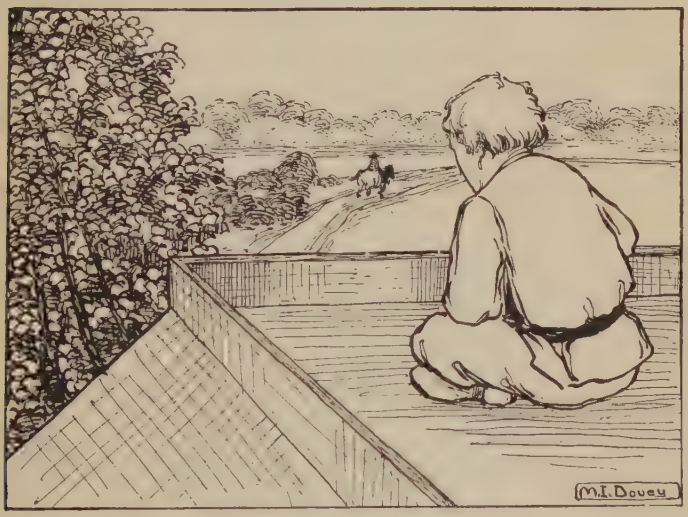
"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment[6] in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set

6. In India, a portion of a city set aside as a permanent residence for English troops. Around it usually clustered the homes of the foreign residents.

foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to—out of a big, blue book—the history of the princess and the goblins; a most wonderful tale of a land where the goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date, it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited



SHE TROTTED FORWARD

by goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the bad men. Even in his own house, the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the bad men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the bad men. And

here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him, in the hush of the dawn, that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom gave him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib,[7] and went out at a footpace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground, in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two[8] ponies can do little against the long canter of a waler.[9] Miss

7. *Sahib* is a title of respect corresponding to *Sir*, and is used by the natives of India in referring to a European.

8. In height, twelve hands and two inches—50 inches.

9. In India, a horse imported from Australia, particularly from New South Wales.

HE SHOT INTO AFGHAN TERRITORY

Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police-post, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river-bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too hastily assumed authority, had told her overnight that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki,[10] on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly—badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver,"

10. A light drab or chocolate cloth used for uniforms by some of the East Indian regiments. It has since come into common use in hot countries.

panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody—not even Coppy —must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard; but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoken my awwest! I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle, the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time, and Miss

Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck, and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming—one of ve bad men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden—he had seen the picture—and thus had they frightened the princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushtu[11] that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the bad men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the bowlders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three quarters, and said, briefly and emphatically, "*Jao!*" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

11. Pushtu is the Afghan language.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE AND THE BAD MEN

The men laughed, and laughter from the natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men, with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns, crept out of the shadows of the hills, till

soon Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the bad men—worse than the goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur*,"[12] said the tallest of the men; "and eat you afterwards."

12. *Bahadur* is a title of marked respect, meaning hero or champion.

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly: "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his *r's* and *th's* aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: "Oh foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace, let them go both; for if he is taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breast-bone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child, they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their god, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

* * * * * * *

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoil-five[13] till the afternoon. Devlin, the color sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! there's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans[14] have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd, don't look for 'im in the nullahs![15] Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's

13. A game of cards.
14. The Afghans.
15. River-bed or dry watercourses.

bad men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The *pultun*[16] are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

* * * * * * *

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie, confidently, to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cry!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I *knew* she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

16. An Indian term for a regiment of infantry.

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy—"a *pukka*[17] hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie; "but you mustn't call me Winkie any no more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

17. *Pukka* means *perfect.*

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON[1]

I

THE SHIPWRECK AND LANDING

FOR many days we had been tempest-tossed. Six times had the darkness closed over a wild and terrific scene, and returning light as often brought but renewed distress, for the raging storm increased in fury until on the seventh day all hope was lost.

We were driven completely out of our course; no conjecture could be formed as to our whereabouts. The crew had lost heart, and were utterly exhausted by incessant labor.

The riven masts had gone by the board, leaks had been sprung in every direction, and the water which rushed in gained upon us rapidly.

Instead of reckless oaths, the seamen uttered frantic cries to God for mercy, mingled with strange and often ludicrous vows, to be performed should deliverance be granted.

1. Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* was so very popular that a host of imitations of it were written. Most of them have been entirely forgotten, but one, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, by Johann Rudolph Wyss, proved so popular, especially with children, that it was translated from the original German into several languages, and new editions are still appearing, though the book was published in 1813.

The Swiss Family Robinson gives the story of a family who were cast away by shipwreck, on an uninhabited island. By no means all of the book is given here—many of the interesting adventures and ingenious experiments have been of necessity omitted; but the parts here given tell a continuous story.

Every man on board alternately commended his soul to his creator, and strove to bethink himself of some means of saving his life.

My heart sank as I looked round upon my family in the midst of these horrors. Our four young sons were overpowered by terror. "Dear children," said I, "if the Lord will, he can save us even from this fearful peril; if not, let us calmly yield our lives into his hand, and think of the joy and blessedness of finding ourselves forever and ever united in that happy home above."

At these words my weeping wife looked bravely up, and, as the boys clustered round her, she began to cheer and encourage them with calm and loving words. I rejoiced to see her fortitude, though my heart was ready to break as I gazed on my dear ones.

We knelt down together, one after another praying with deep earnestness and emotion. Fritz, in particular, besought help and deliverance for his dear parents and brothers, as though quite forgetting himself.

Our hearts were soothed by the never-failing comfort of childlike, confiding prayer, and the horror of our situation seemed less overwhelming. "Ah," thought I, "the Lord will hear our prayer! He will help us."

Amid the roar of the thundering waves I suddenly heard the cry of "Land, land!" while at the same instant the ship struck with a frightful shock, which threw every one to the deck, and seemed to threaten her immediate destruction.

Dreadful sounds betokened the breaking up of the ship, and the roaring waters poured in on all sides.

Then the voice of the captain was heard above the tumult, shouting, "Lower away the boats! We are lost!"

"Lost!" I exclaimed, and the word went like a dagger to my heart; but seeing my children's terror renewed, I composed myself, calling out cheerfully, "Take courage, my boys! we are all above water yet. There is the land not far off; let us do our best to reach it. You know God helps those that help themselves!" With that, I left them and went on deck. What was my horror when through the foam and spray I beheld the only remaining boat leave the ship, the last of the seamen spring into her and push off, regardless of my cries and entreaties that we might be allowed to share their slender chance of preserving their lives. My voice was drowned in the howling of the blast; and even had the crew wished it, the return of the boat was impossible.

Casting my eyes despairingly around, I became gradually aware that our position was by no means hopeless, inasmuch as the stern of the ship, containing our cabin, was jammed between two high rocks, and was partly raised from among the breakers which dashed the forepart to pieces. As the clouds of mist and rain drove past, I could make out, through rents in the vaporous curtain, a line of rocky coast; and rugged as it was, my heart bounded toward

it as a sign of help in the hour of need. Yet the sense of our lonely and forsaken condition weighed heavily upon me as I returned to my family, constraining myself to say with a smile, "Courage, dear ones! Although our good ship will never sail more, she is so placed that our cabin will remain above water, and to-morrow, if the wind and waves abate, I see no reason why we should not be able to get ashore."

These few words had an immediate effect on the spirits of my children, who at once regarded our problematical chance of escaping as a happy certainty, and began to enjoy the relief from the violent pitching and rolling of the vessel.

My wife, however, perceived my distress and anxiety, in spite of my forced composure, and I made her comprehend our real situation, greatly fearing the effect of the intelligence on her nerves. Not for a moment did her courage and trust in Providence forsake her, and on seeing this, my fortitude revived.

"We must find some food, and take a good supper," said she; "it will never do to grow faint by fasting too long. We shall require our utmost strength to-morrow."

Night drew on apace, the storm was as fierce as ever, and at intervals we were startled by crashes announcing further damage to our unfortunate ship.

A good meal being now ready, my youngsters ate heartily, and retiring to rest, were speedily fast asleep Fritz, who was of an age to be aware of the real danger we were in, kept watch with us.

We searched about and fortunately got hold of a number of empty flasks and tin canisters, which we connected two and two together so as to form floats sufficiently buoyant to support a person in the water, and my wife and young sons each willingly put one on. I then provided myself with matches, knives, cord and other portable articles, trusting that, should the vessel go to pieces before daylight, we might gain the shore not wholly destitute.

Fritz, as well as his brothers, now slept soundly. Throughout the night my wife and I maintained our prayerful watch, dreading at every fresh sound some fatal change in the position of the wreck.

At length the faint dawn of day appeared, the long, weary night was over, and with thankful hearts we perceived that the gale had begun to moderate; blue sky was seen above us, and the lovely hues of sunrise adorned the eastern horizon.

I aroused the boys, and we assembled on the remaining portion of the deck, when they, to their surprise, discovered that no one else was on board.

"Hello, papa! what has become of everybody? Are the sailors gone? Have they taken away the boats? Oh, papa! why did they leave us behind? What can we do by ourselves?"

"My good children," I replied, "we must not despair, although we seem deserted. Only let us bestir ourselves, and each cheerily do his best. Who has anything to propose?"

"The sea will soon be calm enough for swimming," said Fritz.

"And that would be all very fine for you," exclaimed Ernest, "but think of mother and the rest of us! Why not build a raft and all get on shore together?"

"We should find it difficult, I think, to make a raft that would carry us safe to shore. However, we must contrive something, and first let each try to procure what will be of most use to us."

Away we all went to see what was to be found, I myself proceeding to examine, as of great consequence, the supplies of provisions and fresh water within our reach.

My wife took her youngest son, Franz, to help her to feed the unfortunate animals on board, who were in a pitiful plight, having been neglected for several days.

Fritz hastened to the arm chest, Ernest to look for tools; and Jack went toward the captain's cabin, the door of which he no sooner opened than out sprang two splendid large dogs, who testified their extreme delight and gratitude by such tremendous bounds that they knocked their little deliverer completely head over heels, frightening him nearly out of his wits. Jack did not long yield either to fear or to anger; he presently recovered himself; the dogs seemed to ask pardon by vehemently licking his face and hands, and so, seizing the larger by the ears, he jumped on his back, and, to my great amusement, coolly rode to meet me as I came up the hatchway.

When we reassembled in the cabin, we all displayed our treasures.

Fritz brought a couple of guns, shot belt, powder flasks, and plenty of bullets.

Ernest produced a cap full of nails, an ax, and a hammer, while pincers, chisels, and augers stuck out of all his pockets.

Little Franz carried a box, and eagerly began to show us the "nice sharp little hooks" it contained.

Said my dear wife, "I have nothing to show, but I can give you good news. Some useful animals are still alive; a cow, a donkey, two goats, six sheep, a ram, and a fine sow. I was but just in time to save their lives by taking food to them."

"All these things are excellent indeed," said I; "but my friend Jack here has presented me with a couple of huge, hungry, useless dogs, who will eat more than any of us."

"Oh, papa! they will be of use! Why, they will help us to hunt when we get on shore!"

We very soon found four large casks, made of sound wood, and strongly bound with iron hoops; they were floating with many other things in the water in the hold, but we managed to fish them out, and drag them to a suitable place for launching them. They were exactly what I wanted, and I succeeded in sawing them across the middle. Hard work it was, and we were glad enough to stop and refresh ourselves with biscuits.

My eight tubs now stood ranged in a row

near the water's edge, and I looked at them with great satisfaction; to my surprise, my wife did not seem to share my pleasure.

"I shall never," said she, "muster courage to get into one of these!"

"Do not be too sure of that, dear wife," I replied.

I next procured a long, thin plank, on which my tubs could be fixed, and the two ends of this I bent upward so as to form a keel. Other two planks were nailed along the sides of the tubs; they also being flexible, were brought to a point at each end, and all firmly secured and nailed together. I felt satisfied that in smooth water this craft would be perfectly trustworthy. But when we thought all was ready for the launch, we found, to our dismay, that the grand contrivance was so heavy and clumsy that even our united efforts could not move it an inch.

"I must have a lever," cried I. "Run and fetch the capstan bar!"

Fritz quickly brought one, and, having formed rollers by cutting up a long spar, I raised the fore part of my boat with the bar, and my sons placed a roller under it.

I now made fast a long rope to the stern of our boat, attaching the other end to a beam; then placing a second and third roller under it, we once more began to push, this time with success, and soon our gallant craft was safely launched: so swiftly indeed did she glide into the water that, but for the rope, she would have passed beyond our reach. The boys wished to

jump in directly; but, alas, she leaned so much on one side that they could not venture to do so.

Some heavy things being thrown in, however, the boat righted itself by degrees, and the boys were so delighted that they struggled which should first leap in to have the fun of sitting down in the tubs. To make her perfectly safe, I contrived outriggers to preserve the balance, by nailing long poles at the stem and stern, and fixing at the ends of each empty brandy casks. Then, the boat appearing steady, I got in; and turning it toward the most open side of the wreck, I cut and cleared away obstructions, so as to leave a free passage for our departure, and the boys brought oars to be ready for the voyage. This important undertaking we were forced to postpone until the next day, as it was by this time far too late to attempt it. It was not pleasant to have to spend another night in so precarious a situation; but yielding to necessity, we sat down to enjoy a comfortable supper, for during our exciting and incessant work all day we had taken nothing but an occasional biscuit and a little water.

We prepared for rest in a much happier frame of mind than on the preceding day, but I did not forget the possibility of a renewed storm, and therefore made every one put on the belts as before.

I persuaded my wife (not without considerable difficulty), to put on a sailor's dress, assuring her she would find it much more comfortable and convenient for all she would have to

go through. She at last consented to do this, and left us for a short time, reappearing with much embarrassment and many blushes, in a most becoming suit, which she had found in a midshipman's chest. We all admired her costume, and any awkwardness she felt soon began to pass off; we then retired to our berths, and peaceful sleep prepared us all for the exertions of the coming day.

We rose up betimes, for sleep weighs lightly on the hopeful, as well as on the anxious. After kneeling together in prayer, "Now, my beloved ones," said I, "with God's help we are about to effect our escape. Let the poor animals we must leave behind be well fed, and put plenty of fodder within their reach; in a few days we may be able to return, and save them likewise. After that, collect everything you can think of which may be of use to us."

The boys joyfully obeyed me, and I selected from the large quantity of stores they got together canvas to make a tent, a chest of carpenter's tools, guns, pistols, powder, shot, and bullets, rods and fishing tackle, an iron pot, a case of portable soup, and another of biscuit. These useful articles, of course, took the place of the ballast I had hastily thrown in the day before.

With a hearty prayer for God's blessing, we now began to take our seats, each in his tub. Just then we heard the cocks begin to crow, as though to reproach us for deserting them.

"Why should not the fowls go with us!"

exclaimed I. "If we find no food for *them*, they can be food for *us!*" Ten hens and a couple of cocks were accordingly placed in one of the tubs, and secured with some wire netting over them.

The ducks and geese were set at liberty, and took to the water at once, while the pigeons, rejoicing to find themselves on the wing, swiftly made for the shore. My wife, who managed all this for me, kept us waiting for her some little time, and came at last with a bag as big as a pillow in her arms. "This is *my* contribution," said she, throwing the bag to little Franz, to be, as I thought, a cushion for him to sit upon.

All being ready, we cast off, and moved away from the wreck. My good, brave wife sat in the first compartment of the boat; next her was Franz, nearly eight years old. Then came Fritz, a spirited young fellow of fifteen; the two center tubs contained the valuable cargo; then came our bold, thoughtless Jack; next him Ernest, my second son, intelligent, well-formed, and rather indolent. I myself stood in the stern, endeavoring to guide the raft with its precious burden to a safe landing place.

The elder boys took the oars; every one wore a float belt, and had something useful close to him in case of being thrown into the water.

The tide was flowing, which was a great help to the young oarsmen. We emerged from the wreck and glided into the open sea. All eyes were strained to get a full view of the land, and the boys pulled with a will; but for some time

we made no progress, as the boat kept turning round and round, until I hit upon the right way to steer it, after which we merrily made for the shore.

We had left the two dogs, Turk and Juno, on the wreck, as they were both large mastiffs, and we did not care to have their additional weight on board our craft; but when they saw us apparently deserting them, they set up a piteous howl, and sprang into the sea. I was sorry to see this, for the distance to the land was so great that I scarcely expected them to be able to accomplish it. They followed us, however, and, occasionally resting their fore paws on the outriggers, kept up with us well.

Our passage, though tedious, was safe; but the nearer we approached the shore the less inviting it appeared; the barren rocks seemed to threaten us with misery and want.

Many casks, boxes, and bales of goods floated on the water around us. Fritz and I managed to secure a couple of hogsheads, so as to tow them alongside. With the prospect of famine before us, it was desirable to lay hold of anything likely to contain provisions.

By and by we began to perceive that, between and beyond the cliffs, green grass and trees were discernible. Fritz could distinguish many tall palms, and Ernest hoped they would prove to be cocoanut trees, and enjoyed the thoughts of drinking the refreshing milk.

"I am very sorry I never thought of bringing away the captain's telescope," said I.

"Oh, look here, father!" cried Jack, drawing a little spyglass joyfully out of his pocket.

By means of this glass, I made out that at some distance to the left the coast was much more inviting; a strong current, however, carried us directly toward the frowning rocks, but I presently observed an opening, where a stream flowed into the sea, and saw that our geese and ducks were swimming toward this place. I steered after them into the creek, and we found ourselves in a small bay or inlet where the water was perfectly smooth and of moderate depth. The ground sloped gently upward from the low banks to the cliffs, which here retired inland, leaving a small plain, on which it was easy for us to land. Every one sprang gladly out of the boat but little Franz, who, lying packed in his tub like a potted shrimp, had to be lifted out by his mother.

The dogs had scrambled on shore before us; they received us with loud barking and the wildest demonstrations of delight. The geese and ducks kept up an incessant din, added to which was the screaming and croaking of flamingoes and penguins, whose dominion we were invading. The noise was deafening, but far from unwelcome to me, as I thought of the good dinners the birds might furnish.

As soon as we could gather our children around us on dry land, we knelt to offer thanks and praise for our merciful escape, and with full hearts we commended ourselves to God's good keeping for the time to come.

All hands then briskly fell to the work of unloading, and oh, how rich we felt ourselves as we did so! The poultry we left at liberty to forage for themselves, and set about finding a suitable place to erect a tent in which to pass the night. This we speedily did; thrusting a long spar into a hole in the rock, and supporting the other end by a pole firmly planted in the ground, we formed a framework over which we stretched the sailcloth we had brought; besides fastening this down with pegs, we placed our heavy chest and boxes on the border of the canvas, and arranged hooks so as to be able to close up the entrance during the night.

When this was accomplished, the boys ran to collect moss and grass, to spread in the tent for our beds, while I arranged a fireplace with some large flat stones, near the brook which flowed close by. Dry twigs and seaweed were soon in a blaze on the hearth; I filled the iron pot with water, and giving my wife several cakes of the portable soup, told her to establish herself as our cook, with little Franz to help her.

Fritz, meanwhile, leaving a loaded gun with me, took another himself, and went along the rough coast to see what lay beyond the stream; this fatiguing sort of walk not suiting Ernest's fancy, he sauntered down to the beach, and Jack scrambled among the rocks, searching for shellfish.

I was anxious to land the two casks which were floating alongside our boat, but on attempting to do so, I found that I could not get them

up the bank on which we had landed, and was therefore obliged to look for a more convenient spot. As I did so, I was startled by hearing Jack shouting for help, as though in great danger. He was at some distance, and I hurried toward him with a hatchet in my hand. The little fellow stood screaming in a deep pool, and as I approached, I saw that a huge lobster had caught his leg in its powerful claw. Poor Jack was in a terrible fright; kick as he would, his enemy still clung on. I waded into the water, and seizing the lobster firmly by the back, managed to make it loosen its hold, and we brought it safe to land. Jack, having speedily recovered his spirits, and anxious to take such a prize to his mother, caught the lobster in both hands, but instantly received such a severe blow from its tail that he flung it down. Once more lifting the lobster, Jack ran triumphantly toward the tent.

"Mother, mother! a lobster, Ernest! look here, Franz! mind, he'll bite you! Where's Fritz?" All came crowding round Jack and his prize, wondering at its unusual size, and Ernest wanted his mother to make lobster soup directly, by adding it to what she was now boiling.

She, however, begged to decline making any such experiment, and said she preferred cooking one dish at a time. Having remarked that the scene of Jack's adventure afforded a convenient place for getting my casks on shore, I returned thither and succeeded in drawing them

up on the beach, where I set them on end, and for the present left them.

On my return I resumed the subject of Jack's lobster, and told him he should have the offending claw all to himself, when it was ready to be eaten, congratulating him on being the first to discover anything useful.

"As to that," said Ernest, "I found something very good to eat, as well as Jack, only I could not get at them without wetting my feet."

"Pooh!" cried Jack, "I know what he saw—nothing but some nasty mussels; I saw them too. Who wants to eat trash like that! Lobster for me!"

"I believe them to be oysters, not mussels," returned Ernest calmly.

"Be good enough, my philosophical young friend, to fetch a few specimens of these oysters in time for our next meal," said I; "we must all exert ourselves, Ernest, for the common good, and pray never let me hear you object to wetting your feet. See how quickly the sun has dried Jack and me."

"I can bring some salt at the same time," said Ernest; "I remarked a good deal lying in the crevices of the rocks; it tasted very pure and good."

"If you had brought a bagful of this good salt it would have been more to the purpose. Run and fetch some directly."

"Now," said my wife, tasting the soup with the stick with which she had been stirring it, "dinner is ready; but where can Fritz be?" she continued, a little anxiously.

"How are we to eat our soup when he does come?" I asked; "we have neither plates nor spoons, and we can scarcely lift the boiling pot to our mouths. We are in as uncomfortable position as was the fox to whom the stork served up a dinner in a jug with a long neck.[2] Off with you, my boys; get oysters, and clean out a few shells. What though our spoons have no handles, and we do burn our fingers a little in bailing the soup out."

Jack was away and up to his knees in the water in a moment, detaching the oysters. Ernest followed more leisurely, and still unwilling to wet his feet, stood by the margin of the pool and gathered in his handkerchief the oysters his brother threw him; as he thus stood, he picked up and pocketed a large mussel shell for his own use. As they returned with a good supply we heard a shout from Fritz in the distance; we replied to him joyfully, and presently he appeared before us.

"Oh, Fritz!" exclaimed his brothers, "a sucking-pig, a little sucking-pig. Where did you get it? How did you shoot it? Do let us see it!"

Fritz then with sparkling eyes exhibited his prize.

He told us how he had been to the other side of the stream. "So different from this," he said; "it is really a beautiful country, and the shore, which runs down to the sea in a gentle

2. This is a reference to one of the famous old fables, which you will find on page 62, Volume I.

slope, is covered with all sorts of useful things from the wreck. Do let us go and collect them."

"But the sucking-pig," said Jack; "where did you get it?"

"It was one of several," said Fritz, "which I found on the shore; most curious animals they are; they hopped rather than walked, and every now and then would squat down on their legs and rub their snouts with their fore paws. Had not I been afraid of losing them all, I would have tried to catch one alive, they seemed so tame."

Meanwhile Ernest had been carefully examining the animal in question.

"This is no pig," he said, "and except for its bristly skin, does not look like one. See, its teeth are not like those of a pig, but rather like those of a squirrel. In fact," he continued, looking at Fritz, "your sucking-pig is an agouti."

"Dear me," said Fritz; "listen to that professor lecturing! He is going to prove that a pig is not a pig!"

"You need not be so quick to laugh at your brother," said I, in my turn; "he is quite right. The little animal makes its nest under the roots of trees, and lives upon fruit. But, Ernest, the agouti[3] not only looks something like a pig, but most decidedly grunts like a porker."

While we were thus talking, Jack had been vainly endeavoring to open an oyster with his

3. This animal, which is about the size of a hare, is a native of South America and the West Indies.

large knife. "Here is a simpler way," said I, placing an oyster on the fire; it immediately opened. "Now," I continued, "who will try this delicacy?" All at first hesitated to partake of them, so unattractive did they appear. Jack, however, tightly closing his eyes and making a face as though about to take medicine, gulped one down. We followed his example, one after the other, each doing so rather to provide himself with a spoon than with any hope of cultivating a taste for oysters.

Our spoons were now ready, and gathering round the pot we dipped them in, not, however, without sundry scalded fingers. Ernest then drew from his pocket the large shell he had procured for his own use, and scooping up a good quantity of soup he put it down to cool, smiling at his own foresight.

"Prudence should be exercised for others," I remarked; "your cool soup will do capitally for the dogs, my boy; take it to them, and then come and eat like the rest of us."

Ernest winced at this, but silently taking up his shell he placed it on the ground before the hungry dogs, who lapped up its contents in a moment; he then returned, and we all went merrily on with our dinner. While we were thus busily employed, we suddenly discovered that our dogs, not satisfied with their mouthful of soup, had espied the agouti, and were rapidly devouring it. Fritz, seizing his gun, flew to rescue it from their hungry jaws, and before I could prevent him, struck one of them with such

force that his gun was bent. The poor beasts ran off howling, followed by a shower of stones from Fritz, who shouted and yelled at them so fiercely that his mother was actually terrified. I followed him, and as soon as he would listen to me, represented to him how despicable was such an outbreak of temper: "for," said I, "you have hurt, if not actually wounded, the dogs; you have distressed and terrified your mother, and spoiled your gun."

Though Fritz's passion was easily aroused, it never lasted long, and speedily recovering himself, immediately he entreated his mother's pardon, and expressed his sorrow.

By this time the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, and the poultry, which had been straying to some little distance, gathered round us, and began to pick up the crumbs of biscuit which had fallen during our repast. My wife hereupon drew from her mysterious bag some handfuls of oats, peas, and other grain, and with them began to feed the poultry. She at the same time showed me several other seeds of various kinds.

The pigeons now flew up to crevices in the rocks, the fowls perched themselves on our tent pole, and the ducks and geese waddled off, cackling and quacking, to the marshy margin of the river. We, too, were ready for repose, and having loaded our guns, and offered up our prayers as the last ray of light departed, we closed our tent and lay down to rest.

The children remarked the suddenness of

nightfall, for indeed there had been little or no twilight. This convinced me that we must be not far from the equator.

THE AGOUTI

II

EXCURSION AND SETTLEMENT

WE should have been badly off without the shelter of our tent, for the night proved as cold as the day had been hot, but we managed to sleep comfortably, every one being thoroughly fatigued by the labors of the day. The voice of our vigilant cock roused me at daybreak, and I awoke my wife, that in the quiet interval while yet our children slept, we might take counsel together on our situation and prospects. It was plain to both of us that, in the first place, we should ascertain if possible the fate of our late companions, and then examine into the nature and resources of the country on which we were stranded.

We therefore came to the resolution that, as soon as he had breakfasted, Fritz and I should start on an expedition with these objects in view, while my wife remained near our landing place with the three younger boys.

"Rouse up, rouse up, my boys," cried I, awakening the children cheerfully. "Come and help your mother to get breakfast ready."

"As to that," said she smiling, "we can but set on the pot, and boil some more soup!"

"Why, you forget Jack's fine lobster! It is well the lobster is so large, for we shall want to take part with us on our excursion to-day."

At the mention of an excursion, the four children were wild with delight, and capering around me, clapped their hands for joy.

"Steady there, steady!" said I, "you cannot expect all to go. Such an expedition as this would be too dangerous and fatiguing for you younger ones. Fritz and I will go alone this time, with one of the dogs, leaving the other to defend you."

We then armed ourselves, each taking a gun and a game bag; Fritz in addition sticking a pair of pistols in his belt, and I a small hatchet in mine. Breakfast being over, we stowed away the remainder of the lobster and some biscuits, with a flask of water, and were ready for a start. I took leave of my wife and children, bidding them not to wander far from the boat and tent, and we parted, not without some anxiety on either side.

We now found that the banks of the stream

were on both sides so rocky that we could get down to the water by only one passage, and there was no corresponding path on the other side. I was glad to see this, however, for I now knew that my wife and children were on a comparatively inaccessible spot, the other side of the tent being protected by the steep and precipitous cliffs. Fritz and I pursued our way up the stream until we reached a point where the waters fell from a considerable height in a cascade, and where several large rocks lay half covered by the water; by means of these we succeeded in crossing the stream. We thus had the sea on our left, and a long line of rocky heights, here and there adorned with clumps of trees, stretching away inland to the right. We had forced our way scarcely fifty yards through the long rank grass, which was here partly withered by the sun and much tangled, when we heard behind us a rustling, and looking around saw our trusty dog Turk, whom in our anxiety at parting we had forgotten, and who had been sent after us, doubtless by my thoughtful wife.

From this little incident, however, we saw how dangerous was our position, and how difficult escape would be should any fierce beast steal upon us unawares: we therefore hastened to make our way to the open seashore. Here the scene which presented itself was indeed delightful. A background of hills, the green, waving grass, the pleasant groups of trees stretching here and there to the water's edge,

formed a lovely prospect. On the smooth sand we searched carefully for any trace of our hapless companions, but not a mark of a footstep could we find.

We pushed on until we came to a pleasant grove which stretched down to the water's edge; here we halted to rest, seating ourselves under a large tree, by a rivulet which murmured and splashed along its pebbly bed into the great ocean before us. Gayly plumaged birds flew twittering above us, and Fritz and I gazed up at them.

My son suddenly started up.

"A monkey," he exclaimed; "I am nearly sure I saw a monkey."

As he spoke he sprang round to the other side of the tree, and in doing so stumbled over a round substance, which he handed to me, remarking, as he did so, that it was a round bird's nest, of which he had often heard.

"You may have done so," said I, laughing, "but you need not necessarily conclude that every round hairy thing is a bird's nest; this, for instance, is not one, but a cocoanut."

We split open the nut, but, to our disgust, found the kernel dry and uneatable.

"Hullo," cried Fritz, "I always thought a cocoanut was full of delicious sweet liquid, like almond milk."

"So it is," I replied, "when young and fresh; but as it ripens the milk becomes congealed, and in the course of time is solidified into a kernel."

As cocoa nuts must be overripe before they fall naturally from the tree, it was not without difficulty that we obtained one in which the kernel was not dried up.

Continuing our way through a thicket, which was so densely overgrown with lianas[4] that we had to clear a passage with our hatchets, we again emerged on the seashore beyond, and found an open view, the forest sweeping inland, while on the space before us stood at intervals single trees of remarkable appearance.

We approached to examine them, and I recognized them as calabash trees, the fruit of which grows in a curious way on the stems, and is a species of gourd, from the hard rind of which bowls, spoons and bottles can be made. "The savages," I remarked, "are said to form these things most ingeniously, using them to contain liquids; indeed, they actually cook food in them. When the gourd is divided in two, and the shell or rind emptied of its contents, it is filled with water, into which the fish, or whatever is to be cooked, is put; red-hot stones are added until the water boils; the food becomes fit to eat, and the gourd rind remains uninjured. Now suppose we prepare some of these calabashes, that they may be ready for use when we take them home."

Fritz instantly took up one of the gourds, and tried to split it equally with his knife, but in

4. Lianas are climbing plants which have thick, woody stems, and which wind themselves about other plants for support. They are particularly plentiful in the Amazon region of South America.

vain; the blade slipped, and the calabash was cut jaggedly. "What a nuisance!" said Fritz, flinging it down; "the thing is spoiled; and yet it seemed so simple to divide it properly."

"Stay," said I; "you are too impatient; those pieces are not useless. Do you try to fashion from them a spoon or two while I provide a dish."

I then took from my pocket a piece of string, which I tied tightly round a gourd, as near one end of it as I could; I then tapped the string with the back of my knife, so that it penetrated the outer shell. When this was accomplished, I tied the string yet tighter; and drawing the ends with all my might, I divided the gourd exactly as I wished.

"That is clever! It certainly makes a capital soup tureen, and a soup plate too," said Fritz, examining the gourd.

We made a number of gourd dishes, and I filled them with sand, and left them to dry; marking the spot that we might return for them on our way back.

For three hours or more we pushed forward, keeping a sharp lookout on either side for any trace of our companions, till we reached a bold promontory, stretching some way into the sea, from whose rocky summit I knew that we should obtain a good and comprehensive view of the surrounding country. With little difficulty we reached the top, but the most careful survey of the beautiful landscape failed to show us the slightest sign or trace of human beings. Before

us stretched a wide and lovely bay, fringed with yellow sands, either side extending into the distance, and almost lost to view in two shadowy promontories; inclosed by these two arms lay a sheet of rippling water, which reflected in its depths the glorious sun above. The scene inland was no less beautiful; and yet Fritz and I both felt a shade of loneliness stealing over us as we gazed on its utter solitude.

"Cheer up, Fritz, my boy," said I presently. "Remember that we chose a settler's life long ago, before we left our own dear country; we certainly did not expect to be so entirely alone—but what matters a few people, more or less? With God's help, let us endeavor to live here contentedly, thankful that we were not cast upon some bare and inhospitable island. But come, the heat here is getting unbearable; let us find some shady place before we are completely broiled away."

We descended the hill and made for a clump of palm trees, which we saw at a little distance. To reach this, we had to pass through a dense thicket of reeds, no pleasant or easy task; for besides the difficulty of forcing our way through, I feared at every step that we might tread on some venomous snake. Sending Turk in advance, I cut one of the reeds, thinking it would be a more useful weapon against a reptile than my gun. I had carried it but a little way, when I noticed a thick juice exuding from one end. I tasted it, and to my delight found it sweet and

pleasant. I at once knew that I was standing amongst sugar canes.

My son cut a dozen or more of the largest canes, and stripping them of their leaves, carried them under his arm. We then pushed through the canebrake, and reached the clump of palms for which we had been making; as we entered it a troop of monkeys, who had been disporting themselves on the ground, sprang up, chattering and grimacing, and before we could clearly distinguish them were at the very top of the trees.

Fritz was so provoked by their impertinent gestures that he raised his gun and would have shot one of the poor beasts.

"Stay," cried I, "never take the life of any animal needlessly. A live monkey up in that tree is of more use to us than a dozen dead ones at our feet, as I will show you."

Saying this, I gathered a handful of small stones, and threw them up toward the apes. The stones did not go near them, but influenced by their instinctive mania for imitation, they instantly seized all the cocoanuts within their reach, and sent a perfect hail of them down upon us.

Fritz was delighted with my stratagem, and rushing forward picked up some of the finest of the nuts. We drank the milk they contained, drawing it through the holes, which I pierced, and then, splitting the nuts open with the hatchet, ate the cream which lined their shells. After this delicious meal, we thoroughly despised the lobster we had been carrying, and threw it to Turk, who ate it gratefully; but far from being

OBTAINING COCOANUTS BY STRATAGEM

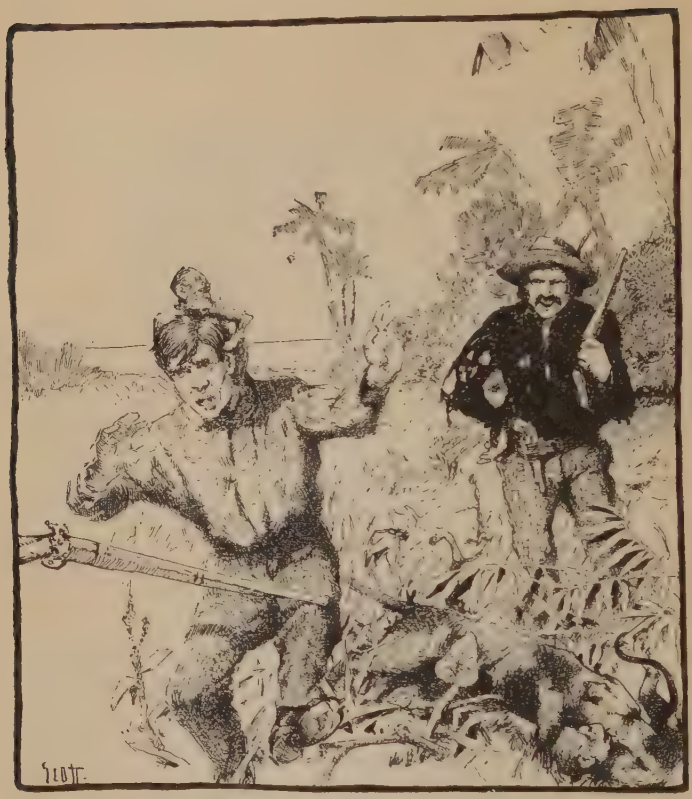
satisfied, the poor beast began to gnaw the ends of the sugar canes, and to beg for cocoanut. I slung a couple of the nuts over my shoulder, fastening them together by their stalks, and Fritz having resumed his burden, we began our homeward march.

Just as we had passed through the grove in which we had breakfasted, Turk suddenly darted away from us and sprang furiously among a troop of monkeys, which were gambolling playfully on the turf at a little distance from the trees. They were taken by surprise completely, and the dog, now really ravenous from hunger, had seized and was fiercely tearing one to pieces before we could approach the spot.

His luckless victim was the mother of a tiny little monkey, which, being on her back when the dog flew at her, hindered her flight. The little creature attempted to hide among the grass, and in trembling fear watched its mother. On perceiving Turk's bloodthirsty design, Fritz had eagerly rushed to the rescue, flinging away all he was carrying, and losing his hat in his haste. All to no purpose as far as the mother ape was concerned, and a laughable scene ensued, for no sooner did the young monkey catch sight of him, than at one bound it was on his shoulders; and, holding fast by his hair, it firmly kept its seat in spite of all he could do to dislodge it. He screamed and plunged about as he endeavored to shake or pull the creature off, but all in vain; it only clung the closer to his neck, making the most absurd grimaces.

I laughed so much at this ridiculous scene, that I could scarcely assist my terrified boy out of his awkward predicament.

At last, by coaxing the monkey, offering it a bit of biscuit, and gradually disentangling its small sinewy paws from the curls it grasped so



THE LITTLE MONKEY KEPT ITS SEAT

tightly, I managed to relieve poor Fritz, who then looked with interest at the baby ape, no bigger than a kitten, as it lay in my arms.

"What a jolly little fellow it is!" exclaimed he; "do let me try to rear it, father. I dare say cocoanut milk would do until we can bring the cow and the goats from the wreck. If he lives, he might be useful to us. I believe monkeys

instinctively know what fruits are wholesome and what are poisonous."

"Well," said I, "let the little orphan be yours."

Turk was meanwhile devouring with great satisfaction the little animal's unfortunate mother. I could not grudge it him, and continued hunger might have made him dangerous to ourselves. We did not think it necessary to wait until he had dined, so we prepared to resume our march.

The tiny ape seated itself in the coolest way imaginable on Fritz's shoulder, I helped to carry his canes, and we were on some distance before Turk overtook us.

He took no notice of the monkey, but it was very uneasy at sight of him, and scrambled down into Fritz's arms, which was so inconvenient to him that he devised a plan to relieve himself of his burden. Calling Turk, and seriously enjoining obedience, he seated the monkey on his back, securing it there with a cord; and then, putting a second string round the dog's neck that he might lead him, he put a loop of the knot into the comical rider's hand, saying gravely: "Having slain the parent, Mr. Turk, you will please to carry the son."

At first this arrangement mightily displeased them both, but by and by they yielded to it quietly; the monkey especially amused us by riding along with the air of a person perfectly at his ease.

"We look just like a couple of mountebanks on their way to a fair with animals to exhibit,"

said I. "What an outcry the children will make when we appear!"

Juno was the first to be aware of our approach, and gave notice of it by loud barking, to which Turk replied with such hearty good will that his little rider, terrified at the noise his steed was making, slipped from under the cord and fled to his refuge on Fritz's shoulder, where he regained his composure and settled himself comfortably.

Turk, who by this time knew where he was, finding himself free dashed forward to rejoin his friends, and announce our coming.

One after another our dear ones came running to the opposite bank, testifying in various ways their delight at our return, and hastening up on their side of the river, as we on ours, to the ford at which we had crossed in the morning.

The boys, suddenly perceiving the little animal which was clinging close to their brother, in alarm at the tumult of voices, shouted in ecstasy:

"A monkey! a monkey! oh, how splendid! Where did Fritz find him? What may we give him to eat? Oh, what a bundle of sticks! Look at those curious, great nuts father has got!"

We could neither check this confused torrent of questions, nor get in a word in answer to them.

At length, when the excitement subsided a little, I was able to say a few words with a chance of being listened to.

Jack shouldered my gun, Ernest took the cocoanuts, and little Franz carried the gourds; Fritz distributed the sugar canes amongst his

brothers, and handing Ernest his gun, replaced the monkey on Turk's back.

My wife, as a prudent housekeeper, was no less delighted than the children with what we had brought back; the sight of the dishes pleased her greatly, for she longed to see us eat once more like civilized beings. We went into the kitchen, and there found preparations for a truly sumptuous meal. Two forked sticks were planted in the ground on either side of the fire; on these rested a rod from which hung several tempting-looking fish; opposite them hung a goose from a similar contrivance, slowly roasting, while the gravy dropped into a large shell placed beneath it. In the center sat the great pot, from which issued the smell of a most delicious soup. To crown this splendid array, stood an open hogshead full of Dutch cheeses. All this was very pleasant to two hungry travelers, but I was about to beg my wife to spare the poultry until our stock should have increased, when she, perceiving my thought, quickly relieved my anxiety. "This is not one of our geese," she said, "but a wild bird Ernest killed."

"Yes," said Ernest, "it is a penguin, I think; it let me get quite close, so that I knocked it on the head with a stick. Here are its head and feet, which I preserved to show you; the bill is, you see, narrow and curved downward, and the feet are webbed. It had funny little bits of useless wings, and its eyes looked so solemnly and sedately at me that I was almost ashamed to kill it."

We then sat down before the appetizing meal prepared for us, our gourds coming for the first time into use, and having done it full justice, produced the cocoanuts by way of dessert.

"Here is better food for your little friend," said I to Fritz, who had been vainly endeavoring to persuade the monkey to taste dainty morsels of the food we had been eating; "the poor little animal has been accustomed to nothing but its mother's milk; fetch me a saw, one of you."

I then, after extracting the milk of the nuts from their natural holes, carefully cut the shells in half, thus providing several more useful basins. The monkey was perfectly satisfied with the milk, and eagerly sucked the corner of a handkerchief dipped in it.

The sun was now rapidly sinking below the horizon, and the poultry, retiring for the night, warned us that we must follow their example.

We did not, however, long enjoy this repose; a loud barking from our dogs, who were on guard outside the tent, awakened us, and the fluttering and cackling of our poultry warned us that a foe was approaching. Fritz and I sprang up, and seizing our guns rushed out. There we found a desperate combat going on; our gallant dogs, surrounded by a dozen or more large jackals, were fighting bravely. Four of their opponents lay dead, but the others were in no way deterred by the fate of their comrades. Fritz and I, however, sent bullets through the heads of a couple more, and the rest galloped off. Turk and Juno did not intend that they

should escape so cheaply, and pursuing them, they caught, killed, and devoured another of the animals, regardless of their near relationship.

Soundly and peacefully we slept until cock-crow next morning, when my wife and I awoke, and began to discuss the business of the day.

"It seems absolutely necessary, my dear wife," I began, "to return at once to the wreck while it is yet calm, that we may save the poor animals left there, and bring on shore many articles of infinite value to us, which, if we do not now recover, we may finally lose entirely. On the other hand, I feel that there is an immense deal to be done on shore, and that I ought not to leave you in such an insecure shelter as this tent."

"Return to the wreck by all means," replied my wife, cheerfully. "Patience, order, and perseverance will help us through all our work, and I agree with you that a visit to the wreck is without doubt our first duty. Come, let us wake the children, and set to work without delay."

So severely had we dealt with our supper the previous night that we had little to eat but the biscuits, which were so dry and hard that, hungry as we were, we could not swallow much. Fritz and I took some cheese to help them down, while my wife and younger sons soaked theirs in water.

"See here, father," and Ernest pointed to a large cask; "that barrel contains butter of some sort, for it is oozing out at the end."

"Really, Ernest," I said, "we are indebted to you. I will open the cask." So saying, I took a knife and carefully cut a small hole, so that I could extract the butter without exposing the mass of it to the effects of the air and heat. Filling a cocoanut shell, we once more sat down, and toasting our biscuits before the fire, spread them with the good Dutch butter. We found this vastly better than the dry biscuits, and while we were thus employed I noticed that the two dogs were lying unusually quiet by my side. I at first attributed this drowsiness to their large meal during the night, but I soon discovered that it arose from a different cause; the faithful animals had not escaped unhurt from their late combat, but had received several deep and painful wounds, especially about the neck. The dogs began to lick each other on the places which they could not reach with their own tongues, and my wife carefully dressed the wounds with butter, from which she had extracted the salt by washing.

I begged the party who were to remain on shore to keep together as much as possible, and having arranged a set of signals with my wife, that we might exchange communications, asked a blessing on our enterprise. I erected a signal post, and, while Fritz was making preparations for our departure, hoisted a strip of sailcloth as a flag; this flag was to remain hoisted so long as all was well on shore, but should our return be desired, three shots were to be fired and the flag was to be lowered.

All was now ready, and warning my wife that we might find it necessary to remain all night on the vessel, we tenderly bade adieu and embarked. Except our guns and ammunition, we were taking nothing, that we might leave as much space as possible for the stowage of a large cargo. Fritz, however, had resolved to take his little monkey, that he might obtain milk for it as soon as possible. We had not got far from the shore, when I perceived that a current from the river set in directly for the vessel, and though my nautical knowledge was not great, I succeeded in steering the boat into the favorable stream, which carried us nearly three fourths of our passage with little or no trouble to ourselves; then by dint of hard pulling, we accomplished the whole distance, and entering through the breach, gladly made fast our boat and stepped on board. Our first care was to see the animals, who greeted us with joy—lowing, bellowing, and bleating as we approached; not that the poor beasts were hungry, for they were all still well supplied with food, but they were apparently pleased by the mere sight of human beings. Fritz then placed his monkey by one of the goats, and the little animal immediately sucked the milk with evident relish, chattering and grinning all the while; the monkey provided for, we refreshed ourselves with some wine and biscuits.

I chose a stout spar to serve as a mast for our boat, and having made a hole in a plank nailed across one of the tubs, we, with the help of a rope and a couple of blocks, stepped it and

secured it with stays. We then discovered a lugsail, which had belonged to one of the ship's boats; this we hoisted; and our craft was ready to sail. Fritz begged me to decorate the masthead with a red streamer, to give our vessel a more finished appearance. Smiling at this childish but natural vanity, I complied with his request. I then contrived a rudder, that I might be able to steer the boat; for though I knew that an oar would serve the purpose, it was cumbrous and inconvenient. While I was thus employed, Fritz examined the shore with his glass, and soon announced that the flag was flying and all was well.

So much time had now slipped away that we found we could not return that night, as I had wished. We signaled our intention of remaining on board, and then spent the rest of our time in taking out the stones we had placed in the boat for ballast, and stowing in their place heavy articles of value to us. As the ship had sailed for the purpose of supplying a young colony, she had on board every conceivable article we could desire in our present situation; our only difficulty, indeed, was to make a wise selection. A large quantity of powder and shot we first secured, and as Fritz considered that we could not have too many weapons, we added three excellent guns, and a whole armful of swords, daggers, and knives. We remembered that knives and forks were necessary, and we therefore laid in a large stock of them, and kitchen utensils of all sorts. We then went over the stores, and

supplied ourselves with potted meats, portable soups, Westphalian hams, sausages, a bag of maize and wheat, and a quantity of other seeds and vegetables. I then added a barrel of sulphur for matches, and as much cordage as I could find. All this—with nails, tools, and agricultural implements—completed our cargo, and sank our boat so low that I should have been obliged to lighten her had not the sea been calm.

Night drew on, and a large fire, lighted by those on shore, showed us that all was well. We replied by hoisting four ship's lanterns, and two shots announced to us that our signal was perceived; then, with a heartfelt prayer for the safety of our dear ones on shore, we retired to our boat, and Fritz, at all events, was soon sound asleep. For a while I could not sleep; the thought of my wife and children—alone and unprotected, save by the great dogs—disturbed my rest.

The night at length passed away. At daybreak Fritz and I arose and went on deck. I brought the telescope to bear upon the shore, and with pleasure saw the flag still waving in the morning breeze; while I kept the glass directed to the land, I saw the door of the tent open, and my wife appear and look steadfastly toward us.

I at once hoisted a white flag, and in reply the flag on shore was thrice dipped. Oh, what a weight seemed lifted from my heart as I saw the signal!

"Fritz," I said, "I am not now in such haste to get back, and begin to feel compassion for all these poor beasts. I wish we could devise some means for getting them on shore."

"We might make a raft," suggested Fritz, "and take off one or two at a time."

"True," I replied; "it is easy enough to say, 'make a raft,' but to do it is quite another thing."

"Well," said Fritz, "I can think of nothing else, unless indeed we make them such swimming belts as you made for the children."

"Really, my boy, that idea is worth having. I am not joking, indeed," I continued, as I saw him smile; "we may get every one of the animals ashore in that way."

So saying, I caught a fine sheep, and proceeded to put our plan into execution. I first fastened a broad piece of linen round its belly, and to this attached some corks and empty tins; then, with Fritz's help, I flung the animal into the sea—it sank, but a moment afterward rose and floated famously.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Fritz, "we will treat them all like that." We then rapidly caught the other animals and provided them, one after the other, with a similar contrivance. The cow and ass gave us more trouble than did the others, as for them we required something more buoyant than the mere cork; we at last found some empty casks and fastened two to each animal by thongs passed under its belly. This done, the whole herd were ready to start, and we brought the ass to one of the ports to be the

THE SHOT TOOK EFFECT

first to be launched. After some maneuvering we got him in a convenient position, and then a sudden heave sent him plunging into the sea. He sank, and then, buoyed up by the casks, emerged head and back from the water. The cow, sheep, and goats followed him one after the other, and then the sow alone remained. She seemed, however, determined not to leave the ship; she kicked, struggled, and squealed so violently, that I really thought we should be obliged to abandon her; at length, after much trouble, we succeeded in sending her out of the port after the others, and when once in the water, such was the old lady's energy that she quickly distanced them, and was the first to reach the shore.

We had fastened to the horns or neck of each animal a cord with a float attached to the end, and now embarking, we gathered up these floats, set sail, and steered for shore, drawing our herd after us.

Delighted with the successful accomplishment of our task, we got out some biscuits and enjoyed a midday meal; then, while Fritz amused himself with his monkey, I took up my glass and tried to make out how our dear ones on shore were employing themselves. As I was thus engaged, a sudden shout from Fritz surprised me. I glanced up; there stood Fritz with his gun to his shoulder, pointing it at a huge shark; the monster was making for one of the finest sheep; he turned on his side to seize his prey; as the white of his belly appeared Fritz

fired. The shot took effect, and our enemy disappeared, leaving a trace of blood on the calm water.

"Well done, my boy," I cried; "you will become a crack shot one of these days; but I trust you will not often have such dangerous game to shoot." Fritz's eyes sparkled at his success and my praise, and reloading his gun he carefully watched the water. But the shark did not again appear, and, borne onward by the breeze, we quickly neared the shore. Steering the boat to a convenient landing place, I cast off the ropes which secured the animals, and let them get ashore as best they might.

There was no sign of my wife or children when we stepped on land, but a few moments afterward they appeared, and with a shout of joy ran toward us. We were thankful to be once more united, and after asking and replying to a few preliminary questions, proceeded to release our herd from their swimming belts, which, though so useful in the water, were exceedingly inconvenient on shore. My wife was astonished at the apparatus.

Fritz, Ernest and I began the work of unloading our craft, while Jack, seeing that the poor donkey was still encumbered with his swimming belt, tried to free him from it. But the donkey would not stand quiet, and the child's fingers were not strong enough to loosen the cordage; finally, therefore, he scrambled upon the animal's back, and urging him on with hand and foot, trotted toward us.

"Come, my boy," I said, "no one must be idle here, even for a moment; you will have riding practice enough hereafter; dismount and come and help us."

Leaving my wife to prepare supper, we returned to the shore and brought up what of the cargo we had left there; then, having collected our herd of animals, we returned to the tent.

THE SOW

The meal which awaited us was as unlike the first supper we had there enjoyed as possible. My wife had improvised a table of a board laid on two casks; on this was spread a white damask tablecloth, on which were placed knives, forks, spoons, and plates for each person. A tureen of good soup first appeared, followed by a capital omelet, then slices of ham; and finally some Dutch cheese, butter, and biscuits completed the repast.

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III

DISMANTLING THE SHIP

NOTE,—The temporary tent which the castaways erected on the shore where they landed was neither safe nor comfortable, so they moved farther along shore, where in a group of trees they built a shelter among the limbs of a mangrove, about thirty feet from the ground. It was necessary to bridge the river and make a road in order to transfer supplies easily.

Besides their building operations, all were compelled to hunt, fish and forage for supplies for their own table and for food for their animals and pets. Porcupines, crabs, flamingoes and numerous other birds were captured or seen, fish were taken from the waters, cochineal insects were discovered, and numerous useful vegetable products were found in the woods and swamps. The family were very comfortably situated, and from the wreck and through hunting and fishing, were able to set a very good table.

EXT morning, while the breakfast was getting ready, I attended to the beautiful skin of the kangaroo, which I was anxious to preserve entire; and afterward, when Fritz had prepared everything in readiness for our trip to the wreck, I called Ernest and Jack in order to give them some parting injunctions. They, however, had

disappeared directly after breakfast, and their mother could only guess, that, as we required potatoes, they might have gone to fetch a supply. I desired her to reprove them, on their return, for starting away without leave; but as it appeared they had taken Turk, I satisfied myself that no harm was likely to befall them, although it was not without reluctance that I left my dear wife alone with little Franz, cheering her with hopes of our speedy return with new treasures from the wreck.

Advancing steadily on our way, we crossed the bridge at Jackal River,[5] when suddenly, to our no small astonishment, Jack and Ernest burst out of a hiding place where they had lain in wait for us, and were enchanted with the startling effect of their unexpected appearance upon their unsuspecting father and brother. It was evident that they fully believed they might now go with us to the wreck.

To this notion I at once put a decided stop, although I could not find in my heart to scold the two merry rogues for their thoughtless frolic, more especially as I particularly wished to send back a message to my wife. I told them they must hurry home, so as not to leave their mother in suspense, although, as they were already so far, they might collect some salt. And I instructed them to explain that, as my work on board would take up a long time, she must try

5. The family had given names to all the places in their neighborhood. Thus their original living place was called Tentholm, the river Jackal River, and the new house in the trees Falconhurst.

to bear with our absence for a night. This I had meant to say when we parted, but my courage had failed, knowing how much she would object to such a plan, and I had resolved to return in the evening.

On consideration, however, of the importance of constructing a raft, which was my intention in going, and finishing it without a second trip, I determined to remain on board for the night, as the boys had, unintentionally, given me the chance of sending a message to that effect.

"Good-by, boys; take care of yourselves! We're off," shouted Fritz, as I joined him in the tub-boat, and we shoved off.

The current carried us briskly out of the bay; we were very soon moored safely alongside the wreck, and scrambling up her shattered sides, stood on what remained of the deck, and began at once to lay our plans.

I wanted to make a raft fit to carry on shore a great variety of articles far too large and heavy for our present boat. A number of empty water casks seemed just what was required for a foundation; we closed them tightly, pushed them overboard, and arranging twelve of them side by side in rows of three, we firmly secured them together by means of spars, and then proceeded to lay a good substantial floor of planks, which was defended by a low bulwark. In this way we soon had a first-rate raft, exactly suited to our purpose.

It would have been impossible to return to land that same evening, for we were thoroughly

fatigued by our labors, and had eaten only the light refreshment we had brought in our wallets, scarcely desisting a moment from our work.

Rejoicing that we were not expected home, we now made an excellent supper from the ship's provisions, and then rested for the night on spring mattresses, a perfect luxury to us after our hard and narrow hammocks.

Next morning we actively set about loading the raft and boat, first carrying off the entire contents of our own cabins; then, passing on to the captain's room, we removed the furniture, as well as the doors and window frames, with their bolts, bars, and locks. We next took the officers' chests, and those belonging to the carpenter and gunsmith; the contents of these latter we had to remove in portions, as their weight was far beyond our strength.

One large chest was filled with an assortment of fancy goods, and reminded us of a jeweler's shop, so glittering was the display of gold and silver watches, snuffboxes, buckles, studs, chains, rings, and all manner of trinkets; these, and a box of money, drew our attention for a time; but more useful to us at present was a case of common knives and forks, which I was glad to find, as more suited to us than the smart silver ones we had previously taken on shore. To my delight we found, most carefully packed, a number of young fruit trees; and we read on the tickets attached to them the names, so pleasant to European ears, of the apple, pear, chestnut, orange, almond, peach, apricot, plum, cherry, and vine.

The cargo, which had been destined for the supply of a distant colony, proved, in fact, a rich and almost inexhaustible treasure to us. Ironmongery, plumber's tools, lead, paint, grindstones, cart wheels, and all that was necessary for the work of a smith's forge, spades and plowshares, sacks of maize, peas, oats, and wheat, a hand-mill, and also the parts of a saw-mill so carefully numbered that, were we strong enough, it would be easy to put it up, had been stowed away.

So bewildered were we by the wealth around us that for some time we were at a loss as to what to remove to the raft. It would be impossible to take everything; yet the first storm would complete the destruction of the ship, and we should lose all we left behind. Selecting a number of the most useful articles, however, including of course the grain and the fruit trees, we gradually loaded our raft. Fishing lines, reels, cordage, and a couple of harpoons were put on board, as well as a mariner's compass.

Fritz, recollecting our encounter with the shark, placed the harpoons in readiness; and amused me by seeming to picture himself a whaler, flourishing his harpoon in most approved fashion.

Early in the afternoon both our crafts were heavily laden, and we were ready to make for the shore. The voyage was begun with considerable anxiety, as, with the raft in tow, there was some danger of an accident.

But the sea being calm and the wind favorable, we found we could spread the sail, and our progress was very satisfactory.

Presently, Fritz asked me for the telescope, as he had observed something curious floating at a distance. Then handing it back, he begged me to examine the object; which I soon discovered to be a turtle asleep on the water, and of course unconscious of our approach.

"Do, father, steer toward it!" exclaimed he.

I accordingly did so, that he might have a nearer look at the creature. Little did I suspect what was to follow. The lad's back was turned to me, and the broad sail was between us, so that I could not perceive his actions; when, all of a sudden, I experienced a shock, and the thrill as of line running through a reel. Before I had time to call out, a second shock, and the sensation of the boat being rapidly drawn through the water, alarmed me.

"Fritz, what are you about?" cried I. "You are sending us to the bottom."

"I have him, hurrah! I have him safe!" shouted he, in eager excitement.

To my amazement, I perceived that he really had struck the tortoise with a harpoon; a rope was attached to it, and the creature was running away with us.

Lowering the sail and seizing my hatchet, I hastened forward, in order to cut the line, and cast adrift at once turtle and harpoon.

"Father! do wait!" pleaded the boy; "there is no danger just yet. I promise to cut the line

myself the instant it is necessary! Let us catch this turtle if we possibly can."

"My dear boy, the turtle will be a very dear bargain, if he upsets all our goods into the sea, even if he does not drown us too. For Heaven's sake, be careful! I will wait a few minutes, but the minute there is danger, cut the line."

As the turtle began to make for the open sea, I hoisted the sail again; and, finding the opposition too much for it, the creature again directed its course landward, drawing us rapidly after it. The part of the shore for which the turtle was making was considerably to the left of our usual landing place. The beach there shelved very gradually, and at some distance from land we grounded with a sharp shock, but fortunately without a capsize.

The turtle was evidently greatly exhausted, and no wonder, since it had been acting the part of a steam tug, and had been dragging, at full speed, a couple of heavily laden vessels. Its intention was to escape to land; but I leaped into the water, and wading up to it, dispatched it with my ax. Such was its tenacity of life, however, that it did not cease its struggles until I had actually severed its head from its body.

As we were by no means far from Falconhurst, Fritz gave notice of our approach by firing off his gun, as well as shouting loudly in his glee; and, while we were yet engaged in securing our boats and getting the turtle on shore, the whole family appeared in the distance, hastening eagerly toward us; and our new prize, together

OVERTURNING THE TURTLE

with the well-laden boat and raft, excited the liveliest interest; my wife's chief pleasure, however, consisted in seeing us back, as our night's absence had disturbed her, and she was horrified by the description of our dangerous run in the wake of the fugitive turtle.

Being anxious to remove some of our goods before night, the boys ran off to fetch the sledge; while I, having no anchor, contrived to moor the boats by means of the heavy blocks of iron we had brought.

It required our united strength to get the turtle hoisted onto the sledge, its weight being prodigious; we found it, indeed, with the addition of the sapling fruit trees, quite a sufficient load.

We then made the best of our way home, chatting merrily about our various adventures. The first thing to be done on arriving was to obtain some of the turtle's flesh and cook it for supper. To my wife this appeared necessarily a work of time, as well as of difficulty; but I turned the beast on its back, and soon detached a portion of the meat from the breast with a hatchet, by breaking the lower shell; and I then directed that it should be cooked, with a little salt, shell and all.

"But let me first cut away this disgusting green fat," said my wife, with a little shudder. "See how it sticks all over the meat. No one could eat anything so nasty."

"Leave the fat, whatever you do!" exclaimed I. "Why, my dear, that is the very best part,

and the delight of the epicure. If there be really too much, cut some off—it can be used as lard; and let the dogs make a supper of the refuse."

"And the handsome shell!" cried Fritz; "I should like to make a water trough of that, to stand near the brook, and be kept always full of clear water. How useful it would be!"

"That is a capital idea," I replied, "and we may manage it easily, if we can find clay so as to make a firm foundation on which to place it."

I arose early the next morning, as I had some doubts about the safety of my vessels on the open shore. The dogs were delighted when I descended the ladder, and bounded to meet me; the cocks crowed and flapped their wings; two pretty kids gamboled around; all was life and energy; the ass alone seemed disinclined to begin the day, and as I especially required his services, this was unfortunate. I put his morning dreams to flight, however, and harnessed him to the sledge; the cow, as she had not been milked, enjoyed the privilege of further repose, and, with the rest of the family, I left her dozing.

My fears as to the safety of the boats were soon dispelled, for they were all right; and, being in haste to return, the load I collected from their freight was but a light one, and the donkey willingly trotted home with it, he, as well as I, being uncommonly ready for breakfast. As I approached the tree, not a sound was to be heard, not a soul was to be seen, although it was broad day; and great was my good wife's surprise, when, roused by the clatter

and hullabaloo I made, she started up, and became aware of the late hour.

"What can have made us oversleep ourselves like this?" she exclaimed. "It must be the fault of those mattresses; they are delightful, but really too lulling; see, the children are sound asleep still."

"Now for prayers and breakfast," I called, "and then off to work. I must have our cargo landed in time to get the boats off with the next tide."

By dint of downright hard work, we accomplished this, and I got on board with Fritz as soon as they were afloat; the rest turned homeward, but Jack lingered behind with such imploring looks, that I could not resist taking him with me.

My intention had been simply to take the vessels round to the harbor in Safety Bay, but the calm sea and fine weather tempted me to make another trip to the wreck. It took up more time than I expected, so that, when on board, we could only make a further examination of the cargo, collect a few portable articles, and then avail ourselves of the sea breeze, which would fail us later in the evening.

To Jack the pleasure of hunting about in the hold was novel and charming, and very soon a tremendous rattling and clattering heralded his approach with a wheelbarrow. He was in the highest spirits at his good fortune in having found such a capital thing in which to bring home potatoes.

He was followed by Fritz, whose news was still more important. He had found, carefully packed and enclosed within partitions, what appeared to be the separate parts of a pinnace, with rigging and fittings complete, even to a couple of small brass guns. This was a great discovery, and I hastened to see if the lad was right. Indeed he was, but my pleasure was qualified by a sense of the arduous task it would be to put such a craft together so as to be fit for

PENGUINS

sea. For the present we had barely time to get something to eat and hurry into the boat, where were collected our new acquisitions, namely, a copper boiler, iron plates, tobacco graters, two grindstones, a small barrel of powder, and another of flints, and two wheelbarrows, besides Jack's, which he kept under his own special care.

As we drew near the shore, we were surprised to see a number of little figures ranged in a row along the water's edge, and apparently gazing fixedly at us. They seemed to wear dark coats and white waistcoats, and stood quite still, with their arms dropping by their sides, only every now and then one would extend them gently, as though longing to embrace us.

"Ah! here at last come the pigmy inhabitants of the country to welcome us!" cried I, laughing.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Jack, "I hope they are Lilliputians! I once read in a book about them, so there must be such people, you know, only these look rather too large."

"You must be content to give up the Lilliputians and accept penguins, my dear Jack," said I. "We have not before seen them in such numbers, but Ernest knocked one down, if you remember, soon after we landed. They are excellent swimmers, but helpless on land, as they can neither fly nor run."

We were gradually approaching the land as I spoke, and no sooner was the water shallow, than out sprang Jack from his tub, and wading ashore, took the unsuspecting birds by surprise, and with his stick laid half a dozen, right and left, either stunned or dead at his feet. The rest escaped into the water, dived and disappeared.

As these penguins are disagreeable food, on account of their strong, oily taste, I was sorry Jack had attacked them; but as we went to examine them when we landed, some of the

fallen arose from their swoon, and began solemnly to waddle away, upon which we caught them, and tying their feet together with long grass, laid them on the sand to wait until we were ready to start.

The three wheelbarrows then each received a load, the live penguins, seated gravely, were trundled along by Jack, and away we went at a great rate.

The unusual noise of our approach set the dogs barking furiously, but discovering us, they rushed forward with such forcible demonstrations of delight that poor little Jack, who, as it was, could scarcely manage his barrow, was fairly upset, penguins and all. This was too much for his patience, and it was absurd to see how he started up and cuffed them soundly for their boisterous behavior.

This scene, and the examination of our burdens, caused great merriment; the tobacco grater and iron plates evidently puzzled everybody.

I sent the boys to catch some of our geese and ducks, and bade them fasten a penguin to each by the leg, thinking that it was worth while to try to tame them.

My wife had exerted herself in our absence to provide a good store of potatoes, and also of manioc[6] root. I admired her industry, and little Franz said, "Ah, father! I wonder what you will say when mother and I give you some

6. Manioc, or cassava, is a South American plant, from the roots of which tapioca is made.

Indian corn, and melons, and pumpkins, and cucumbers!"

"Now, you little chatterbox!" cried she, "you have let out my secret! I was to have the pleasure of surprising your father when my plants were growing up."

"Ah, the poor disappointed little mother!" said I. "Never mind! I am charmed to hear about it. Only do tell me, where did those seeds come from?"

"Out of my magic bag, of course!" replied she. "And each time I have gone for potatoes, I have sown seeds in the ground which was dug up to get them; and I have planted potatoes also."

"Well done, you wise little woman!" I exclaimed. "Why you are a model of prudence and industry!"

"But," continued she, "I do not half like the appearance of those tobacco graters you have brought. Is it possible you are going to make snuff? Do, pray, let us make sure of abundance of food for our mouths, before we think of our noses!"

"Make your mind easy, my wife," said I. "I have not the remotest intention of introducing the dirty, ridiculous habit of snuffing into your family! Please to treat my graters with respect, however, because they are to be the means of providing you with the first fresh bread you have seen this many a long day."

"What possible connection can there be between bread and tobacco graters? I cannot

imagine what you mean, and to talk of bread where there are no ovens is only tantalizing."

"Ah, you must not expect real loaves," said I. "But on these flat iron plates I can bake flat cakes or scones, which will be excellent bread; I mean to try at once what I can do with Ernest's roots. And first of all, I want you to make me a nice strong canvas bag."

This the mother willingly undertook to do, but she evidently had not much faith in my powers as a baker, and I saw her set on a good potful of potatoes before beginning to work, as though to make sure of a meal without depending on my bread.

Spreading a piece of sailcloth on the ground, I summoned my boys to set to work. Each took a grater and a supply of well-washed manioc root, and when all were seated round the cloth —"Once, twice, thrice! Off!" cried I, beginning to rub a root as hard as I could against the rough surface of my grater. My example was instantly followed by the whole party, amid bursts of merriment, as each remarked the funny attitude and odd gestures of his neighbors while vehemently rubbing, rasping, grating, and grinding down the roots allotted to him. No one was tempted by the look of the flour to stop and taste it, for in truth it looked much like wet sawdust.

"Cassava bread is highly esteemed in many parts of the New World, and I have even heard that some Europeans there prefer it to the wheaten bread of their own country. There

are various species of manioc. One sort grows quickly, and its roots ripen in a very short time. Another kind is of somewhat slower growth. The roots of the third kind do not come to maturity for two years. The two first are poisonous, if eaten raw, yet they are preferred to the third, which is harmless, because they are so much more fruitful, and the flour produced is excellent, if the scrapings are carefully pressed."

"What is the good of pressing them, father?" inquired Ernest.

"It is in order to express the sap, which contains the poison. The dry pith is wholesome and nourishing. Still, I do not mean to taste my cakes until I have tried their effect on our fowls and the ape."

Our supply of roots being reduced to damp powder, the canvas bag was filled with it, and tying it tightly up, I attempted to squeeze it, but soon found that mechanical aid was necessary in order to express the moisture. My arrangements for this purpose were as follows. A strong, straight beam was made flat on one side, and smooth planks were laid across two of the lower roots of our tree; on these we placed the sack, above the sack another plank, and over that the long beam; one end was passed under a root near the sack, the other projected far forward. And to that we attached all the heaviest weights we could think of, such as an anvil, iron bars, and masses of lead. The consequent pressure on the bag was enormous, and the sap flowed from it to the ground.

"Will this stuff keep any time?" inquired my wife, who came to see how we were getting on. "Or must all this great bagful be used at once? In that case we shall have to spend the whole of to-morrow in baking cakes."

"Not at all," I replied; "once dry, the flour in barrels will keep fresh a long time. We shall use a great deal of this, however, as you shall see."

"Do you think we might begin now, father?" said Fritz. "There does not seem the least moisture remaining."

"Certainly," said I. "But I shall make only one cake to-day for an experiment; we must see how it agrees with Master Knips and the hens before we set up a bakehouse in regular style."

I took out a couple of handfuls of flour for this purpose, and with a stick loosened and stirred the remainder, which I intended should again be pressed. While an iron plate, placed over a good fire, was getting hot, I mixed the meal with water and a little salt, kneaded it well, and forming a thickish cake, laid it on the hot plate. When one side presently had become a nice yellow-brown color, it was turned, and was quickly baked.

It smelt so delicious that the boys quite envied the two hens and the monkey who were selected as the subjects of this interesting experiment, and they silently watched them gobbling up the bits of cake I gave them.

Next morning every one expressed the tenderest concern as to the health of Knips and the hens; and lively pleasure was in every coun-

BELOW FALCONHURST

tenance when Jack, who ran first to make the visit of inquiry, brought news of their perfect good health and spirits.

No time was now to be lost, and the bread-baking commenced in earnest. A large fire was kindled, the plates were heated, and the meal was made into cakes, each boy busily pre-

paring his own, and watching the baking most eagerly. Mistakes occurred, of course; some of the bread was burnt, some not done enough; but a pile of nice, tempting cakes was at length ready, and with plenty of good milk we breakfasted right royally, and in high spirits at our success.

Soon after, while feeding the poultry with the fragments of the repast, I observed that the captive penguins were quite at ease among them, and as tame as the geese and ducks; their bonds were therefore loosed, and they were left as free as the other fowls.

THE TURTLE

IV

THE PINNACE

HAVING now discovered how to provide bread for my family, my thoughts began to revert to the wreck and all the valuables yet contained within it. Above all, I was bent on acquiring possession of the beautiful pinnace, and aware that our united efforts would be required to do the necessary work, I began to coax and

persuade the mother to let me go in force with all her boys except Franz.

She very unwillingly gave her consent at last, but not until I had faithfully promised never to pass a night on board. I did so with reluctance, and we parted, neither feeling quite satisfied with the arrangement.

The boys were delighted to go in so large a party, and merrily carried provision bags filled with cassava bread and potatoes.

Reaching Safety Bay without adventure, we first paid a visit to the geese and ducks which inhabited the marsh there, and having fed them and seen that they were thriving well, we buckled on each his cork belt, stepped into the tub-boat, and, with the raft in tow, steered straight for the wreck.

When we got on board, I desired the boys to collect whatever came first to hand, and load the raft to be ready for our return at night, and then we made a minute inspection of the pinnace.

I came to the conclusion that difficulties well-nigh insuperable lay between me and the safe possession of the beautiful little vessel. She lay in a most un-get-at-able position at the further end of the hold, stowed in so confined and narrow a space that it was impossible to think of fitting the parts together there. At the same time, these parts were so heavy, that removing them to a convenient place piece by piece was equally out of the question.

I sent the boys away to amuse themselves by rummaging out anything they liked to carry

away, and sat down quietly to consider the matter.

As my eyes became used to the dim light which entered the compartment through a chink or crevice here and there, I perceived how carefully every part of the pinnace was arranged and marked with numbers, so that if only I could bestow sufficient time on the work, and contrive space in which to execute it, I might reasonably hope for success.

"Room! room to work in, boys! that's what we need in the first place!" I cried, as my sons came to see what plan I had devised, for so great was their reliance on me that they never doubted the pinnace was to be ours.

"Fetch axes, and let us break down the compartment and clear space all round."

To work we all went, yet evening drew near, and but little impression was made on the mass of woodwork around us. We had to acknowledge that an immense amount of labor and perseverance would be required before we could call ourselves the owners of the useful and elegant little craft, which lay within this vast hulk like a fossil shell embedded in a rock.

Preparations for returning to shore were hastily made, and we landed without much relish for the long walk to Falconhurst, when, to our great surprise and pleasure, we found the mother and little Franz at Tentholm awaiting us. She had resolved to take up her quarters there during the time we should be engaged on the wreck. "In that way you will live

nearer your work, and I shall not quite lose sight of you!" said she, with a pleasant smile.

"You are a good, sensible, kind wife," I exclaimed, delighted with her plan, "and we shall work with the greater diligence, that you may return as soon as possible to your dear Falconhurst."

"Come and see what we have brought you, mother!" cried Fritz; "a good addition to your stores, is it not?" and he and his brothers exhibited two small casks of butter, three of flour, corn, rice, and many other articles welcome to our careful housewife.

Our days were now spent in hard work on board, first cutting and clearing an open space round the pinnace, and then putting the parts together. We started early and returned at night, bringing each time a valuable freight from the old vessel.

At length, with incredible labor, all was completed. The pinnace stood actually ready to be launched, but imprisoned within massive wooden walls which defied our strength.

It seemed exactly as though the graceful vessel had awakened from sleep, and was longing to spring into the free blue sea, and spread her wings to the breeze. I could not bear to think that our success so far should be followed by failure and disappointment. Yet no possible means of setting her free could I conceive, and I was almost in despair, when an idea occurred to me which, if I could carry it out, would effect her release without further labor or delay.

Without explaining my purpose, I got a large cast-iron mortar, filled it with gunpowder, and secured a block of oak to the top, through which I pierced a hole for the insertion of the match; and this great petard I so placed, that when it exploded it should blow out the side of the vessel next which the pinnace lay. Then securing it with chains, that the recoil might do no damage, I told the boys I was going ashore earlier than usual, and calmly desired them to get into the boat. Then lighting a match which I had prepared, and which would burn some time before reaching the powder, I hastened after them with a beating heart, and we made for the land.

We brought the raft close in shore and began to unload it; the other boat I did not haul up, but kept her ready to put off at a moment's notice; my anxiety was unobserved by any one, as I listened with strained nerves for the expected sound. It came!—a flash—a mighty roar—a grand burst of smoke!

My wife and children, terror-stricken, turned their eyes toward the sea, whence the startling noise came, and then, in fear and wonder, looked to me for some explanation. "Perhaps," said the mother, as I did not speak, "perhaps you have left a light burning near some of the gunpowder, and an explosion has taken place."

"Not at all unlikely," replied I quietly; "we had a fire below when we were caulking the seams of the pinnace. I shall go off at once and see what has happened. Will any one come?"

The boys needed no second invitation, but sprang into the boat, while I lingered to reassure my wife by whispering a few words of explanation; and then joining them, we pulled for the wreck at a more rapid rate than we ever had done before.

No alteration had taken place in the side at which we usually boarded her, and we pulled round to the further side, where a marvelous sight awaited us. A huge rent appeared, the decks and bulwarks were torn open, the water was covered with floating wreckage—all seemed in ruins; and the compartment where the pinnace rested was fully revealed to view. There sat the little beauty, to all appearance uninjured; and the boys, whose attention was taken up with the melancholy scene of ruin and confusion around them, were astonished to hear me shout in enthusiastic delight: "Hurrah! she is ours! The lovely pinnace is won! we shall be able to launch her easily after all. Come, boys, let us see if she has suffered from the explosion which has set her free."

The boys gazed at me for a moment, and then, guessing my secret, "You planned it yourself, you clever, cunning father! Oh, that machine we helped to make was on purpose to blow it up!" cried they; and eagerly they followed me into the shattered opening, where, to my intense satisfaction, I found everything as I could wish, and the captive in no way a sufferer from the violent measures I had adopted for her deliverance.

The boys were deeply interested in examining the effects of the explosion, and in the explanation I gave them of the proper way to manage a petard.

It was evident that the launch could now be effected without much trouble; I had been careful to place rollers beneath the keel, so that by means of levers and pulleys we might, with our united strength, move her forward toward the water. A rope was attached by which to regulate the speed of the descent, and then, all putting their shoulders to the work, the pinnace began to slide from the stocks, and finally slipped gently and steadily into the water, where she floated as if conscious it was her native element; while we, wild with excitement, cheered and waved enthusiastically. We then remained only long enough to secure our prize carefully at the most sheltered point, and went back to Tentholm, where we accounted for the explosion; saying that having blown away one side of the ship, we should be able to obtain the rest of its contents with a very few more days' work.

These days were devoted to completing the rigging, the mounting of her two little brass guns, and all necessary arrangements about the pinnace. It was wonderful what martial ardor was awakened by the possession of a vessel armed with two real guns. The boys chattered incessantly about savages, fleets of canoes, attack, defense, and final annihilation of the invaders.

I assured them that. brilliant as their vic-

tories would doubtless be, we should have good cause to thank God if their fighting powers and newborn valor were never put to the test.

The pinnace was fully equipped and ready to sail, while yet no idea of the surprise we were preparing for her had dawned upon my wife, and I permitted the boys, who had kept the secret so well, to fire a salute when we entered the bay.

Casting off from the ship, and spreading the sail, our voyage began. The pinnace glided swiftly through the water. I stood at the helm, Ernest and Jack manned the guns, and Fritz gave the word of command, "Fire!" Bang! bang! rattled out a thrilling report, which echoed and reëchoed among the cliffs, followed by our shouts and hurrahs.

The mother and her little boy rushed hastily forward from near the tent, and we could plainly see their alarm and astonishment; but speedily recognizing us, they waved joyfully, and came quickly to the landing place to meet us.

By skilful management we brought the pinnace near a projection of the bank, and Fritz assisted his mother to come on board, where, breathless with haste and excitement, she exclaimed, "You dear, horrid, wonderful people, shall I scold you or praise you? You have frightened me out of my wits! To see a beautiful little ship come sailing in was startling enough, for I could not conceive who might be on board, but the report of your guns made me tremble with fear—and had I not recognized

your voices directly after, I should have run away with Franz—Heaven knows where! But have you really done all this work yourselves?" she continued, when we had been forgiven for terrifying her with our vainglorious salute. "What a charming little yacht! I should not be afraid to sail in this myself."

After the pinnace had been shown off, and received the admiration she deserved, while our industry, skill, and perseverance met with boundless praise, "Now," said my wife, "you must come with me, and see how little Franz and I have improved our time every day of your absence."

We all landed, and with great curiosity followed the mother up the river toward the cascade; where, to our astonishment, we found a garden neatly laid out in beds and walks; and she continued, "We don't frighten people by firing salutes in honor of our performances; although, by and by, I too shall want fire in a peaceable form. Look at my beds of lettuce and cabbages, my rows of beans and peas! Think what delicious dinners I shall be able to cook for you, and give me credit for my diligence."

"My dear wife!" I exclaimed, "this is beautiful! You have done wonders! Did you not find the work too hard?"

"The ground is light and easy to dig hereabouts," she replied. "I have planted potatoes and cassava roots; there is space for sugar canes and the young fruit trees, and I shall

want you to contrive to irrigate them, by leading water from the cascades in hollow bamboos. Up by the sheltering rocks I mean to have pine-apples and melons; they will look splendid when they spread there. To shelter the beds of European vegetables from the heat of the sun, I have planted seeds of maize round them. The shadow of the tall plants will afford protection from the burning rays. Do you think that is a good plan?"

"I do, indeed; the whole arrangement is capital. Now, as sunset approaches, we must return to the tent for supper and rest, for both of which we are all quite ready."

The time passed in happy talk over our many new interests; every one had the pleasant sensation which attends successful labor, as well as experiencing the joy of affording unexpected pleasure to others; and I especially pointed out to my sons how true, genuine happiness consists in that, rather than in mere self-gratification.

Next morning my wife said, "If you can exist on shore long enough to visit Falconhurst, dear husband, I should like you to attend to the little fruit trees. I fear they have been too much neglected. I have watered them occasionally, and spread earth over the roots as they lay, but I could not manage to plant them."

"You have done far more than I could have expected, my wife," I replied, "and provided you do not ask me to give up the sea altogether, I most willingly agree to your request, and will

go to Falconhurst as soon as the raft is unloaded and everything safely arranged here."

Life on shore was an agreeable change for us all, and the boys went actively to work, so that the stores were quickly brought up to the tent, piled in order, and carefully covered with sail-cloths, fastened down by pegs all round. The pinnace, being provided with an anchor, was properly moored, and her elegant appearance quite altered the looks of our harbor, hitherto occupied only by the grotesque tub-boat, and the flat, uninteresting raft.

Taking an ample supply of everything we should require at Falconhurst, we were soon comfortably reëstablished in that charming abode, its peaceful shade seeming more delightful than ever, after the heat and hard work we had lately undergone.

Several Sundays had passed during our stay at Tentholm, and the welcome Day of Rest now returned again, to be observed with heartfelt devotion and grateful praise.

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V

PREPARING FOR THE RAINY SEASON. NEW DISCOVERIES

NOTE,—To make the ascent to Falconhurst easier and safer, a spiral staircase was built in the trunk of the huge tree whose branches upheld the "Nest." This is the "task" spoken of in the opening paragraph of this chapter.

HIS task occupied us a whole month, and by the end of that period, so accustomed had we become to having a definite piece of work before us, that we began to consider what other great alteration we should undertake. We were, however, of course not neglecting the details of our colonial establishment. There were all the animals to be attended to; the goats and sheep had both presented us with additions to our flock, and these frisky youngsters had to be seen after; to prevent them straying to any great distance—for we had no wish to lose them—we tied round their necks little bells, which we had found on board the wreck, and which would assist us to track them. Juno, too, had a fine litter of puppies, but, in spite of the entreaties of the children, I could not consent to keep more than two, and the rest disappeared in that mysterious way in which puppies and kittens are wont to leave the earth. To console the mother, as he said, but also, I suspect, to save himself considerable trouble, Jack placed his little jackal beside the remaining puppies, and, to his joy, found it readily adopted. The other pets were also flourishing, and were being usefully trained. The buffalo, after giving us much trouble, had now become perfectly domesticated, and was a very useful beast of burden, besides being a capital steed for the boys. They guided him by a bar thrust through the hole in his nose, which was now perfectly healed, and this served the purpose just as a bit

in the mouth of a horse. I began his education by securing round him a broad girth of buffalo hide and fastening to it various articles, to accustom him to carrying a burden. By degrees he permitted this to be done without making the slightest resistance, and soon carried the paniers, before borne by the ass, readily and willingly.

I then made Master Knips sit upon his back and hold the reins I had prepared for him, that the animal might become accustomed to the feeling of a rider, and finally allowed Fritz himself to mount. The education of the eagle was not neglected. Fritz every day shot small birds for his food, and these he placed, sometimes between the wide-spreading horns of the buffalo or goat, and sometimes upon the back of the great bustard, that he might become accustomed to pounce upon living prey. These lessons had their due effect, and the bird, having been taught to obey the voice and whistle of his master, was soon allowed to bring down small birds upon the wing, when he stooped and struck his quarry in most sportsmanlike manner. We kept him well away from the poultry yard, lest his natural instincts should show themselves and he should put an untimely end to some of our feathered pets.

Neither was Master Knips allowed to remain idle, for Ernest, now that he was in his possession, wished to train him to be of some use. With Jack's help he made a little basket of rushes, which he so arranged with straps that it might

be easily fitted onto the monkey's back. Thus equipped, he was taught to mount cocoanut palms and other lofty trees, and to bring down their fruit in the hamper.

Jack was not so successful in his educational attempts. Fangs, as he had christened his jackal, used his fangs, indeed, but only on his own account; nothing could persuade him that the animals he caught were not at once to be devoured, consequently poor Jack was never able to save from his jaws anything but the tattered skin of his prey. Not disheartened, however, he determined that Fangs could be trained, and that he would train him.

These, and such like employments, afforded us the rest and recreation we required.

I then turned shoemaker, for I had promised myself a pair of waterproof boots, and now determined to make them.

Taking a pair of socks, I filled them with sand and then coated them over with a thin layer of clay to form a convenient mold; this was soon hardened in the sun, and was ready for use. Layer after layer of caoutchouc I brushed over it, allowing each layer to dry before the next was put on, until at length I considered that the shoes were of sufficient thickness. I dried them, broke out the clay, secured with nails a strip of buffalo hide to the soles, brushed that over with caoutchouc, and I had a pair of comfortable, durable, respectable-looking waterproof boots.

I was delighted; orders poured in from all

sides, and soon every one in the family was likewise provided for.

One objection to Falconhurst was the absence of any spring close by, so that the boys were obliged to bring water daily from the stream; and this involving no little trouble, it was proposed that we should carry the water by pipes from the stream to our present residence. A dam had to be thrown across the river some way up stream, that the water might be raised to a sufficient height to run to Falconhurst. From the reservoir thus made we led the water down by pipes into the turtle's shell, which we placed near our dwelling, and from which the superfluous water flowed off through the hole made in it by Fritz's harpoon. This was an immense convenience, and we formally inaugurated the trough by washing therein a whole sack of potatoes. Thus day after day brought its own work, and day after day saw that work completed. We had no time to be idle, or to lament our separation from our fellow-creatures.

One morning, as we were completing our spiral staircase, and giving it such finish as we were capable of, we were suddenly alarmed by hearing a most terrific noise, the roaring or bellowing of a wild beast; so strange a sound was it, that I could not imagine by what animal it was uttered.

Jack thought it perhaps a lion, Fritz hazarded a gorilla, while Ernest gave it as his opinion, and I thought it possible that he was right, that it was a hyena.

"Whatever it is," said I, "we must prepare to receive it; up with you all to the nest while I secure the door."

Then arming the dogs with their collars, I sent them out to protect the animals below, closed the door, and joined my family. Every gun was loaded, every eye was upon the watch. The sound drew nearer, and then all was still;

THE DOGS WITH THEIR COLLARS

nothing was to be seen. I determined to descend and reconnoiter, and Fritz and I carefully crept down; with our guns at full cock we glided among the trees; noiselessly and quickly we pushed on further and further; suddenly, close by, we heard the terrific sound again. Fritz raised his gun, but almost as quickly dropped it, and burst into a hearty fit of laughter. There was no mistaking those dulcet tones—he-haw, he-haw, he-haw—resounded through the forest, and our ass, braying his approach right merrily,

appeared in sight. To our surprise, however, our friend was not alone: behind him trotted another animal, an ass no doubt, but slim and graceful as a horse. We watched their movements anxiously.

"Fritz," I whispered, "that is an onager.[7] Creep back to Falconhurst and bring me a piece of cord—quietly now!"

While he was gone, I cut a bamboo and split it halfway down to form a pair of pincers, which I knew would be of use to me should I get near the animal. Fritz soon returned with the cord, and I was glad to observe also brought some oats and salt. We made one end of the cord fast to a tree, and at the other end made a running noose. Silently we watched the animals as they approached, quietly browsing; Fritz then arose, holding in one hand the noose and in the other some oats and salt. The ass, seeing his favorite food thus held out, advanced to take it; Fritz allowed him to do so, and he was soon munching contentedly. The stranger, on seeing Fritz, started back; but finding her companion show no signs of alarm, was reassured, and soon approached sniffing, and was about to take some of the tempting food. In a moment the noose left Fritz's adroit hand and fell round her neck; with a single bound she sprang backward the full length of the cord, the noose drew tight, and she fell to the earth half strangled. I at once ran up, loosened the rope, and re-

7. An *onager* is a wild ass.

CATCHING THE WILD ASS

placed it by a halter; and placing the pincers upon her nose, secured her by two cords fastened between two trees, and left her to recover herself.

Every one hastened up to examine the beautiful animal as she rose from the ground and cast fiery glances around. She lashed out with her heels on every side; and, giving vent to angry snorts, struggled violently to get free. All her endeavors were vain; the cords were stout, and after a while she quieted down and stood exhausted and quivering. I then approached; she suffered me to lead her to the roots of our tree, which for the present formed our stables,

and there I tied her up close to the donkey, who was likewise prevented from playing truant.

Next morning I found the onager after her night's rest as wild as ever, and as I looked at the handsome creature I almost despaired of ever taming her proud spirit. Every expedient was tried, and at length, when the animal was subdued by hunger, I thought I might venture to mount her; and having given her the strongest curb and shackled her feet I attempted to do so. She was as unruly as ever, and as a last expedient I resolved to adopt a plan which, though cruel, was, I knew, attended with wonderful success among the American Indians, by whom it is practiced. Watching a favorable opportunity, I sprang upon the onager's back, and seizing her long ear in my teeth, in spite of her kicking and plunging, bit it through. The result was marvelous; the animal ceased plunging, and, quivering violently, stood stock-still. From that moment we were her masters; the children mounted her one after the other, and she carried them obediently and quietly. Proud, indeed, did I feel as I watched this animal, which naturalists and travelers have declared to be beyond the power of man to tame, guided hither and thither by my youngest son.

Additions to our poultry yard reminded me of the necessity of providing some substantial shelter for our animals before the rainy season came on; three broods of chickens had been successfully hatched, and the little creatures, forty in all, were my wife's pride and delight.

We began by making a roof over the vaulted roots of our tree, forming the framework of bamboo canes, which we laid close together and bound tightly down; others we fixed below as supports. The interstices were filled up with clay and moss; and coating the whole over with a mixture of tar and limewater, we obtained a firm balcony, and a capital roof impervious to the severest fall of rain. I ran a light rail round the balcony to give it a more ornamental appearance, and below divided the building into several compartments. Stables, poultry yard, hay and provision lofts, dairy, kitchen, larder, and dining-hall were united under one roof.

Our winter quarters were now completed, and we had but to store them with food. Day after day we worked, bringing in provisions of every description.

As we were one evening returning from gathering potatoes, it struck me that we should take in a store of acorns; and sending the two younger boys home with their mother and the cart, I took a large canvas bag, and with Fritz and Ernest, the former mounted on his onager, and the latter carrying his little favorite, Knips, made a detour toward the Acorn Wood.

We reached the spot, tied Lightfoot to a neighboring tree, and began rapidly to fill the sack. As we were thus engaged, Knips sprang suddenly into a bush close by, from which, a moment afterward, issued such strange cries that Ernest followed to see what could be the matter.

"Come!" he shouted; "come and help me!

I've got a couple of birds and their eggs. Quick! Ruffed grouse!"

We hurried to the spot. There was Ernest with a fluttering, screaming bird in either hand; while with his foot he was endeavoring to prevent his greedy little monkey from seizing the eggs. We quickly tied the legs of the birds, and removing the eggs from the nest, placed them in Ernest's hat; while he gathered some of the long, broad grass, with which the nest was woven, and which grew luxuriantly around, for Franz to play at sword-drill with. We then loaded the onager with the acorns, and moved homeward. The eggs I covered carefully with dry moss, that they might be kept warm, and as soon as possible I handed them over to my wife, who managed the mother so cleverly that she induced her to return to the eggs, and in a few days, to our great delight, we had fifteen beautiful little chicks.

Franz was greatly pleased with the "swords" his brother brought him; but having no small companion on whom to exercise his valor, he amused himself for a short time in hewing down imaginary foes, and then cut the reeds in slips, and plaited them to form a whip for Lightfoot. The leaves seemed so pliable and strong that I examined them to see to what further use they might be put. Their tissue was composed of long silky fibers. A sudden thought struck me —this must be New Zealand flax.[8] I could not

8. New Zealand flax is not really flax: it is a plant of the lily family, the fiber of whose leaves is used for making ropes, mats and coarse cloth.

rest till I had announced this invaluable discovery to my wife. She was no less delighted than I was.

"Bring me the leaves!" she exclaimed. "Oh, what a delightful discovery! No one shall now be clothed in rags; just make me a spindle, and you shall soon have shirts and stockings and trousers, all good homespun! Quick, Fritz, and bring your mother more leaves!"

We could not help smiling at her eager zeal; but Fritz and Ernest sprang on their steeds, and soon the onager and the buffalo were galloping home again, each laden with a great bundle of flax. The boys dismounted and deposited their offering at their mother's feet.

"Capital!" she exclaimed. "I shall now show you that I am not at all behindhand in ingenuity. This must be retted, carded, spun, and woven, and then with scissors, needle, and thread I will make you any article of clothing you choose."

We decided that Flamingo Marsh would be the best spot for the operation of steeping or "retting" the flax, and next morning we set out thither with the cart drawn by the ass, and laden with the bundles, between which sat Franz and Knips, while the rest of us followed with spades and hatchets. I described to my boys as we went along the process of retting, and explained to them how steeping the flax leaves destroys the useless membrane, while the strong fibers remain.

A FLAMINGO

As we were employed in making beds for the flax and placing it in them, we observed several nests of the flamingo. These are most curiously and skilfully made of glutinous clay, so strong that they can neither be overturned nor washed away. They are formed in the shape of blunted cones, and placed point downward; at the upper and broader end is built a little platform to con-

tain the eggs, on which the female bird sits, with her long legs in the water on either side, until the little birds are hatched and can take to the water. For a fortnight we left the flax to steep, and then taking it out and drying it thoroughly in the sun, stored it for future use at Falconhurst.

Daily did we load our cart with provisions to be brought to our winter quarters: manioc, potatoes, cocoanuts, sweet acorns, sugar canes, were all collected and stored in abundance—for grumbling thunder, lowering skies, and sharp showers warned us that we had no time to lose. Our corn was sowed, our animals housed, our provisions stored, when down came the rain.

To continue in our nest we found impossible, and we were obliged to retreat to the trunk, where we carried such of our domestic furniture as might have been injured by the damp. Our dwelling was indeed crowded: the animals and provisions below, and our beds and household goods around us, hemmed us in on every side; by dint of patience and better packing, we obtained sufficient room to work and lie down in; by degrees, too, we became accustomed to the continual noise of the animals and the smell of the stables. The smoke from the fire, which we were occasionally obliged to light, was not agreeable; but in time even that seemed to become more bearable.

To make more space, we turned such animals as we had captured, and who therefore might be imagined to know how to shift for themselves,

outside during the daytime, bringing them under the arched roots only at night. To perform this duty Fritz and I used to sally forth every evening, and as regularly every evening did we return soaked to the skin. To obviate this, the mother, who feared these continual wettings might injure our health, contrived waterproofs: she brushed on several layers of caoutchouc over stout shirts, to which she attached hoods; she then fixed to these duck trousers, and thus prepared for each of us a complete waterproof suit, clad in which we might brave the severest rain.

In spite of our endeavors to keep ourselves busy, the time dragged heavily. Our mornings were occupied in tending the animals; the boys amused themselves with their pets, and assisted me in the manufacture of carding-combs and a spindle for the mother. The combs I made with nails, which I placed head downward on a sheet of tin about an inch wide; holding the nails in their proper positions I poured solder round their heads to fix them to the tin, which I then folded down on either side of them to keep them perfectly firm. In the evening, when our room was illuminated with wax candles, I wrote a journal of all the events which had occurred since our arrival in this foreign land; and, while the mother was busy with her needle and Ernest making sketches of birds, beasts and flowers with which he had met during the past months, Fritz and Jack taught little Franz to read.

Week after week rolled by. Week after week

saw us still close prisoners. Incessant rain battered down above us; constant gloom hung over the desolate scene.

A TAPIR

VI

ROCK HOUSE

THE winds at length were lulled, the sun shot his brilliant rays through the riven clouds, the rain ceased to fall—spring had come. No prisoners set at liberty could have felt more joy than we did as we stepped forth from our winter abode, refreshed our eyes with the pleasant verdure around us, and our ears with the merry songs of a thousand happy birds, and drank in the pure, balmy air of spring.

Our plantations were thriving vigorously. The seed we had sown was shooting through the moist earth. All nature was refreshed.

Our nest was our first care; filled with leaves and broken and torn by the wind, it looked dilapidated. We worked hard, and in a few

days it was again habitable. My wife now begged that I would start her with the flax, and as early as possible I built a drying-oven, and then prepared the flax for her use; I also, after some trouble, manufactured a beetle-reel and spinning wheel, and she and Franz were soon hard at work, the little boy reeling off the thread his mother spun.

I was anxious to visit Tentholm, for I feared that much of our precious stores might have suffered, and Fritz and I made an early excursion thither. The damage done to Falconhurst was as nothing compared to the scene that awaited us. The tent was blown to the ground, the canvas torn to rags, the provisions were soaked, and two casks of powder utterly destroyed. We immediately spread such things as we hoped yet to preserve in the sun to dry. The pinnace was safe, but our faithful tub-boat was dashed in pieces, and the irreparable damage we had sustained made me resolve to contrive some safer and more stable winter quarters before the arrival of the next rainy season. Fritz proposed that we should hollow out a cave in the rock, and though the difficulties such an undertaking would present appeared almost insurmountable, I yet determined to make the attempt; we might not, I thought, hew out a cavern of sufficient size to serve as a room, but we might at least make a cellar for the more valuable and perishable of our stores.

Some days afterward we left Falconhurst with the cart laden with a cargo of spades,

hammers, chisels, pickaxes, and crowbars, and began our undertaking. On the smooth face of the perpendicular rock I drew out in chalk the size of the proposed entrance, and then, with minds bent on success, we battered away. Six days of hard and incessant toil made but little impression; I do not think that the hole would have been a satisfactory shelter for even Master Knips; but we still did not despair, and were presently rewarded by coming to softer and more yielding substance; our work progressed, and our minds were relieved.

On the tenth day, as our persevering blows were falling heavily, Jack, who was working diligently with a hammer and crowbar, shouted:

"Gone, father! Fritz, my bar has gone through the mountain!"

"Run round and get it," laughed Fritz; "perhaps it has dropped into Europe—you must not lose a good crowbar."

"But, really, it is through; it went right through the rock; I heard it crash down inside. Oh, do come and see!" he shouted excitedly.

We sprang to his side, and I thrust the handle of my hammer into the hole he spoke of; it met with no opposition; I could turn it in any direction I chose. Fritz handed me a long pole; I tried the depth with that. Nothing could I feel. A thin wall, then, was all that intervened between us and a great cavern.

With a shout of joy, the boys battered vigorously at the rock; piece by piece fell, and soon the hole was large enough for us to enter. I

stepped near the aperture, and was about to make a further examination, when a sudden rush of poisonous air turned me giddy, and shouting to my sons to stand off, I leaned against the rock.

When I came to myself I explained to them the danger of approaching any cavern or other place where the air has for a long time been stagnant. "Unless air is incessantly renewed it becomes vitiated," I said, "and fatal to those who breathe it. The safest way of restoring it to its original state is to subject it to the action of fire; a few handfuls of blazing hay thrown into this hole may, if the place be small, sufficiently purify the air within to allow us to enter without danger." We tried the experiment. The flame was extinguished the instant it entered. Though bundles of blazing grass were thrown in, no difference was made.

I saw that we must apply some more efficacious remedy, and sent the boys for a chest of signal rockets we had brought from the wreck. We let fly some dozens of these fiery serpents, which went whizzing in, and disappeared at apparently a vast distance from us. Some flew like radiant meteors round, lighted up the mighty circumference and displayed, as by a magician's wand, a sparkling, glittering roof. They looked like avenging dragons driving a foul, malignant fiend out of a beauteous palace.

We waited for a little while after these experiments, and I then again threw in lighted hay. It burned clearly; the air was purified.

Fritz and I enlarged the opening, while Jack, springing on his buffalo, thundered away to Falconhurst to bear the great and astonishing news to his mother.

Great must have been the effect of Jack's eloquence on those at home, for the timbers of the bridge were soon again resounding under the swift but heavy tramp of his steed; and he was quickly followed by the rest of our party in the cart.

All were in the highest state of excitement. Jack had stowed in the cart all the candles he could find, and we now, lighting these, shouldered our arms and entered. I led the way, sounding the ground as I advanced with a long pole, that we might not fall unexpectedly into any great hole or chasm. Silently we marched —the mother, the boys, and even the dogs seeming overawed with the grandeur and beauty of the scene. We were in a grotto of diamonds—a vast cave of glittering crystal: the candles reflected on the walls a golden light, bright as the stars of heaven, while great crystal pillars rose from the floor like mighty trees, mingling their branches high above us and drooping in hundreds of stalactites, which sparkled and glittered with all the colors of the rainbow.

The floor of this magnificent palace was formed of hard, dry sand, so dry that I saw at once that we might safely take up our abode therein, without the slightest fear of danger from damp.

From the appearance of the brilliant crystals round about us I suspected their nature.

I tasted a piece. This was a cavern of rock salt. There was no doubt about it—here was an unlimited supply of the best and purest salt! But one thing detracted from my entire satisfaction and delight—large crystals lay scattered here and there, which, detached from the roof, had fallen to the ground; this, if apt to recur, would keep us in constant peril. I examined some of the masses and discovered that they had been all recently separated, and therefore concluded that the concussion of the air occasioned by the rockets had caused their fall. To satisfy ourselves, however, that there were no more pieces tottering above us, we discharged our guns from the entrance, and watched the effect. Nothing more fell—our magnificent abode was safe.

We returned to Falconhurst with minds full of wonder at our new discovery, and plans for turning it to the best possible advantage.

Nothing was now talked of but the new house, how it should be arranged, how it should be fitted up. The safety and comfort of Falconhurst, which had at first seemed so great, now dwindled away in our opinion to nothing; it should be kept up, we decided, merely as a summer residence, while our cave should be formed into a winter house and impregnable castle. Our attention was now fully occupied with this new house. Light and air were to be admitted, so we hewed a row of windows in the rock, where we fitted the window cases we had brought from the officers' cabins. We brought

the door, too, from Falconhurst, and fitted it in the aperture we had made. The opening in the trunk of the tree I determined to conceal with bark, as less likely to attract the notice of wild beasts or savages should they approach during our absence. The cave itself we divided into four parts: in front, a large compartment into which the door opened, subdivided into our sitting, eating, and sleeping apartments; the right-hand division containing our kitchen and workshop, and the left our stables; behind all this, in the dark recesses of the cave, was our storehouse and powder magazine. Having already undergone one rainy season, we knew well its discomforts, and thought of many useful arrangements in the laying out of our dwelling. We did not intend to be again smoke-dried; we therefore contrived a properly built fireplace and chimney; our stable arrangements, too, were better, and plenty of space was left in our workshop that we should not be hampered in even the most extensive operations.

Our frequent residence at Tentholm revealed to us several important advantages which we had not foreseen. Numbers of splendid turtles often came ashore to deposit their eggs in the sand, and their delicious flesh afforded us many a sumptuous meal. When more than one of these creatures appeared at a time, we used to cut off their retreat to the sea, and, turning them on their backs, fasten them to a stake driven in close by the water's edge, by a cord passed through a hole in their shell. We thus had

fresh turtle continually within our reach; for the animals throve well thus secured, and appeared in as good condition, after having been kept thus for several weeks, as others when freshly caught. Lobsters, crabs, and mussels also abounded on the shore. But this was not all; an additional surprise awaited us.

As we were one morning approaching Tentholm, we were attracted by a most curious phenomenon. The waters out at sea appeared agitated by some unseen movement, and as they heaved and boiled, their surface, struck by the beams of the morning sun, seemed illuminated by flashes of fire. Over the water where this disturbance was taking place hovered hundreds of birds, screaming loudly, which ever and anon would dart downward, some plunging beneath the water, some skimming the surface. Then again they would rise and resume their harsh cries. The shining, sparkling mass then rolled onward, and approached in a direct line our bay, followed by the feathered flock above. We hurried down to the shore to examine further this strange sight.

I was convinced as we approached that it was a shoal, or bank, of herrings.

No sooner did I give utterance to my conjecture than I was assailed by a host of questions concerning this herring-bank—what it was, and what occasioned it.

"A herring-bank," I said, "is composed of an immense number of herrings swimming together. I can scarcely express to you the

huge size of this living bank, which extends over a great area many fathoms deep. It is followed by numbers of great ravenous fish, who devour quantities of the herrings, while above hover birds, as you have just seen, ready to pounce down on stragglers near the top. To escape these enemies, the shoal makes for the nearest shore, and seeks safety in those shallows where the large fish cannot follow. But here it meets with a third great enemy. It may escape from the fish, and elude the vigilance of sharp-sighted birds, but from the ingenuity of man it can find no escape. In one year millions of these fish are caught, and yet the roes of only a small number would be sufficient to supply as many fish again."

Soon our fishery was in operation. Jack and Fritz stood in the water with baskets, and baled out the fish, as one bales water with a bucket, throwing them to us on the shore. As quickly as possible we cleaned them, and placed them in casks with salt, first a layer of salt, and then a layer of herrings, and so on, until we had ready many casks of pickled fish.

As the barrels were filled, we closed them carefully, and rolled them away to the cool vaults at the back of our cave.

Our good fortune, however, was not to end here. A day after the herring fishery was over, and the shoal had left our bay, a great number of seals appeared, attracted by the refuse of the herrings which we had thrown into the sea. Though I feared they would not be suitable for

our table, we yet secured a score or two for the sake of their skins and fat. The skins we drew carefully off for harness and clothing, and the fat we boiled down for oil, which we put aside in casks for tanning, soap making, and burning in lamps.

These occupations interfered for some time with our work at Rock House; but as soon as possible we again returned to our labor with renewed vigor.

I had noticed that the salt crystals had for their base a species of gypsum, which I knew might be made of great service to us in our building operations as plaster.

As an experiment, I broke off some pieces, and, after subjecting them to great heat, reduced them to powder. The plaster this formed with water was smooth and white, and as I had then no particular use to which I might put it, I plastered over some of the herring casks, that I might be perfectly certain that all air was excluded. The remainder of the casks I left as they were, for I presently intended to preserve their contents by smoking. To do this, the boys and I built a small hut of reeds and branches, and then we strung our herrings on lines across the roof. On the floor we lit a great fire of brushwood and moss, which threw out a dense smoke, curling in volumes round the fish, and they in a few days seemed perfectly cured.

About a month after the appearance of the herrings, we were favored by a visit from other shoals of fish. Jack espied them first, and

called to us that a lot of young whales were off the coast. We ran down and discovered the bay apparently swarming with great sturgeon, salmon and trout, all making for the mouth of Jackal River, that they might ascend it and deposit their spawn among the stones.

Jack was delighted at his discovery.

"Here are proper fish!" he exclaimed; "none of your paltry fry. How do you preserve these sorts of fish? Potted, salted or smoked?"

"Not so fast," said I, "not so fast; tell me how they are to be caught, and I will tell you how they are to be cooked."

"Oh! I'll catch them fast enough," he replied, and darted off to Rock House.

While I was still puzzling my brains as to how I should set to work, he returned with his fishing apparatus in hand; a bow and arrow, and a ball of twine.

At the arrowhead he had fastened a barbed spike, and had secured the arrow to the end of the string. Armed with this weapon, he advanced to the river's edge.

His arrow flew from the bow, and, to my surprise, struck one of the largest fish in the side.

"Help, father, help!" he cried, as the great fish darted off, carrying arrow and all with it; "help! or he will pull me into the water."

I ran to his assistance, and together we struggled with the finny monster. He pulled tremendously, and lashed the water around him; but we held the cord fast, and he had no chance of escape. Weaker and weaker grew his struggles,

and, at length, exhausted by his exertions and loss of blood, he allowed us to draw him ashore.

He was a noble prize, and Fritz and Ernest, who came up just as we completed his capture, were quite envious of Jack's success. Not to be behindhand, they eagerly rushed off for weapons themselves.

We were soon all in the water, Fritz with a harpoon, Ernest with a rod and line, and I myself armed, like Neptune, with an iron trident, or more properly speaking, perhaps, a pitchfork. Soon the shore was strewn with a goodly number of the finest fish—monster after monster we drew to land. At length Fritz, after harpooning a great sturgeon full eight feet long, could not get the fish ashore; we all went to his assistance, but our united efforts were unavailing.

"The buffalo!" proposed my wife, and off went Jack for Storm. Storm was harnessed to the harpoon rope, and soon the monstrous fish lay panting on the sand.

We at length, when we had captured as many fish as we could possibly utilize, set about cleaning and preparing their flesh. Some we salted, some we dried like the herrings, some we treated like the tunny of the Mediterranean—we prepared them in oil.

For two months we worked steadily at our salt-cave, in order to complete the necessary arrangement of partition walls, so as to put the rooms and stalls for the animals in comfortable order for the next long rainy season, during

which time, when other work would be at a standstill, we could carry on many minor details for the improvement of the abode.

We leveled the floors first with clay; then spread gravel mixed with melted gypsum over that, producing a smooth, hard surface, which did very well for most of the apartments; but I was ambitious of having one or two carpets, and set about making a kind of felt in the following way:

I spread out a large piece of sailcloth, and covered it equally all over with a strong liquid, made of glue and isinglass, which saturated it thoroughly. On it we then laid wool and hair from the sheep and goats, which had been carefully cleaned and prepared, and rolled and beat it until it adhered tolerably smoothly to the cloth. Finally it became, when perfectly dry, a covering for the floor of our sitting room by no means to be despised.

One morning, just after these labors at the salt-cave were completed, happening to awake unusually early, I turned my thoughts, as I lay waiting for sunrise, to considering what length of time we had now passed on this coast, and discovered, to my surprise, that the very next day would be the anniversary of our escape from the wreck. My heart swelled with gratitude to the gracious God, who had then granted us deliverance, and ever since loaded us with benefits; and I resolved to set to-morrow apart as a day of thanksgiving, in joyful celebration of the occasion.

My mind was full of indefinite plans when I rose, and the day's work began as usual. I took care that everything should be cleaned, cleared, and set in order both outside and inside our dwelling; none, however, suspecting that there was any particular object in view. Other more private preparations I also made for the next day. At supper I made the coming event known to the assembled family.

"Good people, do you know that to-morrow is a very great and important day? We shall have to keep it in honor of our merciful escape to this land, and call it Thanksgiving Day."

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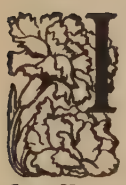
VII

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR



I WAS seated with my wife and Fritz beneath the shade of the veranda, engaged in wicker work, and chatting pleasantly, when suddenly Fritz got up, advanced a step or two, gazing fixedly along the avenue which led from Jackal River, and finally exclaimed:

"I see something so strange in the distance, father! What in the world can it be? First it seems to be drawn in coils on the ground like a cable, then uprises as if it were a little mast, then that sinks, and the coils move along again. It is coming toward the bridge."

My wife took alarm at this description, and calling the other boys, retreated into the cave,

where I desired them to close up the entrances, and keep watch with firearms at the upper windows. These were openings we had made in the rock at some elevation, reached within by steps, and a kind of gallery which passed along the front of the rooms.

Fritz remained by me while I examined the object through my spyglass.

"It is, as I feared, an enormous serpent!" cried I; "it advances directly this way, and we shall be placed in the greatest possible danger, for it will cross the bridge to a certainty."

"May we not attack it, father?" exclaimed the brave boy.

"Only with the greatest caution," returned I; "it is far too formidable, and too tenacious of life, for us rashly to attempt its destruction. Thank God, we are at Rockburg, where we can keep in safe retreat, while we watch for an opportunity to destroy this frightful enemy. Go up to your mother now, and assist in preparing the firearms; I will join you directly, but I must further observe the monster's movements."

Fritz left me unwillingly, while I continued to watch the serpent, which was of gigantic size, and already much too near the bridge to admit of the possibility of removing that means of access to our dwelling. I recollected, too, how easily it would pass through the walls. The reptile advanced with writhing and undulatory movements, from time to time rearing its head to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and slowly

turning it about, as though on the lookout for prey.

As it crossed the bridge with a slow, suspicious motion, I withdrew, and hastily rejoined my little party, which was preparing to garrison our fortress in warlike array, but with considerable trepidation, which my presence served in a measure to allay.

We placed ourselves at the upper openings, after strongly barricading everything below, and, ourselves unseen, awaited with beating hearts the further advance of the foe, which speedily became visible to us.

Its movements appeared to become uncertain as though puzzled by the trace of human habitation; it turned in different directions, coiling and uncoiling, and frequently rearing its head, but keeping about the middle of the space in front of the cave, when suddenly, as though unable to resist doing so, one after another the boys fired, and even their mother discharged her gun. The shots took not the slightest effect beyond startling the monster, whose movements were accelerated. Fritz and I also fired with steadier aim, but with the same want of success, for the monster, passing on with a gliding motion, entered the reedy marsh to the left, and entirely disappeared.

A wonderful weight seemed lifted from our hearts, while all eagerly discussed the vast length and awful though magnificent appearance of the serpent. I had recognized it as the

boa constrictor. It was a vast specimen, upward of thirty feet in length.

The near neighborhood of this terrific reptile occasioned me the utmost anxiety; and I desired that no one should leave the house on any pretense whatever, without my express permission.

During three whole days we were kept in suspense and fear, not daring to stir above a few hundred steps from the door, although during all that time the enemy showed no sign of his presence.

In fact, we might have been induced to think the boa had passed across the swamp, and found his way by some cleft or chasm through the wall of cliffs beyond, had not the restless behavior of our geese and ducks given proof that he still lurked in the thicket of reeds which they were accustomed to make their nightly resting place.

They swam anxiously about, and with much clapping of wings and disturbed cackling showed their uneasiness; finally taking wing they crossed the harbor, and took up their quarters on Shark Island.

My embarrassment increased, as time passed on. I could not venture to attack with insufficient force a monstrous and formidable serpent concealed in dense thickets amidst dangerous swamps; yet it was dreadful to live in a state of blockade, cut off from all the important duties in which we were engaged, and shut up with our animals in the unnatural light of the cave, enduring constant anxiety and perturbation.

Out of this painful state we were at last delivered by none other than our good old simple-hearted donkey; not, however, by the exercise of a praiseworthy quality, but by sheer stupidity.

Our situation was rendered the more critical from having no great stock of provisions, or fodder for the animals; and the hay failing us on the evening of the third day, I determined to set them at liberty by sending them, under the guidance of Fritz, across the river at the ford.

He was to ride Lightfoot, and they were to be fastened together until safely over.

Next morning we began to prepare for this by tying them in a line, and while so engaged my wife opened the door, when old Grizzle, who was fresh and frolicsome after the long rest and regular feeding, suddenly broke away from the halter, cut some awkward capers, then bolting out, careered at full gallop straight for the marsh.

In vain we called him by name. Fritz would even have rushed after him, had not I held him back. In another moment the ass was close to the thicket, and with the cold shudder of horror, we beheld the snake rear itself from its lair, the fiery eyes glanced around, the dark, deadly jaws opened widely, the forked tongue darted greedily forth—poor Grizzle's fate was sealed.

Becoming aware on a sudden of his danger, he stopped short, spread out all four legs, and set up the most piteous and discordant bray that ever wrung echo from rocks.

Swift and straight as a fencer's thrust, the destroyer was upon him, wound round him, entangled, enfolded, compressed him, all the while cunningly avoiding the convulsive kicks of the agonized animal.

A cry of horror arose from the spectators of this miserable tragedy.

"Shoot him, father! oh, shoot him—do save poor Grizzle!"

"My children, it is impossible!" cried I. "Our old friend is lost to us forever! I have hopes, however, that when gorged with his prey we may be able to attack the snake with some chance of success."

"But the horrible wretch is never going to swallow him all at once, father?" cried Jack. "That will be too shocking!"

"Snakes have no grinders, but only fangs, therefore they cannot chew their food, and must swallow it whole. But although the idea is startling, it is not really more shocking than the rending, tearing, and shedding of blood which occurs when the lions and tigers seize their prey."

"But," said Franz, "how can the snake separate the flesh from the bones without teeth? And is this kind of snake poisonous?"

"No, dear child," said I, "only fearfully strong and ferocious. And it has no need to tear the flesh from the bones. It swallows them, skin, hair, and all, and digests everything in its stomach."

"It seems utterly impossible that the broad

ribs, the strong legs, hoofs, and all, should go down that throat," exclaimed Fritz.

"Only see," I replied, "how the monster deals with his victim; closer and more tightly he curls his crushing folds, the bones give way, he is kneading him into a shapeless mass. He will soon begin to gorge his prey, and slowly but surely it will disappear down that distended maw!"

The mother, with little Franz, found the scene all too horrible, and hastened into the cave, trembling and distressed.

To the rest of us there seemed a fearful fascination in the dreadful sight, and we could not move from the spot. I expected that the boa, before swallowing his prey, would cover it with saliva, to aid in the operation, although it struck me that its very slender forked tongue was about the worst possible implement for such a purpose.

It was evident to us, however, that this popular idea was erroneous.

The act of lubricating the mass must have taken place during the process of swallowing; certainly nothing was applied beforehand.

This wonderful performance lasted from seven in the morning until noon. When the awkward morsel was entirely swallowed, the serpent lay stiff, distorted, and apparently insensible along the edge of the marsh.

I felt that now or never was the moment for attack.

Calling on my sons to maintain their courage

and presence of mind, I left our retreat with a feeling of joyous emotion quite new to me, and approached with rapid steps and leveled gun the outstretched form of the serpent. Fritz followed me closely.

Jack, somewhat timidly, came several paces behind; while Ernest, after a little hesitation, remained where he was.

The monster's body was stiff and motionless, which made its rolling and fiery eyes, and the slow, spasmodic undulations of its tail more fearful by contrast.

We fired together, and both balls entered the skull; the light of the eye was extinguished, and the only movement was in the further extremity of the body, which rolled, writhed, coiled, and lashed from side to side.

Advancing closer, we fired our pistols directly into its head, a convulsive quiver ran through the mighty frame, and the boa constrictor lay dead.

As we raised a cry of victory, Jack, desirous of a share in the glory of conquest, ran close to the creature, firing his pistol into its side, when he was sent sprawling over and over by a movement of its tail, excited to a last galvanic effort by the shot.

Being in no way hurt, he speedily recovered his feet, and declared he had given it its quietus.

"I hope the terrible noise you made just now was the signal of victory," said my wife, drawing near, with the utmost circumspection, and holding Franz tightly by the hand. "I was half afraid to come, I assure you."

"See this dreadful creature dead at our feet; and let us thank God that we have been able to destroy such an enemy."

"What's to be done with him now?" asked Jack.

"Let us get him stuffed," said Fritz, "and set him up in the museum among our shells and corals."

"Did anybody ever think of eating serpents?" inquired Franz.

"Of course not!" said his mother. "Why, child, serpents are poisonous—it would be very dangerous."

"Excuse me, my dear wife," said I. "First of all, the boa is not poisonous; and then, besides that, the flesh of even poisonous snakes can be eaten without danger; as, for instance, the rattlesnake, from which can be made a strong and nourishing soup, tasting very like good chicken broth—of course, the cook must be told to throw away the head, containing the deadly fangs.

"It is remarkable that pigs do not fear poisonous snakes, but can kill and eat them without injury. An instance of this occurs to my memory. A vessel on Lake Superior, in North America, was wrecked on a small island abounding in rattlesnakes, and for that reason uninhabited.

"The vessel had a cargo of live pigs. The crew escaped to the mainland in a boat, but the pigs had to be left for some time, till the owner could return to fetch them, but with the small hope of finding many left alive.

"To his surprise, the animals were not only alive, but remarkably fat and flourishing, while not a single rattlesnake remained on the island. The pigs had clearly eaten the serpents."

VIII

THE EXCURSION BY THE BOYS. THE TRAINING OF THE OSTRICH

THE four boys at length became so weary of inaction, that I determined to let them make an excursion alone on the Savannah. Three of them received this permission with eager delight, but Ernest said he would prefer to remain with us; to which, as the expedition was to be entirely one of pleasure, I could make no objection.

Little Franz, on the other hand, whom I would willingly have kept with us, was wild to go with his brothers, and I was obliged to consent, as I had made the proposal open to all, and could not draw back.

In the highest spirits they ran to bring their steeds (as we were fain to call the cattle they rode) from their pasturage at a short distance. Speedily were they saddled, bridled, and mounted—the three lads were ready to be off.

We, who remained behind, passed the day in a variety of useful occupations.

As evening approached, the bears' paws which were stewing for supper sent forth savory odors; and we sat talking round the fire, while

listening anxiously for sounds heralding the return of our young explorers.

At last the tramp and beat of hoofs struck our ears; the little troop appeared, crossing the open ground before us at a sharp trot, and a shrill ringing cheer greeted us as we rose and went to meet them.

They sprang from their saddles, the animals were set at liberty to refresh themselves, and the riders eagerly came to exhibit their acquisitions and give an account of themselves.

Funny figures they cut! Franz and Jack had each a young kid slung on his back, so that the four legs, tied together, stuck out under their chins.

Fritz's game bag looked remarkably queer—round lumps, sharp points, and an occasional movement seemed to indicate a living creature or creatures within.

"Hurrah for the chase, father!" cried Jack. "Nothing like real hunting after all. And just to see how Storm and Grumble go along over a grassy plain! It is perfectly splendid! We soon tired out the little antelopes, and were able to catch them."

"Yes, father," said Franz; "and Fritz has two Angora rabbits in his bag, and we wanted to bring you some honey. Only think! such a clever bird—a cuckoo, showed us where it was!"

"My brothers forget the chief thing," said Fritz. "We have driven a little herd of antelopes right through the Gap into our territory;

and there they are, all ready for us to hunt when we like—or to catch and tame!"

"We had a splendid ride," said Fritz, "down Glen Verdant, and away to the defile through our Rocky Barrier, and the morning was so cool and fresh that our steeds galloped along, nearly the whole way, at the top of their speed. When we had passed through the Gap we moderated our furious pace and kept our eyes open on the lookout for game; we then trotted slowly to the top of a grassy hill, from whose summit we saw two herds of animals, whether antelopes, goats, or gazelles, we did not know, grazing by the side of the stream below us. We were about to gallop down and try to get a shot at them, when it struck me that it would be wiser to try and drive the whole herd through the Gap into our own domain, where they would be shut up, as it were, in a park, free and yet within reach. Down the hill we rode as hard as we could go, formed in a semicircle behind the larger herd—magnificent antelopes—and, aided by the dogs, with shouts and cries drove them along the stream toward the Gap; as we came near the opening they appeared inclined to halt and turn, like sheep about to be driven into the butcher's yard; and it was all we could do to prevent them from bolting past us; but at length one made a rush at the opening, and the rest following, they were soon all on the other side of the frontier, and inhabitants of New Switzerland.

"We stretched a long line right across the

defile and strung on it feathers and rags and all sorts of other things, which danced and fluttered in the wind, and looked so strange that I am perfectly certain that the herd will never attempt to pass it."

"Well done," said I. "I am glad to see that you remember what you have read. The antelopes are welcome to New Switzerland, but, my boy," I added, "I cannot say the same for the rabbits you have there; they increase so rapidly that if you establish a colony of the little wretches your next difficulty will be to get rid of them."

"True," he replied, "but my idea was to place them upon Whale Island, where they would find abundant food, and at the same time in no way trouble us. May I not establish a warren there? It would be so useful. Do you know, my eagle caught these pretty little fellows for me? I saw a number of them running about and so unhooded him, and in a few minutes he brought me three—one dead, with whose body I rewarded him, and these two here, unhurt."

"Now, father," said Jack, interrupting him, "do listen to me and hear my story, or else Fritz will begin upon my adventures and tire you out with his rigmarole descriptions."

"Certainly, Jack," I said, "I am quite ready to listen to you. First and foremost, how did you bring down those beautiful little animals you have there?"

"Oh, we galloped them down. The dogs

sniffed about in the grass while Fritz was away after the rabbits, out popped those little fawns, and away they went bounding and skipping, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, with Storm, Grumble, and the dogs at their heels. In about a quarter of an hour we had left the dogs behind and were close upon our prey. Down went the little creatures in the grass, and, overcome with terror and fatigue, were at our mercy. So we shouted to Fritz, and——"

"My dear boy," said I, "according to your statement, Fritz must have been seven miles and a half off."

"Oh, well, father, perhaps we did not ride for quite a quarter of an hour, and, of course, I can't say exactly how fast we were going; and then, you see, the fawns did not run in a straight line: at any rate Fritz heard us, and he and Franz and I leashed the legs of the pretty creatures, and then we mounted again, and presently saw a wretch of a cuckoo, who led us ever so far out of our course by cuckooing and making faces at us, and then hopping away. Franz declared it must be an enchanted princess, and so I thought I would rid it of its spell; but Fritz stopped me shooting it, and said it was a 'Honey Indicator,' and that it was leading us probably to a bees' byke, so we spared its life, and presently, sure enough, it stopped close by a bees' nest in a hollow tree. This was capital, we thought, and, as we were in a great hurry to taste the honey, I threw in a lot of lighted lucifer matches, but somehow it did not kill the

bees at all, but only made them awfully angry, and they flew out in a body and stung me all over. I rushed to Storm and sprang on his back, but, though I galloped away for bare life, it was an age before I got rid of the little wretches, and now my face is in a perfect fever. I think I will get mother to bathe it for me;" and off rushed the noisy boy, leaving Fritz and me to see to the fawns and examine the rabbits. With these latter I determined to do as Fritz proposed, namely, to colonize Whale Island. I was all the more willing to do this because I had been considering the advisability of establishing on that island a fortress to which we might retreat in any extreme danger, and where we should be very thankful, in case of such a retreat, to possess means of obtaining a constant supply of animal food.

I ministered to the wants of the antelopes, and just then the mother summoned us to dinner.

The principal dish in this meal consisted of bears' paws—most savory smelling delicacies, so tempting that their close resemblance to human hands, and even the roguish "Fee-fo-fum" from Jack, did not prevent a single member of the family from enjoying them most heartily.

Supper over, we lit our watch fire, retired to our tent, and slept soundly.

We had been working very diligently; the bears' meat was smoked, the fat melted down and stored, and a large supply of bamboos

collected. But I wished to make yet another excursion, and at early dawn I aroused the boys.

Fritz mounted the mule, I rode Lightfoot, Jack and Franz took their usual steeds, and, with the two dogs, we galloped off—first to visit the euphorbia to collect the gum, and then to discover whether an ostrich which we had found previously had deserted her eggs in the sand.

Ernest watched us depart without the slightest look or sigh of regret, and returned to the tent to assist his mother and study his books.

Our steeds carried us down the Green Valley at a rapid rate, and we followed the direction we had pursued on our former expedition. We soon reached Turtle Marsh, and then filling our water flasks, we arrived at the rising ground.

As Jack and Franz wanted to gallop, I allowed them to press forward, while Fritz and I visited the euphorbia trees. A quantity of the red gum had exuded from the incisions I had made, and as this had coagulated in the sun, I rolled it into little balls and stored it in a bamboo jar I had brought with me for the purpose.

As we rode after the boys, who were some way ahead, Fritz remarked:

"Did you not tell me that the juice of that tree was poisonous, father; why have you collected such a quantity?"

"I did indeed say so," I replied; "it is a most deadly poison. The inhabitants of the Cape of Good Hope use it to poison the springs where wild animals assemble to quench their thirst;

and they thus slaughter an immense number of the creatures for the sake of their hides. I intend, however, to use it to destroy the apes should they again commit depredations, and also in preparing the skins of animals to protect them from the attacks of insects."

The two boys were still at some distance from us, when suddenly four magnificent ostriches rose from the sand where they had been sitting.

Jack and Franz perceived them, and, with a great shout, drove them toward us. In front ran a splendid male bird, his feathers of shining black, and his great tail plume waving. Three females of an ashen gray color followed him. They approached us with incredible swiftness, and were within gunshot before they perceived us. Fritz had had the forethought to bind up the beak of his eagle so that, should he bring down an ostrich, he might be unable to injure it.

He now threw up the falcon, which, towering upward, swooped down upon the head of the foremost bird, and so confused and alarmed him, that he could not defend himself nor continue his flight. So greatly was his speed checked that Jack overtook him, and hurling his lasso, enfolded his wings and legs in its deadly coils and brought him to the ground. The other ostriches were almost out of sight, so leaving them to their own devices, we leaped from our steeds and attempted to approach the captured bird. He struggled fearfully, and kicked with such violence, right and left, that I almost despaired of getting him home alive.

It occurred to me, however, that if we could cover his eyes, his fury might be subdued. I instantly acted upon this idea, and flung over his head my coat and hunting bag, which effectually shut out the light.

No sooner had I done this than his struggles ceased, and we were able to approach. We first secured round his body a broad strip of sealskin, on each side of which I fastened a stout piece of cord, that I might be able to lead him easily. Then fastening another cord in a loop round his legs that he might be prevented from breaking into a gallop, we released him from the coils of the lasso.

"Do you know," said I to the boys, "how the natives of India secure a newly captured elephant?"

"Oh, yes!" said Fritz; "they fasten him between two tame elephants. We'll do that to this fine fellow, and tame him double quick."

"The only difficulty will be," remarked Jack, "that we have no tame ostriches. However, I daresay Storm and Grumble will have no objection to perform their part, and it will puzzle even this great monster to run away with them."

So we at once began operations. Storm and Grumble were led up on either side of the recumbent ostrich, and the cords secured to their girths. Jack and Franz, each armed with a stout whip, mounted their respective steeds, the wrappers were removed from the bird's eyes, and we stood by to watch what would next occur.

For some moments after the return of his sight he lay perfectly still, then he arose with a bound, and, not aware of the cords which hampered him, attempted to dash forward. The thongs were stout, and he was brought to his knees. A fruitless struggle ensued, and at length, seeming to accommodate himself to circumstances, he set off at a sharp trot, his guards making the air reëcho with their merry shouts. These cries stimulated the ostrich to yet further exertions, but he was at length brought to a stand by the determined refusal of his fourfooted companions to continue such a race across loose sand.

The boys having enjoyed the long run, I told them to walk with the prisoner slowly home, while Fritz and I returned to examine the ostrich's nest. The eggs were quite warm, and I was certain that the mother had quite recently left the nest; leaving about half, I packed the rest of the eggs in a large bag I had brought for the purpose, and slung it carefully on the saddle before me. We soon caught up our advance guard, and without other notable incident reached our tent.

Astonishment and dismay were depicted on the face of the mother as we approached.

"My dear husband," she exclaimed, "do you think our provisions so abundant that you must scour the deserts to find some great beast to assist us to devour them? You must discover an iron mine next, for iron is what ostriches chiefly live on, is it not? Oh! I do wish you

would be content with the menagerie you have already collected, instead of bringing in a specimen of every beast you come across. And this is such a useless monster!"

"Useless! mother," exclaimed Jack; "you would not say so had you seen him run; why, he will be the fleetest courser in our stables. I am going to make a saddle and bridle for him, and in future he shall be my only steed. Then as for his appetite, father declares it is most delicate; he only wants a little fruit and grass, and a few stones and tenpenny nails to help his digestion."

The way in which Jack assumed the proprietorship of our new prize seemed to strike his brothers as rather cool, and there was instantly a cry raised on the subject.

"Very well," said Jack, "let us each take possession of the part of the ostrich we captured. Your bird, Fritz, seized the head, so you may keep that; father shall have the body, I'll have the legs, and Franz a couple of feathers from the tail."

"Come, come," said I, "I think that Jack has a very good right to the ostrich, seeing that he brought it to the ground; and if he succeeds in taming it and converting it into a saddle horse it shall be his. From this time, therefore, he is responsible for its training."

The day was now too far advanced to allow us to think of setting out for Rockburg, so we fastened up the ostrich between two trees, and devoted the remainder of the evening to making preparations for our departure.

At early dawn our picturesque caravan was moving homeward. The ostrich continued so refractory that we were obliged to make him again march between Storm and Grumble, and as these gallant steeds were thus employed, the cow was harnessed to the cart, laden with our treasures. Room was left in the cart for the mother, Jack and Franz mounted Storm and Grumble, I rode Lightfoot, and Fritz brought up the rear on Swift.

At the mouth of the Gap we called a halt, and replaced the cord the boys had strung with ostrich feathers by a stout palisade of bamboos. I also took the opportunity of collecting a store of pipe clay, as I intended during the winter months, which were close at hand, to try my hand at china making.

When we reached the sugar-cane grove, we again stopped to collect the peccary hams we had left to be smoked; and my wife begged me to gather some seeds of an aromatic plant which grew in the neighborhood, and which had the scent of vanilla. I obtained a good supply, and we moved forward toward Woodlands, where we intended to rest for the night, after our long and fatiguing march.

Our tent was pitched, and on our beds of cotton we slept soundly.

Next morning early we examined our farmyard, which appeared in a most prosperous and flourishing condition. The sight of all these domestic animals made us long even more than ever for our home at Rockburg, and we de-

termined to hasten thither with all possible speed.

The number of our pigs, goats, and poultry had greatly increased since we had last visited our colony; and some of these, two fine broods of chickens especially, my wife wished to take back with her.

We found that the herd of antelopes, which Fritz and Jack had driven through the Gap, had taken up their abode in the neighborhood, and several times we saw the beautiful animals browsing among the trees.

While at the farm, we repaired both the animals' stalls and our dwelling room, that the former might be more secure against the attacks of wild beasts, and the latter fitted for our accommodation when we should visit the spot.

Everything at length being satisfactorily arranged, we again retired to rest, and early next morning completed our journey to Rockburg.

By midday we were once more settled at home. Windows and doors were thrown open to admit fresh air; the animals established in their stalls; and the cart's miscellaneous cargo discharged and arranged.

As much time as I could spare, I devoted to the ostrich, whom we fastened, for the present, between two bamboo posts in front of our dwelling.

I then turned my attention to the eggs we had brought, which I determined to hatch, if possible, by artificial heat. For this purpose I arranged a stove, which I maintained at a uniform tem-

perature, and on it I placed the eggs, carefully wrapped in cotton wool.

Next morning Fritz and I went off in the boat, first to Whale Island, there to establish our colonists, the Angora rabbits, and then to Shark Island, where we placed the dainty little antelopes. Having made them happy with their liberty and abundance of food, we returned as quickly as possible to cure the bearskins, and add the provisions we had brought to the stores lying in our cellar.

As we returned, we caught up Jack, making his way in great glee toward Rockburg. He was carrying, in a basket, an immense eel, which he and Ernest had secured.

Ernest had set, on the previous night, a couple of lines; one had been dragged away, but on the other they found this splendid fellow.

It proved delicious. Half was prepared for dinner, and the other half salted and stowed away.

We now, for a short time, again turned our attention to our duties about the house.

Thinking that the veranda would be greatly improved by some creepers, I sowed, round the foot of each bamboo pillar, vanilla and pepper seed, as well as that of other creeping plants, which would not only give the house a pleasanter aspect, but also afford us shade during the summer months.

Despite all our efforts, the ostrich appeared as untameable as ever. I determined, therefore, to adopt a plan which had subdued the refractory eagle.

The effect of the tobacco fumes almost alarmed me. The ostrich sank to the ground and lay motionless. Slowly, at length, he arose, and paced up and down between the bamboo posts.

He was subdued, but to my dismay resolutely refused all food. I feared he would die; for three days he pined, growing weaker and weaker each day.

"Food he must have!" said I to my wife; "food he must have!" The mother determined to attempt an experiment. She prepared balls of maize flour, mixed with butter. One of these she placed within the bird's beak. He swallowed it, and stretched out his long neck, looking inquiringly for a second mouthful. A second, third, and fourth ball followed the first. His appetite returned, and his strength came again.

All the wild nature of the bird had gone, and I saw with delight that we might begin his education as soon as we chose. Rice, guavas, maize, and corn he ate readily—*washing it down*, as Jack expressed it, with small pebbles, to the great surprise of Franz, to whom I explained that the ostrich was merely following the instinct common to all birds; that he required these pebbles to digest his food, just as smaller birds require gravel.

After a month of careful training, our captive would trot, gallop, obey the sound of our voice, feed from our hand; and, in fact, showed himself perfectly docile. Now our ingenuity was taxed to the utmost. How were we to saddle and bridle a bird? First, for a bit for his beak.

Vague ideas passed through my mind, but every one I was obliged to reject. A plan at length occurred to me. I recollected the effect of light and its absence upon the ostrich, how his movements were checked by sudden darkness, and how, with the light, power returned to his limbs.

I immediately constructed a leathern hood, to reach from the neck to the beak, cutting holes in it for the eyes and ears.

Over the eyeholes I contrived square flaps or blinkers, which were so arranged with whalebone springs that they closed tightly of themselves. The reins were connected with these blinkers, so that the flaps might be raised or allowed to close at the rider's pleasure.

When both blinkers were open, the ostrich would gallop straight ahead; close his right eye and he turned to the left, close his left and he turned to the right, shut both and he stood stock-still.[9]

I was justly proud of my contrivance, but before I could really test its utility, I was obliged to make a saddle. After several failures, I succeeded in manufacturing one to my liking, and in properly securing it; it was something like an old-fashioned trooper's saddle, peaked before and behind—for my great fear was lest the boys should fall. This curious-looking contrivance I placed upon the shoulders as near the neck as possible, and secured it with strong girths round the wings and across the breast,

9. Ostriches actually may be managed in this way.

to avoid all possibility of the saddle slipping down the bird's sloping back.

I soon saw that my plan would succeed, though skill and considerable practice were necessary in the use of my patent bridle. It was difficult to remember that to check the courser's speed it was necessary to slacken rein, and that the tighter the reins were drawn, the faster he would fly. We at length, however, all learned to manage Master Hurricane, and the distance between Rockburg and Falconhurst was traversed in an almost incredibly short space of time.

IX

THE CAJACK

THE rainy season having set in, we were compelled to give up our daily excursions.

Even in the spacious house which we now occupied, and with our varied and interesting employments, we yet found the time dragging heavily. The spirits of all were depressed, and even occasional rapid rides, during a partial cessation of the rain, failed permanently to arouse them. Fritz, as well as I, had perceived this, and he said to me:

"Why, father, should we not make a canoe, something swifter and more manageable than those vessels we as yet possess? I often long for a light skiff, in which I might skim over the surface of the water."

The idea delighted all hands; but the mother, who was never happy when we were on the sea, declared that our chances of drowning were, with the pinnace, already sufficiently great, and that there was not the slightest necessity for our adding to these chances by constructing another craft which would tempt us out upon the perfidious element. My wife's fears were, however, speedily allayed, for I assured her that the boat I intended to construct should be no flimsy cockleshell, but as safe and stout a craft as ever floated upon the sea. The Greenlander's cajack I intended to be my model, and I resolved not only to occupy the children, but also to produce a strong and serviceable canoe—a masterpiece of art.

The boys were interested, and the boat building was soon in operation. We constructed the skeleton of whalebone, using split bamboo canes to strengthen the sides and also to form the deck, which extended the whole length of the boat, leaving merely a square hole in which the occupant of the canoe might sit.

The work engrossed our attention most entirely, and by the time it was complete the rain had passed away and the glorious sun again shone brightly forth.

Our front door was just wide enough to admit of the egress of our boat, and we completed her construction in the open air. We quickly cased the sides and deck with sealskin, making all the seams thoroughly water-tight with caoutchouc.

The cajack was indeed a curious-looking craft, yet so light that she might be lifted easily with one hand, and when at length we launched her she bounded upon the water like an india-rubber ball. Fritz was unanimously voted her rightful owner, but before his mother would hear of his entering the frail-looking skiff she declared she must contrive a swimming dress, that "should his boat receive a puncture from a sharp rock or the dorsal fin of a fish and collapse, he might yet have a chance of saving his life."

Though I did not consider the cajack quite the soap bubble the mother imagined it, I yet willingly agreed to assist her in the construction of the dress.

The garment we produced was most curious in appearance, and I must own that I doubted its efficiency. It was like a double waistcoat, made of linen prepared with a solution of india rubber, the seams being likewise coated with caoutchouc, and the whole rendered perfectly air-tight. We so arranged it that one little hole was left, by means of which air could be forced into the space between the outer covering and the lining, and the dress inflated.

Meanwhile I perceived with pleasure the rapid vegetation the climate was producing. The seeds we had scattered had germinated, and were now promising magnificent crops. The veranda, too, was looking pleasant with its gay and sweet-scented creepers, which were already aspiring to the summit of the pillars. The air

was full of birds, the earth seemed teeming with life.

The dress was at length completed, and Fritz one fine afternoon offered publicly to prove it. We all assembled on the beach, the boy gravely donned and inflated the garment, and, amid roars of laughter from his brothers, entered the water. Quickly and easily he paddled himself across the bay toward Shark Island, whither we followed in one of our boats.

The experiment was most successful, and Ernest, Jack, and Franz, in spite of their laughter at their brother's garment, begged their mother to make for each of them a similar dress.

While on the island we paid a visit to the colonists whom we had established there the previous autumn. All were well; we could perceive by the footprints that the antelopes had discovered and made use of the shelter we had erected for them, and feeling that we could do nothing more we scattered handfuls of maize and salt, and strolled across to the other side of the island. The shore was covered with lovely shells, many of which, with beautiful pieces of delicate coral, the boys collected for their museum; strewn by the edge of the water, too, lay a great quantity of seaweed of various colors, and as the mother declared that much of it was of use, the boys assisted her to collect it and store it in the boat. As we pulled back to the land I was surprised to see that my wife chose from among the seaweed a number of curious leaves with edges notched like a saw. When

we reached home she carefully washed these and dried them in the oven. There was evidently something mysterious about this preparation, and my curiosity at length prompted me to make an attempt to discover the secret.

"Are these leaves to form a substitute for tobacco?" said I; "Do you so long for its refreshing smell?"

My wife smiled, for her dislike to tobacco was well known, and she answered in the same jocular tone:

"Do you not think that a mattress stuffed with these leaves would be very cool in summer?"

The twinkle in her eyes showed me that my curiosity must still remain unsatisfied, but it nevertheless became greater than ever.

The boys and I had one day made a long and fatiguing expedition, and, tired out, we flung ourselves down in the veranda. As we lay there resting, we heard the mother's voice.

"Could any of you enjoy a little jelly?"

She presently appeared, bearing a porcelain dish laden with most lovely transparent jelly. Cut with a spoon and laid before us it quivered and glittered in the light.

"Ambrosia!" exclaimed Fritz, tasting it. It was indeed delicious, and, still marveling from whence the mother could have obtained a dish so rare, we disposed of all that she had set before us.

"Aha," laughed the mother, "is not this an excellent substitute for tobacco, far more refreshing than the nasty weed itself? Behold the product of my mysterious seaweed."

"My dear wife," exclaimed I, "this dish is indeed a masterpiece of culinary art, but where had you met with it? What put it into your head?"

"While staying with my Dutch friends at the Cape," replied she, "I often saw it, and at once recognized the leaves on Shark Island. Once knowing the secret, the preparation of the dish is extremely simple; the leaves are soaked in water, fresh every day, for a week, and then boiled for a few hours with orange juice, citron, and sugar."

At last came the day when Fritz was to make his trial trip with the cajack. Completely equipped in swimming costume—trousers, jacket and cap—it was most ludicrous to see him cower down in the canoe and puff and blow till he began to swell like the frog in the fable.

All trace of his original figure was speedily lost, and shouts of laughter greeted his comical appearance. Even his mother could not resist a smile, although the dress was her invention.

I got the other boat out, that my wife might see we were ready to go to his assistance the moment it became necessary.

The cajack was launched from a convenient shelving point, and floated lightly on the sea-green ocean mirror. Fritz with his paddles then began to practice all manner of evolutions; darting along with arrowy swiftness, wheeling to the right, then to the left; and at last, flinging himself quite on his side, while his mother uttered a shriek of terror, he showed that the

tiny craft would neither capsize nor sink. Then, recovering his balance, he sped securely on his further way.

Encouraged by our shouts of approbation, he now boldly ventured into the strong current of Jackal River, and was rapidly carried out to sea.

This being more than I had bargained for, I lost no time in giving chase in the boat, with Ernest and Jack; my wife urging us to greater speed, and declaring that some accident could not fail to happen to "that horrid soap bubble."

We soon arrived outside the bay, at the rocks where formerly lay the wreck, and gazed in all directions for signs of the runaway.

After a time we saw, at a considerable distance, a faint puff of smoke, which was followed by the crack of a pistol. Upon this we fired a signal shot, which was presently answered by another, and, steering in the direction of the sound, we soon heard the boy's cheery halloo; the cajack darted from behind a point of land, and we quickly joined company.

"Come to this rocky beach," cried Fritz; "I have something to show you."

With blank amazement we beheld a fine, well-grown young walrus, harpooned and quite dead.

"Did you kill this creature, my dear Fritz?" I exclaimed, looking round in some anxiety, and half expecting to see a naked savage come to claim the prize.

"To be sure, father! don't you see my harpoon?"

I wished Fritz to keep close to us, that we might all arrive together; but I yielded to his earnest wish to return alone as he came; he longed to act as our avant-courrier, and announce our approach to his mother; so he was soon skimming away over the surface of the water, while we followed at a slower rate.

Black clouds meanwhile gathered thick and fast around us, and a tremendous storm came on. Fritz was out of sight, and beyond our reach.

We buckled on the swimming belts and firmly lashed ourselves to the boat, so that we might not be washed overboard by the towering seas which broke over it.

The horizon was shrouded in darkness, fearful gusts of wind lashed the ocean into foam, rain descended in torrents, while livid lightning glared athwart the gloom. Both my boys faced the danger nobly; and my feelings of alarm were mingled with hope on finding how well the boat behaved.

The tempest swept on its way, and the sky began to clear as suddenly as it had been overcast; yet the stormy waves continued for a long time to threaten our frail bark with destruction, in spite of its buoyancy and steadiness.

Yet I never lost hope for ourselves—all my fears were for Fritz; in fact I gave him up for lost, and my whole agonized heart arose in prayer for strength to say, "Thy will be done!"

At last we rounded the point, and once more entering Safety Bay, quickly drew near the little harbor.

What was our surprise—our overwhelming delight—when there we saw the mother with Fritz as well as her little boy, on their knees in prayer so earnest for our deliverance, that our approach was unperceived, until with cries of joy we attracted their notice. Then indeed ensued a happy meeting, and we gave thanks together for the mercy which had spared our lives.

Returning joyfully to Rockburg, we changed our drenched garments for warm, dry clothes; and, seated at a comfortable meal, considered and described at our ease the perils of the storm.

Afterward, the head of the walrus was conveyed to our workshop, where it underwent such a skilful and thorough process of cleaning, embalming, and drying, that ere long it was actually fixed on the prow of the cajack, and a most imposing appearance it presented.

The strips of hide, when well tanned and prepared, made valuable leather.

Much damage had been done by the late storm. The heavy rain had flooded all the streams, and injured crops which should have been housed before the regular rainy season.

The bridge over Jackal River was partly broken down, and the water tanks and pipes all needed repair. So our time was much occupied in restoring things to order.

The return of the fishing season again gave us busy days. Large takes of salmon, sturgeon and herring rewarded our exertions, and our storeroom again assumed a well-stocked appearance.

X

THE BOYS ON THE SECOND EXCURSION

MANY quiet, uneventful days passed by, and I perceived that the boys, wearied by the routine of farm work at Rockburg, were longing for a cruise in the yacht or an expedition into the woods, which would refresh both mind and body.

"Father," said Fritz at length, "we want a quantity of hurdles, and have scarcely any more bamboos of which to make them. Had we not better get a supply from Woodlands? And you said, too, the other day, that you wished you had some more of the fine clay; we might visit the Gap at the same time."

I had really no objection to propose; and it was shortly afterward settled that Fritz, Jack and Franz should start together; and that Ernest, who had no great desire to accompany his brothers, should remain with his mother and me, and assist in the construction of a sugar-mill, the erection of which I had long contemplated.

They were ready to start, when I observed Jack quietly slip a basket containing several pigeons, under the packages in the cart.

The weather was exquisite; and, with exhortations to prudence and caution from both me and their mother, the three lads started in the very highest spirits. Storm and Grumble,

as usual, drew the cart, and were ridden by Fritz and Franz; while Hurry carried Jack swiftly across the bridge in advance of them, followed by Floss and Bruno, barking at his heels.

The sugar mill occupied us for several days, and was made so much like our other mills that I need not now describe it.

On the evening of the first day, as we sat resting in the porch at Rockburg, we naturally talked of the absentees, wondering and guessing what they might be about.

Ernest looked rather mysterious, and hinted that he might have news of them next morning.

Just then a bird alighted on the dovecot, and entered. I could not see, in the failing light, whether it was one of our own pigeons or an intruder. Ernest started up, and said he would see that all was right.

In a few minutes he returned with a scrap of paper in his hand.

"News, father! The very latest news by pigeon post, mother!"

"Well done, boys! what a capital idea!" said I, and taking the note I read:

"DEAREST PARENTS AND ERNEST:

"A brute of a hyena has killed a ram and two lambs. The dogs seized it. Franz shot it. It is dead and skinned. We are all right. Love to all. FRITZ.

"WOODLANDS, 15th instant."

"A true hunter's letter!" laughed I; "but what exciting news. When does the next post come in, Ernest?"

"To-night, I hope," said he, while his mother sighed, and doubted the value of such glimpses into the scenes of danger through which her sons were passing, declaring she would much rather wait and hear all about it when she had them safe home again.

Thus the winged letter-carriers kept us informed from day to day of the outline of adventures which were afterward more fully described.

On approaching the farm at Woodlands, the boys were startled by hearing, as they thought, human laughter, repeated again and again; while, to their astonishment, the oxen testified the greatest uneasiness, the dogs growled and drew close to their masters, and the ostrich fairly bolted with Jack into the rice swamp.

The laughter continued, and the beasts became unmanageable.

"Something is very far wrong!" cried Fritz. "I cannot leave the animals; but while I unharness them, do you, Franz, take the dogs, and advance cautiously to see what is the matter."

Without a moment's hesitation, Franz made his way among the bushes with his gun, closely followed by the dogs; until, through an opening in the thicket, he could see, at a distance of about forty paces, an enormous hyena, in the most wonderful state of excitement; dancing round a lamb just killed, and uttering, from time to

time, the ghastly hysterical laughter which had pealed through the forest.

The beast kept running backward and forward, rising on its hind legs, and then rapidly whirling round and round, nodding its head, and going through most frantic and ludicrous antics.

Franz kept his presence of mind very well; for he watched till, calming down, the hyena began with horrid growls to tear its prey; and then, firing steadily both barrels, he broke its fore leg, and wounded it in the breast.

Meanwhile Fritz, having unyoked the oxen and secured them to trees, hurried to his brother's assistance. The dogs and the dying hyena were by this time engaged in mortal strife; but the latter, although it severely wounded both Floss and Bruno, speedily succumbed, and was dead when Fritz reached the spot. They raised a shout of triumph, which guided Jack to the scene of action; and their first care was for the dogs, whose wounds they dressed before minutely examining the hyena. It was as large as a wild boar; long, stiff bristles formed a mane on its neck, its color was gray marked with black, the teeth and jaws were of extraordinary strength, the thighs muscular and sinewy, the claws remarkably strong and sharp altogether. But for his wounds he would certainly have been more than a match for the dogs.

After unloading the cart at the farm, the boys returned for the carcass of the tiger-wolf, as it is sometimes called, and occupied themselves

in skinning it during the remainder of the day, when, after dispatching the carrier-pigeon to Rockburg, they retired to rest on their bearskin rugs, to dream of adventures past and future.

The following day they devised no less a scheme than to survey the shores of Wood Lake, and place marks wherever the surrounding marsh was practicable, and might be crossed either to reach the water or leave it.

Fritz in the cajack, and the boys on shore, carefully examined the ground together; and when they found firm footing to the water's edge, the spot was indicated by planting a tall bamboo, bearing on high a bundle of reeds and branches.

They succeeded in capturing three young black swans, after considerable resistance from the old ones. They were afterward brought to Rockburg, and retained as ornaments to Safety Bay.

The young hunters seemed to have lived very comfortably on peccary ham, cassava bread and fruit, and plenty of baked potatoes and milk.

After collecting a supply of rice and cotton, they took their way to Prospect Hill; "and," said Fritz, as he afterward vividly described the dreadful scene there enacted, "when we entered the pine wood, we found it in possession of troops of monkeys, who resolved to make our passage through it as disagreeable as possible, for they howled and chattered at us like demons, pelting us as hard as they could with pine cones.

"They became so unbearable, that at last we fired a few shots right and left among them; several bit the dust, the rest fled, and we continued our way in peace to Prospect Hill, but only to discover the havoc the wretches had made there.

"Would you believe it, father? The pleasant cottage had been overrun and ruined by apes just as Woodland was last summer! The most dreadful dirt and disorder met our eyes wherever we turned, and we had hard work to make the place fit for human habitation; and even then we preferred the tent. I felt quite at a loss how to guard the farm for the future; but seeing a bottle of the poisonous gum of the euphorbia in the tool chest, I devised a plan for the destruction of the apes which succeeded beyond my expectations.

"I mixed poison with milk, bruised millet, and anything I thought the monkeys would eat, and put it in cocoanut shells, which I hung about in the trees, high enough to be out of reach of our own animals. The evening was calm and lovely; the sea murmured in the distance, and the rising moon shed a beauty over the landscape which we seemed never before to have so admired and enjoyed. The summer night closed around us in all its solemn stillness, and our deepest feelings were touched; when suddenly the spell was broken by an outburst of the most hideous and discordant noises. As by one consent, every beast of the forest seemed to arise from its den, and utter

its wild nocturnal cry. Snorting, snarling, and shrieking filled the wood beneath us.

"From the hills echoed the mournful howl of jackals, answered by Fangs in the yard, who was backed up by the barking and yelping of his friends Floss and Bruno. Far away beyond the rocky fastnesses of the Gap, sounded unearthly, hollow snortings and neighings, reminding one of the strange cry of the hippopotamus; above these, occasional deep majestic roaring made our hearts quail with the conviction that we heard the voices of lions and elephants.

"Overawed and silent, we retired to rest, hoping to forget in sleep the terrors of the midnight forest, but ere long the most fearful cries in the adjoining woods gave notice that the apes were beginning to suffer from the poisoned repast prepared for them.

"As our dogs could not remain silent amid the uproar and din, we had not a wink of sleep until the morning. It was late, therefore, when we rose, and looked on the awful spectacle presented by the multitude of dead monkeys and baboons thickly strewn under the trees round the farm. I shall not tell you how many there were. I can only say, I wished I had not found the poison, and we made all haste to clear away the dead bodies and the dangerous food, burying some deep in the earth, and carrying the rest to the shore, where we pitched them over the rocks into the sea. That day we traveled on to the Gap."

The same evening that the boys reached the rocky pass, a messenger pigeon arrived at Rockburg, bearing a note which concluded in the following words:

"The barricade at the Gap is broken down. Everything laid waste as far as the sugar-brake, where the hut is knocked to pieces, and the fields trampled over by huge footmarks. Come to us, father—we are safe, but feel we are no match for this unknown danger."

I lost not an instant, but saddled Swift, late as it was, in order to ride to the assistance of our boys, desiring Ernest to prepare the small cart, and follow me with his mother at daybreak, bringing everything we should require for camping out for some days.

The bright moonlight favored my journey, and my arrival at the Gap surprised and delighted the boys, who did not expect me till the next day. Early on the following morning I inspected the footprints and ravages of the great unknown. The canebrake had, without doubt, been visited by an elephant. That great animal alone could have left such traces and committed such fearful ravages. Thick posts in the barricade were snapped across like reeds; the trees in the vicinity, where we planned to build a cool summerhouse, were stripped of leaves and branches to a great height, but the worst mischief was done among the young sugar-cane plants, which were all either devoured or trampled down and destroyed.

It seemed to me that not one elephant, but a

troop must have invaded our grounds. The tracks were very numerous, and the footprints of various sizes; but, to my satisfaction, I saw that they could be traced not only from the Gap, but back to it in evidently equal numbers.

We did not, therefore, suppose that the mighty animals remained hidden in the woods of our territory; but concluded that, after this free-booting incursion, they had withdrawn to their native wilds, where, by greatly increasing the strength of our ramparts, we hoped henceforth to oblige them to remain.

The mother and Ernest arrived next day, and she rejoiced to find all well, making light of trodden fields and trampled sugar canes, since her sons were sound in life and limb.

A systematic scheme of defense was now elaborated, and the erection of the barricade occupied us for at least a month, as it was to be a firm and durable building, proof against all invasion. As our little tent was unsuited to a long residence of this sort, I adopted Fritz's idea of a Kamschatchan dwelling, and, to his great delight, forthwith carried it out.

Instead of planting four posts, on which to place a platform, we chose four trees of equal size, which, in a very suitable place, grew exactly in a square, twelve or fourteen feet apart. Between these, at about twenty feet from the ground we laid a flooring of beams and bamboo, smoothly and strongly planked. From this rose, on all four sides, walls of cane; the frame of the roof was covered so effectually

by large pieces of bark that no rain could penetrate.

The staircase to this tree-cottage was simply a broad plank with bars nailed across it for steps. The flooring projected like a balcony in front of the entrance door, and underneath, on the ground, we fitted up sheds for cattle and fowls.

Various ornaments in Chinese or Japanese style were added to the roof and eaves, and a most convenient, cool, and picturesque cottage, overhung and adorned by the graceful foliage of the trees, was the result of our ingenuity.

I was pleased to find that the various birds taken by the boys during this excursion seemed likely to thrive; they were the first inmates of the new sheds, and even the black swans soon became tame and sociable.

The day before our return to Rockburg, Fritz went again to the inland region beyond the river to obtain a large supply of young banana plants, and the cacao fruit. He took the cajack and a bundle of reeds to float behind him as a raft to carry the fruit, plants, and anything else he might wish to bring back.

In the evening he made his appearance, coming swiftly down stream. His brothers rushed to meet him, each eager to see and help to land his cargo.

Securing the cajack, Fritz sprang toward us, his handsome face radiant with pleasure, as he exhibited a beautiful waterfowl.

Its plumage was rich purple, changing on the back to dark green; the legs, feet, and a mark

above the bill, bright red. This lovely bird I concluded to be the sultan cock described by Buffon, and as it was gentle, we gladly received it among our domestic pets.

Fritz gave a stirring account of his exploring trip, having made his way far up the river, between fertile plains and majestic forests of lofty trees, where the cries of vast numbers of birds, parrots, peacocks, guinea fowls, and hundreds unknown to him, quite bewildered, and made him feel giddy.

"It was in the Buffalo Swamp," continued he, "that I saw the splendid birds you call sultan cocks, and I set my heart on catching one alive, which, as they seemed to have little fear of my approach, I managed by means of a wire snare. Farther on I saw a grove of mimosa trees, among which from fifteen to twenty elephants were feeding peacefully on the leafy boughs, tearing down branches with their trunks and shoving them into their mouths with one jerk, or bathing in the deep waters of the marsh for refreshment in the great heat. You cannot imagine the wild grandeur of the scene! The river being very broad, I felt safe from wild animals, and more than once saw splendid jaguars crouched on the banks, their glossy skin glancing in the sunlight.

"While considering if it would be simply foolhardy to try a shot at one of these creatures, I was suddenly convinced that discretion is the better part of valor, and urging my canoe into the center current, made a rapid retreat down

the river. For just before me, in the calm deep water of a sheltered bay where I was quietly floating, there arose a violent boiling, bubbling commotion, and for an instant I thought a hot spring was going to burst forth. Instead of that, up rose the hideous head and gaping jaws of a hippopotamus, who, with a hoarse, terrific snort, seemed about to attack me. I can tell you I did not wait to see the rest of him! a glimpse of his

A JAGUAR

enormous mouth and its array of white gleaming tusks was quite enough. 'Right about face!' said I to myself, and shot down stream like an arrow, never pausing till a bend in the river brought me within sight of the Gap, where I once more felt safe, and joyfully made my way back to you all."

This narrative was of thrilling interest to us, proving the existence of tribes of the most formidable animals beyond the rocky barrier which defended, in so providential a manner, the small and fertile territory on which our lot was cast.

During the absence of the adventurer we had been busily engaged in making preparations for

our departure—and everything was packed up and ready by the morning after his return.

After some hesitation I yielded to his great wish, which was to return by sea in his cajack round Cape Disappointment, and so meet us at Rockburg.

He was much interested in examining the outlines of the coast and the rugged precipices of the Cape. These were tenanted by vast flocks of sea fowl and birds of prey; while many varieties of shrubs and plants, hitherto unknown to us, grew in the clefts and crevices of the rocks, some of them diffusing a strong aromatic odor. Among the specimens he brought I recognized the caper plant, and, with still greater pleasure, a shrub which was, I felt sure, the tea plant of China—it bore very pretty white flowers, and the leaves resembled myrtle.

Our land journey was effected without accident or adventure of any kind.

XI

AFTER TEN YEARS

"WE spend our years as a tale that is told," said King David.

These words recurred to me again and again as I reviewed ten years, of which the story lay chronicled in the pages of my journal.

Year followed year; chapter succeeded chapter; steadily, imperceptibly, time was passing away.

The shade of sadness cast on my mind by retrospect of this kind was dispelled by thoughts full of gratitude to God, for the welfare and happiness of my beloved family during so long a period. I had cause especially to rejoice in seeing our sons advance to manhood, strengthened by early training for lives of usefulness and activity wherever their lot might fall.

And my great wish is, that young people who read this record of our lives and adventures should learn from it how admirably suited is the peaceful, industrious, and pious life of a cheerful united family, to the formation of strong, pure, and manly character.

None take a better place in the great national family, none are happier or more beloved than those who go forth from such homes to fulfil new duties, and to gather fresh interests around them.

Having given a detailed account of several years' residence in New Switzerland, as we liked to call our dominion, it is needless for me to continue what would exhaust the patience of the most long-suffering, by repeating monotonous narratives of exploring parties and hunting expeditions, wearisome descriptions of awkward inventions and clumsy machines, with an endless record of discoveries, more fit for the pages of an encyclopedia than a book of family history.

Yet before winding up with the concluding events, I may mention some interesting facts illustrative of our exact position at the time these took place.

Rockburg and Falconhurst continued to be our winter and summer headquarters, and improvements were added which made them more and more convenient, as well as attractive in appearance.

The fountains, trellised verandas, and plantations round Rockburg completely changed the character of the residence, which, on account of the heat and want of vegetation, had in former days been so distasteful to my wife. Flowering creepers overhung the balconies and pillars; while shrubs and trees, both native and European, grew luxuriantly in groves of our planting.

In the distance, Shark Island, now clothed with graceful palms, guarded the entrance to Safety Bay, the battery and flagstaff prominently visible on its crested rock.

The swamp, cleared and drained, was now a considerable lake, with just marsh and reeds enough beyond it to form good cover for the waterfowl whose favorite retreat it was.

On its blue waters sailed stately black swans, snow-white geese, and richly colored ducks; while out and in among the water plants and rushes would appear at intervals glimpses of the brilliant sultan, marsh-fowl, crimson flamingos, soft, blue-gray, demoiselle cranes, and crested heron, all associating in harmony, and with no fear of us, their masters.

Beneath the spreading trees, and through the aromatic shrubberies, old Hurry, the ostrich, was usually to be seen marching about, with grave and dignified pace, as though monarch

of all he surveyed. Every variety of beautiful pigeon nested in the rocks and dovecots, their soft cooing and glossy plumage making them favorite household pets.

By the bridge alone could Rockburg be approached; for higher up the river, where, near the cascade, it was fordable, a dense and impenetrable thicket of orange and lemon trees, Indian figs, prickly pears, and all manner of thorn-bearing shrubs, planted by us, now formed a complete barrier.

The rabbit warren on Shark Island kept us well supplied with food, as well as soft and useful fur; and, as the antelopes did not thrive on Whale Isle, they also were placed among the shady groves with the rabbits, and their own island was devoted to such work as candle making, tanning, wool cleaning, and any other needful but offensive operations.

The farm at Woodlands flourished, and our flocks and herds supplied us with mutton, beef, and veal, while my wife's dairy was almost more than she could manage.

My boys retained their old love for giving names to the animals. They had a beautiful creamy-white cow called Blanche, and a bull with such a tremendous voice that he received the name of Stentor. Two fleet young onagers were named Arrow and Dart; and Jack had a descendant of his old favorite Fangs, the jackal, which he chose to call Coco, asserting that no word could be distinguished at a distance without the letter "o" in it, giving

illustrations of his theory till our ears were almost deafened.

Excellent health had been enjoyed by us all during these ten years, though my wife occasionally suffered from slight attacks of fever, and the boys sometimes met with little accidents.

Although so many years had elapsed in total seclusion, it continued to be my strong impression that we should one day be restored to the society of our fellow-men.

But time, which was bringing our sons to manhood, was also carrying their parents onward to old age; and anxious, gloomy thoughts relating to their future, should they be left indeed alone, sometimes oppressed my heart.

My elder sons often made expeditions of which we knew nothing until their return after many hours; when any uneasiness I might have felt was dissipated by their joyous appearance, and reproof always died away on my lips.

Fritz had been absent one whole day from Rockburg, and not until evening did we remark that his cajack was gone, and that he must be out at sea.

Anxious to see him return before nightfall, I went off to Shark Island with Ernest and Jack, in order to look out for him from the watch tower there, at the same time hoisting our signal flag, and loading the gun.

Long we gazed across the expanse of ocean glittering in the level beams of the setting sun, and finally discerned a small black speck in the

distance which, by the telescope, was proved to be the returning wanderer.

I remarked that his skiff sailed at a slower rate than usual toward the shore. The cannon was fired to let him know that his approach was observed, and then we joyfully hurried back to receive him at the harbor.

It was easy to see, as he drew near, what had delayed his progress. The cajack towed a large sack, besides being heavily laden.

"Welcome, Fritz!" I cried. "Welcome back, wherever you come from, and whatever you bring. You seem to have quite a cargo there!"

"Yes, and my trip has led to discoveries as well as booty," answered he; "interesting discoveries which will tempt us again in the same direction. Come, boys, let's carry up the things."

As soon as possible all assembled round him.

"Ever since I possessed the cajack it has been my ambition to make a voyage of discovery along the coast, which we have never explored beyond the point at which I killed the walrus.

"This morning dawned magnificently; the calm sea, the gentle breeze, all drew me irresistibly to the fulfilment of my purpose.

"I left the harbor unperceived, the current quickly bore me out to sea, and I rounded the point to the left, passing just over the spot where, beneath the waves, lie the guns, cannon balls, ironwork, and all that was indestructible about our good old wreck. And would you believe it? Through the glassy clear water, undis-

turbed by a ripple, I actually saw many such things strewn on the flat rocky bottom.

"Pursuing my way, I passed among rugged cliffs and rocks which jutted out from the shore, or rose in rugged masses from the water. Myriads of sea fowl inhabited the most inaccessible of these, while on the lower ridges, seals, sea bears, and walruses were to be seen, some basking lazily in the sun, some plunging into the water, or emerging awkwardly from it, hoisting their unwieldy bodies up the rocks by means of their tusks.

"I must confess to feeling anything but comfortable while going through places held in possession by these monsters of the deep, and used every effort to pass quickly and unnoticed. Yet it was more than an hour and a half before I got clear of the rocks, cliffs, and shoals to which they resorted, and neared a high and precipitous cape, running far out to sea. Right opposite to me, in the side of this rocky wall, was a magnificent archway, forming, as it first appeared to me, a lofty entrance to an immense vaulted cavern. I passed beneath this noble portal and examined the interior. It was tenanted by numbers of a small species of swallow, scarcely larger than a wren, and the walls were covered by thousands of their nests. They were rudely built, and their peculiarity was that each rested on a kind of platform, something like a spoon without the handle. I detached a number, and found that they had a curious appearance, seemingly made of some

thing fibrous and gelatinous, and more like a set of sponges, corals, or fungi, than nests of birds. I have brought them home in my fishing net."

"When placed in water and well soaked," I said, "they soften and swell, and are made into soup of very strengthening and restorative quality."

"After laying in my store of nests," continued Fritz, "I pursued my way through this vaulted cave or corridor; which, presently turning, opened into a very lonely bay, so calm and lake-like, that, although of considerable size, I concluded at once it must be nearly land locked. Its shores, beyond the rocky boundary through which I penetrated, extended in a fertile plain toward what seemed the mouth of a river, beyond which lay rough, and probably marshy, ground, and a dense forest of cedars, which closed the view.

"The water beneath me was clear as crystal; and, gazing into its depths and shallows, I perceived beds of shellfish, like large oysters, attached to the rocks and to each other by tufts of hairy filaments.

"'If these are oysters,' thought I, 'they must be better worth eating, as far as size goes, than our little friends in Safety Bay,' and thereupon I hooked up several clusters with my boat hook, and landing soon after on the beach, I flung them on the sand, resolving to fetch another load, and then tow them after me in the fishing-net.

"The hot sun disagreed with their constitution, I suppose; for when I came back the shells were all gaping wide open; so I began to examine them, thinking that after all they were probably much less delicate than the small oysters we have learnt to like so much.

"Somehow, when a thing is to be 'examined,' one generally needs a knife. The blade met with resistance here and there in the creature's body; and still closer 'examination' produced from it several pearly balls like peas, of different sizes. Do you think they can be pearls? I have a number here in a box."

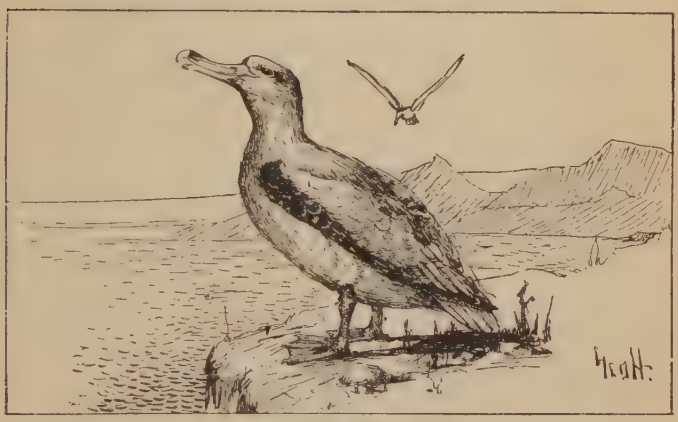
"Oh, show them to us, Fritz!" cried the boys. "What pretty shining things! and how delicately rounded, and how softly they gleam!"

"You have discovered treasure, indeed!" I exclaimed; "why these are most beautiful pearls! Valueless, certainly, under present circumstances; but they may prove a source of wealth, should we ever again come into contact with the civilized world. We must visit your pearl-oyster beds at the earliest opportunity."

"After resting for some time, and refreshing myself with food," pursued Fritz, "I resumed my survey of the coast, my progress somewhat impeded by the bag of shellfish, which I drew after me; but I proceeded without accident past the mouth of the stream to the further side of the bay, which was there inclosed by a point corresponding to that through which I had entered; and between these headlands I found a line of reefs and sandbanks, with but a single

channel leading out to the open sea; from which, therefore, Pearl Bay, as I named it, lies completely sheltered.

"The tide was setting strongly in shore, so that I could not then attempt a passage through it, but examined the crags of the headland, thinking I might perchance discover a second vaulted archway. I saw nothing remarkable,



AN ALBATROSS

however, but thousands of sea fowl of every sort and kind, from the gull and sea swallow to the mighty albatross.

"My approach was evidently regarded as an invasion and trespass; for they regularly beset me, screaming and wheeling over my head, till, out of all patience, I stood up, and hit furiously about me with the boat hook; when, rather to my surprise, one blow struck an albatross with such force, that he fell stunned into the water.

"I now once more attempted to cross the reef

by the narrow channel, and happily succeeding, found myself in the open sea, and speeding homeward, joyfully saw our flag flying, and heard the welcome salute you fired."

Here ended the narrative; but next morning Fritz drew me aside, and confided to me a most remarkable sequel, in these words:

"There was something very extraordinary about that albatross, father. I allowed you to suppose that I left it as it fell, but in reality I raised it to the deck of the canoe, and then perceived a piece of rag wound round one of its legs. This I removed, and, to my utter astonishment, saw English words written on it, which I plainly made out to be: 'Save an unfortunate Englishwoman from the smoking rock!'

"This little sentence sent a thrill through every nerve: my brain seemed to whirl. I doubted the evidence of my senses.

"'Is this reality, or delusion?' thought I. 'Can it be true, that a fellow-creature breathes with us the air of this lonely region?'

"I felt stupified for some minutes: the bird began to show signs of life, which recalled me to myself; and, quickly deciding what must be done, I tore a strip from my handkerchief, on which I traced the words—'Do not despair! Help is near!'

"This I carefully bound round one leg, replacing the rag on the other, and then applied myself to the complete restoration of the bird. It gradually revived; and after drinking a little, sur-

prised me by suddenly rising on the wing, faltering a moment in its flight, and then rapidly disappearing from my view in a westerly direction.

"Now, father, one thought occupies me continually: will my note ever reach this Englishwoman? Shall I be able to find, and to save her?"

I listened to this account with feelings of the liveliest interest and astonishment.

"My dear son," said I, "you have done wisely in confiding to me alone your most exciting discovery. Unless we know more, we must not unsettle the others by speaking of it; for it appears to me quite possible that these words were penned long ago on some distant shore, where, by this time, the unhappy stranger may have perished miserably. By the 'smoking rock' must be meant a volcano. There are none here."

Fritz was not disposed to look at the case from this gloomy point of view; did not think the rag so very old; believed smoke might rise from a rock which was not volcanic; and evidently cherished the hope that he might be able to respond effectually to this touching appeal.

I was in reality as anxious as himself on the subject, but judged it prudent to abate rather than excite hopes of success which might be doomed to bitter disappointment.

After earnest consultation on the subject, we decided that Fritz should go in search of the writer of the message, but not until he had so

altered the canoe as to fit it for carrying two persons, as well as provisions sufficient to admit of his absence for a considerable time. Impatient as he was, he could not but see the wisdom of this delay.

We returned to the house, and saw the boys busily opening the oysters, which they had had no time to do the previous night, and greatly excited as ever and anon a pearl was found.

"May we not establish a pearl fishery at once, father?" shouted they. "We might build a hut on the shore of the bay, and set about it regularly."

An excursion to Pearl Bay was now the event to which all thoughts turned, and for which preparations on a grand scale were made. It was to form, as it were, the basis of the more important voyage Fritz had in view, and to which, unsuspected by the rest, he could devote all his attention.

XII

THE EXCURSION TO PEARL BAY

IT took some time to make several raking or scraping machines, which I invented for the purpose of detaching and lifting the oysters from their native rocks; but that gave Fritz leisure to change the fittings of his canoe, so as to have a spare seat in it.

His brothers naturally concluded he meant to take one of them as shipmate on board, and he allowed the mistake to continue. They

occupied themselves in making various articles they expected to be of use, and bore the delay with tolerable patience.

At last came the day, when, taking leave of the mother and Franz, we went on board the yacht, accompanied by some of the dogs; while Jack, proudly occupying the new seat beside Fritz in the canoe, shared with him the honor of leading the way in the character of pilots.

We passed safely through the rocks and shoals near Walrus Island into an expanse of calm water, sheltered by jutting cliffs, where the sea glanced like a mirror, and for the first time we observed the fairy-like shells of the paper nautilus sailing lightly over the dazzling surface.

Further on we rounded a short promontory, flat, with an abrupt rock at the extremity, to which we gave the name of Cape Pug-Nose; and then, at some distance, appeared the grand cliffs of a headland running far out to sea.

This I supposed we should have to weather, but my pilots made no change in our course, and, following the canoe, we soon came in sight of the majestic archway which offered us a short passage to Pearl Bay.

The wonderfully architectural appearance of the pillars, arches, and pinnacles surrounding and surmounting this noble entrance struck me with admiration, resembling parts of a fine Gothic cathedral, and inducing me to propose for it the name, Cape Minster.

A perfect cloud of little swallows darted from the cavernous entrance on our approach, di-

vided into flocks, soared, wheeled, flew right and left, and finally returned in a body as swiftly as they came, to the sides of the long dark tunnel, which were festooned with their nests.

We detached a number of these as we passed, taking care to leave those containing eggs or young. The best were at a considerable height, but the broken and shelving rocks afforded, in some places, footing for such daring and active climbers as Fritz and Jack, and they quickly obtained as many as we could possibly require.

Our progress was much assisted by the tide, which, like a current, bore us onward along the nave of this natural cathedral; aisles, transepts, screens, and side-chapels appearing between the columns and arches which in the "dim religious light" were revealed to our wondering eyes.

On emerging into the dazzling sunshine, we found ourselves floating in the calm expanse of Pearl Bay; but it was some minutes before we could look around on the bright and lovely scene.

Fritz had not overrated its beauty, and the romantic islets which studded its waters seemed to give the effect of a pleasant smile to features already perfect.

We cruised about for some time, surveying the coast with its fertile meadows, shady groves, gently swelling hills, and murmuring brooks, seeking a convenient landing place in the vicinity of the shallows where lay the oyster beds.

This we found, close to a sparkling streamlet; and, as the day was fast declining, we made

speedy arrangements for burning a watch fire; after which we partook of a hasty supper, and leaving the dogs, with Coco, the jackal, to sleep on shore, we returned on board the yacht for the night, anchoring within gunshot of the land.

The coast being quite strange to us, I knew not what wild beasts might frequent it; but, though I did not fear that any would approach us by swimming, yet I was glad to have with us our lively little ape, Mercury (the successor of our old favorite, Knips, long since gathered to his fathers), for he occupied at night a cosy berth on deck, and was certain to give vociferous notice should anything alarming occur.

Fritz moored the cajack alongside, and came on board. The night passed in peace, although for a time we were disturbed by the yelping of jackals, with whom Coco persisted in keeping up a noisy conversation.

We awoke at daybreak, and repaired in haste with nets, scrapers, and all other requisites, to the oyster beds, where we worked with such diligence and success that in the course of two days we had an immense pile of shells built up like a stack on the beach, and left to decay.

I collected a quantity of seaweed to spread over them, which was afterward burnt to make alkali, when we returned to secure our harvest of pearls.

Every evening we went out shooting in the neighborhood, and kept ourselves supplied with game of one sort or another. The last day of our fishery we started earlier, intending to make a longer excursion into the woods.

Ernest set off first with Floss, Jack and Coco strolling after them. Fritz and I were still employed in taking on board the last load of our tools, when we suddenly heard a shot, a loud cry of pain or fear, and then another shot.

At the first alarm, the other two dogs rushed away from us toward the spot, and Fritz, who had just called Pounce, the eagle, from his perch, to accompany us in the ramble, let him fly, and seizing his rifle darted off in the same direction.

Before I could reach the scene of action, more shots were heard, and then a shout of victory; after which appeared through the stems of the trees the disconsolate figure of Jack, hobbling along like a cripple, supported on each side by his brothers.

When they came near me they stopped; and poor Jack, moaning and groaning, began to feel himself all over, as if to search for broken bones, crying out:

"I'm pounded like a half-crushed peppercorn!"

On examination I found some severe bruises.

"Who or what has been pommeling the boy?" I exclaimed; "one would think he had been beaten."

"It was a huge wild boar," said Ernest, "with fierce eyes, monstrous tusks, and a snout as broad as my hand. Floss and I were going quietly along, when there was a sudden rustling and snorting close by, and a great boar broke through the bushes, making for the outskirts of the wood. Floss gave chase directly, and the

boar turned and stood at bay. Then up came Jack with Coco, and the gallant little jackal attacked the monster in the rear. In another moment, however, he was sent sprawling upon his back, and this so provoked his master that he fired a hasty ill-directed shot. The brute's notice and fury at once turned upon Jack, who prudently took to his heels, when I attempted to check the career of the boar by a shot, which, however, only slightly wounded it. Jack stumbled and fell over the root of a tree, just as the animal came up with him. 'Help! murder,' shouted he; and if the other dogs had not then arrived, and tackled the boar together, I fear it would have been a case of murder indeed."

XIII

THE LIONS

ALL at once a deep, fearful sound echoed through the neighboring woods. It made our blood curdle in our veins. We listened with straining ears, hoping it would not be repeated. With a shudder we heard the dread voice roar again, yet nearer to us, and an answer peal from the distance.

"We must find out who are the performers in this concert!" exclaimed Fritz, springing to his feet and snatching up his rifle. "Make the fire blaze; get on board the yacht, and have all the guns in readiness. I am off to reconnoiter in the canoe."

We mechanically obeyed his rapid orders, while the bold youth disappeared in the darkness; and, after heaping fuel on the fire, we went on board and armed ourselves with cutlasses, besides loading all the guns, waiting in readiness either to land again or to quit the coast.

We presently saw the whole pack of our dogs, as well as Coco, the jackal, and the little ape, Mercury (who had been tempted by the truffles to stay with them in the woods), come galloping at full speed up to the fire.

Mercury was evidently excessively discomposed at finding us gone; he gnashed his teeth, and chattered, as though in fear, looking hopelessly at the water, through which he could not venture.

The dogs planted themselves by the fire, gazing fixedly landward, with ears erect, and occasionally uttering a barking challenge, or a suppressed howl.

Meantime, the horrid roarings approached nearer, and I concluded that a couple of leopards or panthers had been attracted by the scent of the boar's carcass.

But not long after I had expressed this opinion, we beheld a large, powerful animal spring from the underwood, and, with a bound, and muttered roar, approach the fire. In a moment I recognized the unmistakable outlines of the form of a lion, though in size he far surpassed any I had ever seen exhibited in Europe.

The dogs slunk behind the fire, and the lion seated himself almost like a cat on his hind legs, glaring alternately at them, and at the great

boar hams which hung near, with doubtless a mixed feeling of irritation and appetite, which was testified by the restless movement of his tail.

He then arose, and commenced walking up and down with slow and measured pace, occasionally uttering short, angry roars, quite unlike the prolonged, full tones we had heard at first.

At times he went to drink at the brook, always returning with such haste that I fully expected to see him spring.

Gradually his manner became more and more threatening; he turned toward us, crouched, and with his body at full stretch, waved his tail, and glared so furiously that I was in doubt whether to fire or retreat, when through the darkness rang the sharp crack of a rifle.

"That is Fritz!" exclaimed every one; while, with a fearful roar, the lion sprang to his feet, stood stock-still, tottered, sank on his knees, rolled over, and lay motionless on the sand.

"We are saved!" I cried; "that was a masterly shot. The lion is struck to the heart; he will never stir again. Stay on board, boys. I must join my brave Fritz."

In a few moments I landed; the dogs met me with evident tokens of pleasure, but kept whining uneasily, and looking toward the deep darkness of the woods whence the lion had come.

This behavior made me cautious; and, seeing nothing of Fritz, I lingered by the boat, when suddenly a lioness bounded from the shadow of the trees, into the light diffused by the fire.

At sight of the blazing fagots she paused, as

though startled; passed with uncertain step round the outskirts of the illuminated circle; and uttered roarings, which were evidently calls to her mate, whose dead body she presently discovered.

Finding him motionless, her manner betokened the greatest concern; she touched him with her fore paws, smelt round him, and licked his bleeding wounds. Then, raising her head, she gnashed her teeth, and gave forth the most lamentable and dreadful sound I ever heard; a mingled roar and howl, which was like the expression of grief, rage, and a vow to be revenged, all in one.

Crack! Another shot: the creature's right fore paw was lamed; and the dogs, seeing me raise my gun, suddenly gathered courage, and ran forward just as I fired. My shot also wounded the lioness, but not mortally, and the most terrific combat ensued.

It was impossible to fire again, for fear of wounding the dogs. The scene was fearful beyond description. Black night surrounded us; the fitful blaze of the fire shed a strange, unnatural light on the prostrate body of the huge dead lion, and on the wounded lioness, who fought desperately against the attack of the four gallant dogs; while the cries, roars, and groans of anguish and fury uttered by all the animals were enough to try the stoutest nerves.

Old Juno, staunch to the last, was foremost in the fray. After a time, I saw her change her plan of attack, and spring at the throat of

the lioness; who, in an instant, raised her left paw, and at one blow the cruel claws had laid open the body of the dog, and destroyed the life of the true and faithful companion of so many years.

Just then Fritz appeared. The lioness was much weakened, and we ventured to go near enough to fire with safety to ourselves; and finally I dispatched her by plunging a hunting-knife deep in her breast.

Ernest and Jack were summoned from the yacht to witness the completed victory; and I regretted having left them on board, when I saw how greatly the noise and tumult had alarmed them, unable, as they were, to ascertain what was going on.

They hastened toward us in great agitation, and their joy on seeing us safe was only equaled by the grief they felt on learning of the death of Juno.

The night was now far advanced; the fire burnt low; but we piled on more wood, and, by the renewed light, drew poor Juno from between the paws of the lioness; and by the brookside, washed and bound up the torn body, wrapping it carefully in canvas, and carrying it with us on board the yacht, that it might be buried at Rockburg, whither on the following day it was our purpose to return.

Wearied and sorrowful, but full of thankfulness for our personal safety, we at length lay down to sleep, having brought all the dogs on board.

Next morning, before quitting Pearl Bay, we once more landed, that we might possess ourselves of the magnificent skins of the lion and lioness, whose visit, fatal to themselves, had caused such a commotion during the night.

In about a couple of hours we returned to the yacht, leaving the flayed carcasses to the tender mercies of the birds of prey sure to be attracted to them.

"Homeward bound," sang out the boys, as they cheerily weighed anchor, and prepared to stand out to sea. I could see, though he did not complain, that poor Jack had not recovered from the boar's rough treatment, and moved very stiffly.

"You must pilot us through the channel in the reef this time, Fritz," said I; adding, in a lower tone, "and then is it to be 'farewell,' my son!"

"Yes, dear father—*Au revoir!*" returned he, brightly, with a glance full of meaning, while he threw into his canoe a cushion and a fur cloak.

He sprang into his skiff and led the way toward the open sea. We followed, carefully, and soon passed the reef. Then while his brothers were busy with the sails, Fritz waved his hand to me, turned in the opposite direction, and vanished behind the point.

When missed by his brothers, I said he had a fancy to explore more of the coast, and if he found it interesting he might, instead of only a few hours, remain absent for two or three days.

Toward evening, we sailed into Safety Bay.

XIV

FRITZ'S RETURN

IVE days passed, but Fritz still remained absent. I could not conceal my anxiety, and at length determined to follow him. All were delighted at the proposal, and even the mother, when she heard that we were to sail in the pinnace, agreed to accompany us.

The boat was stored, and on a bright morning, with a favorable breeze, we five, with the dogs, stepped aboard, and ran for Cape Minster.

Our beautiful little yacht bounded over the water gaily, and the bright sunshine and delicious sea breeze put us all in the highest spirits. The entrance of the archway was in sight, and thither I was directing the boat's course. Suddenly, right ahead, I saw a dark and shadowy mass just below the surface of the water. "A sunken rock!" I thought to myself, "and yet it is strange that I never before noticed it." I put down the helm in a moment, but a catastrophe seemed inevitable.

We surged ahead! A slight shock, and all was over! The danger was passed!

I glanced astern, to look again at the dangerous spot; but the rock was gone, and, where but a moment before I had distinctly seen its great green shadow, I could now see nothing. Before we had recovered from our amazement, a shout from Jack surprised me.

"There is another," he exclaimed, "to starboard, father!"

Sure enough, there lay, apparently, another sunken rock.

"The rock is moving!" shouted Franz; and a great black body emerged from the sea, while from the upper extremity rushed a column of water, which, with a mighty noise, rose upward and then fell like rain all around. The mystery was explained; for, as the great beast emerged yet further from the water, I recognized, from its enormous size and great length of head, the cachalot whale.

The monster was apparently enraged at the way we had scratched his back; for, retreating to a short distance, he evidently meditated a rush upon us.

Fearful stories occurred to me of the savage temper of this whale, how he has been known to destroy boat after boat, and even ships, and with a feeling of desperation I sprang to one of the guns. Jack leaped to the other, and almost simultaneously we fired. Both shots apparently took effect; for the whale, after lashing the water violently for a few seconds, plunged beneath the surface, and disappeared. We kept a sharp lookout for him, for I was unwilling to lose such a valuable prize, and, reloading, stood toward the shore, in which direction he was apparently making. Presently we again sighted him in shallow water, lashing fearfully with his tail, and dyeing the waves around him with blood. Approaching the in-

furiate animal as nearly as I dared, we again fired.

The struggles of the whale seemed for a few moments to become even more frantic, and then, with a quiver from head to tail, he lay motionless—dead!

The boys were about to raise the cry of victory, but checked the shout upon their very lips; for darting behind a rock they espied a canoe paddled by a tall and muscular savage, who now stood up in his skiff and appeared to be examining us attentively. Seeing that we were standing toward him, the swarthy native seized his paddle and again darted behind a rock. An awful thought now took possession of me. There must be a tribe of blacks lurking on these shores, and Fritz must have fallen into their hands. We, however, I determined, should not be easily taken; and our guns were loaded and run out.

Presently a dusky face appeared, peeping at us from a lofty rock; it vanished, and we saw another peeping at us from lower down. Then, again, the skiff put out as though to make a further reconnoiter. All, even Jack, looked anxious, and glanced at me for orders.

"Hoist a white flag," said I, "and hand me the speaking trumpet."

I seized the instrument and uttered such peaceable words in the Malay language as I could recall; neither the flag nor my words seemed to produce any effect, and the savage was about to return to the shore.

Jack hereupon lost patience, and in his turn took up the trumpet.

"Come here, you black son of a gun," he exclaimed. "Come on board and make friends, or we'll blow you and your——"

"Stop! stop! you foolish boy," I said; "you will but alarm the man, with your wild words and gestures."

"No! but see," he cried, "he is paddling toward us!"

And sure enough the canoe was rapidly approaching.

Presently a cry from Franz alarmed me. "Look! look!" he shrieked, "the villain is in Fritz's cajack. I can see the walrus head."

Ernest alone remained unmoved. He took the speaking trumpet:

"Fritz, ahoy!" he shouted; "welcome, old fellow!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when I, too, recognized the well-known face beneath its dusky disguise.

In another minute the brave boy was on board, and in spite of his blackened face was kissed and welcomed heartily. He was now assailed with a storm of questions from all sides: "Where had he been?" "What had kept him so long, and why had he turned blackamoor?"

"The last question," replied he, with a smile, "is the only one I will now answer; the others shall be explained when I give a full account of my adventures. Hearing guns fired, my

mind was instantly filled with ideas of Malay pirates, for I never dreamed that you could be here in the yacht, so I disguised myself as you now see me, and came forth to reconnoiter. When you addressed me in Malay you only added to my terror, for it left not a doubt in my mind that you were pirates."

Having in our turn described to him our adventure with the cachalot whale, I asked him if he knew of a suitable spot for the anchorage of the yacht.

"Certainly," he replied, casting toward me a glance full of meaning; "I can lead you to an island where there is a splendid anchorage, and which is itself well worth seeing, for it contains all sorts of strange things." And after removing the stains from his skin, and turning himself once more into a civilized being, he again sprang into his canoe and piloted us to a picturesque little island in the bay.

Now that there could be no doubt as to the success of Fritz's expedition, I no longer hesitated to give to my wife an account of his project, and to prepare her mind for the surprise which awaited her. She was greatly startled, as I expected, and seemed almost overcome with emotion at the idea of seeing a human being, and that being one of her own sex.

"But why," she asked, "did you not tell me of this at first? Why wait until the last moment with such joyful news?"

"I was unwilling," I replied, "to raise hopes which might never be realized: but now, thank

Heaven, he has succeeded, and there is no need for concealment."

The boys could not at all understand the evident air of mystery and suppressed excitement which neither their mother, Fritz, nor I could entirely conceal. They cast glances of the greatest curiosity toward the island, and as soon as the sails were furled and the anchor dropped, they sprang eagerly ashore. In a body we followed Fritz, maintaining perfect silence. Presently we emerged from the thicket through which we were passing, and saw before us a hut of sheltering boughs, at the entrance of which burned a cheerful fire.

Into this leafy bower Fritz dived, leaving his brothers without, mute with astonishment. In another moment he emerged, leading by the hand a slight, handsome youth, by his dress apparently a young English naval officer. The pair advanced to meet us; and Fritz, with a countenance radiant with joy, briefly introduced his companion as Edward Montrose.

"And," he continued, looking at his mother and me, "will you not welcome him as a friend and a brother to our family circle?"

"That will we, indeed!" I exclaimed, advancing and holding out my hands to the fair young stranger. "Our wild life may have roughened our looks and manners, but it has not hardened our hearts, I trust."

The mother, too, embraced the seeming youth most heartily. The lads, and even the dogs, were not behindhand in testifying their

gratification at the appearance of their new friend—the former delighted at the idea of a fresh companion, and the latter won by her sweet voice and appearance.

From the expression made use of by Fritz I perceived that the girl wished her sex to remain unrevealed to the rest of the party until the mother could obtain for her a costume more suited to her real character.

The young men then ran down to the yacht to bring up what was necessary for supper, as well as to make preparations for a camp in which we might spend the night. This done, the mother hastened to set before us a substantial meal, while the boys, anxious to make their new acquaintance feel at home among them, were doing their best to amuse her. She herself, after the first feeling of strangeness had worn off, entered fully into all their fun; and by the time they sat down to supper was laughing and chattering as gaily as any one of the rest. She admired the various dishes, tasted our mead, and, without alluding once to her previous life, kept up a lively conversation.

The mere fact of meeting with any human being after so many years of isolation was in itself sufficient to raise the boys to the greatest state of excitement; but that this being should be one so handsome, so gay, so perfectly charming, seemed completely to have turned their heads; and when I gave the sign for breaking up of the feast, and their new friend was about to be led to the night quarters which had been

prepared for her on board the yacht, the health of Edward Montrose was proposed, and drunk in fragrant mead, amid the cheers and acclamations of all hands.

When she was gone, and silence had been restored, Jack exclaimed:

"Now, then, Fritz, if you please, just tell me where you came across this jolly fellow. Did you take your mysterious voyage in search of him, or did you meet him by chance? Out with your adventures, while we sit comfortably round the fire."

So saying, Jack cast more wood upon the blazing pile, and throwing himself down in his usual careless fashion, prepared to listen attentively.

Fritz, after a few moments' hesitation, began:

"Perhaps you remember," said he, "how, when I returned from my expedition in the cajack the other day, I struck down an albatross. None but my father at the time knew, however, what became of the wounded bird, or even thought more about it. Yet it was that albatross who brought me notice of the shipwrecked stranger and he, too, I determined should carry back a message, to cheer and encourage the sender.

"I first, as you know, prepared my cajack to carry two persons; and then, with a heart full of hope and trust, left you and the yacht, and, with Pounce seated before me, made for the open sea. For several hours I paddled steadily on, till, the wind freshening, I thought it advis-

able to keep in nearer shore; that, should a regular storm arise, I might find some sheltered bay in which to weather it.

"It was well I did so; for, scarcely had I reached a quiet cove which promised to afford me the protection I desired, when the sea appeared one mass of foam: great surging waves arose; and even in the comparative calm of the bay I felt that I was in some danger.

"I passed the night in my cajack; and next morning, after a frugal meal of pemmican,[10] and a draught of water from my flask, once more ventured forth. The wind had subsided, and the sea was tolerably smooth; and, keeping my eyes busily employed in seeking in every direction to detect, if possible, the slightest trace of smoke, or other sign of human life, I paddled on till noon.

"The aspect of the coast now began to change: the shores were sandy, while further inland lay dense forests, from whose gloomy depths I could ever and anon hear the fierce roar of beasts of prey, the yell of apes, the fiendish laugh of the hyena, or the despairing death cry of a hapless deer. Seldom have I experienced a greater feeling of solitude than while listening to these strange sounds, and knowing that I, in this frail canoe, was the only human being near. Giving myself up to contemplation, I rested my paddle, and allowed my cajack to drift slowly on.

"For some hours I paddled quickly on,

10. *Pemmican* is meat cut into thin slices dried in the sun, pounded to a powder, and then compressed into cakes.

sometimes passing the mouth of a stream, sometimes that of a broad river. Had I been merely on an exploring expedition, I should have been tempted, doubtless, to cruise a little way up one of these pathways into the forest; but now such an idea did not enter my head. On, on, on, I felt I must go, until I should reach the goal of my voyage.

"The shades of night at length drew on, and, finding a sheltered cove, I moored my cajack, and stepped on shore. You may imagine how pleasant it was to stretch my legs, after sitting for so long in the cramped position which my cajack enforces. It would not do, however, to sleep on shore; so after preparing and enjoying my supper, I returned on board, and there spent the night.

"My thoughts on awakening were gloomy. I felt that I could no longer continue the voyage. The albatross, I thought, may have flown hundreds of miles before it reached me. This stranger may be on different shores from these entirely; every stroke of my paddle may be carrying me further from the blazing signal: who knows?

"This feeling of discouragement was not, however, to be of long duration; for in a moment more a sight presented itself, which banished all my doubts and fears, and raised me to the highest pitch of excitement.

"A high point of land lay before me. I rounded it, and beyond found a calm and pleasant bay, from whose curved and thickly

wooded shores ran out a reef of rocks. From the point of this reef rose a column of smoke, steadily and clearly curling upward in the calm air. I could scarcely believe my senses, but stopped gazing at it, as though I were in a dream; then, with throbbing pulse and giddy brain, I seized my paddle, and strained every nerve to reach it.

"A few strokes seemed to carry me across the bay, and, securing my canoe, I leaped upon the rock, on which the beacon was blazing, but not a sign of a human being could I see. I was about to shout, for as the fire had evidently been recently piled up, I knew the stranger could not be far off; but, before I could do so, I saw a slight figure passing along the chain of rocks toward the spot on which I stood. You may all imagine my sensations.

"I advanced a few paces; and then mastering my emotion as best I could, I said in English:

" 'Welcome, fair stranger! God, in his mercy, has heard your call, and has sent me to your aid!'

"Miss Montrose came quickly forward——"

"Who? What?" shouted the boys, interrupting the narrative; "who came forward?" and amid a general hubbub, Ernest, rising and advancing to his brother, said in his quiet way:

"I did not like to make any remark till you actually let out the secret, Fritz, but we need no longer pretend not to see through the disguise of Edward Montrose."

Fritz, though much disconcerted by the discovery of the secret, recovered his self-possession;

and, after bearing with perfect equanimity the jokes with which his brothers assailed him, joined in three cheers for their new sister, and when the confusion and laughter which ensued had subsided, continued his story:

"Miss Montrose grasped my hands warmly, and guessing from my pronunciation, I am afraid, that I was not in the habit of speaking English every day of my life, said in French:

"'Long, long, have I waited since the bird returned with your message. Thank God, you have come at last!'

"Then, with tears of joy and gratitude, she led me to the shore, where she had built a hut and a safe sleeping place, like Falconhurst on a small scale, among the branches of a tree. I was delighted with all she showed me, for indeed her hut and its fittings evinced no ordinary skill and ingenuity. Round the walls hung bows, arrows, lances, and bird snares; while on her worktable, in boxes and cases, carved skilfully with a knife, were fishhooks of mother-of-pearl, needles made from fish bones, and bodkins from the beaks of birds, fishing lines of all sorts, and knives and other tools. These latter she told me were, with a chest of wearing apparel, almost the only things washed ashore after the wreck, when three years ago she was cast alone upon this desolate coast. I marveled more and more at the wonderful way in which this girl had surmounted obstacles, the quarter of which would completely have appalled the generality of her sex. The hut itself was a marvel of skill;

stout posts had been driven into the ground, with cross pieces of bamboo, to form a framework; the walls had been woven with reeds, the roof thatched with palm leaves, and the whole plastered smoothly with clay, an open space being left in the center of the roof for a chimney to carry off the smoke of the fire.

"As we entered, a cormorant, with a cry of anger, flew from under the table toward me, and was about to attack me fiercely. Miss Montrose called it off, and she then told me she had captured and tamed the bird soon after first landing, and since that time had contrived to train it to assist her in every conceivable way; it now not only was a pleasant companion, but brought her food of every description, fish, flesh and fowl, for whether it dived into the waters, according to its natural habit, struck down birds upon the wing, or seized rabbits and other small animals upon the land, it laid all its booty at her feet.

"Before darkness closed in, all the curiosities and ingenious contrivances of the place had been displayed—the kitchen stove, cooking utensils, skin bottles, shell plates and spoons, the fishing raft and numberless other things—and then, as I sat with my fair hostess at a most appetizing meal she gave me a short account of her life.

"Jenny Montrose was the daughter of a British officer, who had served for many years in India, where she herself was born. At the early age of three years she lost her mother.

"After the death of his wife, all the colonel's love and care was centered upon his only child; under his eye she was instructed in all the accomplishments suited to her sex; and from him she imbibed an ardent love for field sports. By the time she was seventeen, she was as much at home upon her horse in the field as in her father's drawing-room. Colonel Montrose now received orders to return home with his regiment, and as for certain reasons he did not wish her to accompany him in the ship with the troops, he obtained a passage for her on board a vessel which was about to sail at the same time.

"The separation was extremely painful to both the old soldier and his daughter, but there was no alternative. They parted, and Miss Montrose sailed in the *Dorcas* for England. A week after she had left Calcutta, a storm arose and drove the vessel far out of her course; more bad weather ensued; and at length, leaks having been sprung in all directions, the crew was obliged to take to the boats. Jenny obtained a place in one of the largest of these. After enduring the perils of the sea for many days, land was sighted; and, the other boats having disappeared, an attempt was made to land. The boat was capsized, and Miss Montrose alone reached the shore. For a long time she lay upon the sand almost inanimate; but, reviving sufficiently to move, she at length obtained some shellfish, and by degrees recovered her strength. From that time forth until I appeared she never set eyes upon a human being. To

attract any passing vessel, and obtain assistance, however, she kept a beacon continually blazing at the end of the reef; and, with the same purpose in view, attached missives to the feet of any birds she could take alive in her snares. The albatross, she told me, she had kept for some time, and partially tamed; but, as it was in the habit of making long excursions on its own account, she conceived the idea of sending it also with a message, that, should it by chance be seen and taken alive, it might return with an answer.

"Our supper was over, and, at length, both wearied out with the anxieties and excitement of the day, we retired to rest, she to her leafy bower, and I to sleep in the hut below.

"Next morning, having packed her belongings in the cajack, we both went on board; and bidding adieu to her well-known bay she took her seat before me, and I made for home.

"We should have reached Rockburg this evening had not an accident occurred to our skiff and compelled us to put in at this island. The boat was scarcely repaired when I heard your first shots. I instantly disguised myself; and, never doubting that Malay pirates were near, came forth to reconnoiter. Glad indeed was I to find my fears ungrounded."

Next morning, as we assembled for breakfast, I took the opportunity of begging Miss Montrose no longer to attempt to continue her disguise, but to allow us to address her in her real character.

Jenny smiled; for she had noticed, as the young men met her when she came from the cabin, a great alteration in their manner, and had at once seen that her secret was guessed.

"After all," she said, "I need not be ashamed of this attire; it has been my only costume for the last three years, and in any other I should have been unable to manage all the work which during that time has been necessary."

XV

THE RETURN

ALL was now bustle and activity; and breakfast over, we went aboard the yacht. Fritz and Jack stepped into the canoe; and we soon left Fair Isle and Pearl Bay far behind.

The morning was delightful. The sea, excepting for the slight ripple raised by the gentle breeze wafting us homeward, was perfectly calm. Slowly and contentedly we glided on through the wonders of the splendid archway, threaded our passage among the rocks and shoals, and passed out to the open sea. So slowly did we make our way, that the occupants of the cajack announced that they could not wait for us when they had once piloted us out from among the shoals and reefs, and plied their paddles to such good purpose that they were soon out of sight. Nautilus Bay and Cape Pug-Nose were in due time passed, however, and Shark Island hove in sight. With

great astonishment Jenny gazed at our watch-tower, with its guardhouse, the fierce-looking guns, and the waving flag upon the heights. We landed, that she might visit the fortification; when we displayed all our arrangements with great pride. When they and the herd of lovely gazelles had been sufficiently admired, we again embarked, and steered toward Deliverance Bay. On reaching the entrance, a grand salute of twelve shots welcomed us and our fair guest to Rockburg. Not pleased with the even number, however, Ernest insisted upon replying with thirteen guns, an odd number being, he declared, absolutely necessary for form's sake.

As we neared the quay, Fritz and Jack stood ready to receive us, and with true politeness handed their mother and Jenny ashore. They turned and led the way to the house through the gardens, orchards, and shrubberies which lay on the rising ground that sloped gently upward to our dwelling.

Jenny's surprise was changed to wonder as she neared the villa itself—its broad, shady balcony, its fountains sparkling in the sun, the dovecots, the pigeons wheeling above, and the bright, fresh creepers twined round the columns, delighted her. She could scarcely believe that she was still far from any civilized nation, and that she was among a family wrecked like herself upon a lonely coast.

My amazement, however, fully equaled that of my little daughter when, beneath the shade of the veranda, I saw a table laid out with a

delicious luncheon. All our china, silver, and glass had been called into requisition, and was arranged upon the spotless damask cloth.

Wine sparkled in the decanters, splendid pine-apples, oranges, guavas, apples, and pears resting on cool green leaves, lay heaped in pyramids upon the porcelain dishes. A haunch of venison, cold fowl, ham, and tongues occupied the ends and sides of the table, while in the center rose a vase of gay flowers, surrounded by bowls of milk and great jugs of mead. It was, indeed, a perfect feast, and the heartiness of the welcome brought tears of joy into the lovely eyes of the fair girl in whose honor it had been devised.

All were soon ready to sit down; and Jenny, looking prettier than ever in the dress for which she had exchanged her sailor's suit, took the place of honor between the mother and me. Ernest and Franz also seated themselves; but nothing would induce Fritz and Jack to follow their example. They considered themselves our entertainers, and waited upon us most attentively, carving the joints, filling our glasses, and changing the plates; for, as Jack declared to Miss Montrose, the servants had all run away in our absence, and, for the next day or two, perhaps we should be obliged to wait upon ourselves.

When the banquet was over, and the waiters had satisfied their appetites, they joined their brothers, and with them displayed all the wonders of Rockburg to their new sister. To the house, cave, stables, gardens, fields and boat-houses, to one after the other did they lead her.

Not a corner would they have left unnoticed, had not the mother, fearing they would tire the poor girl out, come to the rescue, and led her back to the house.

On the following day, after an early breakfast, we started, while it was yet cool, for Falconhurst; and as I knew that repairs and arrangements for the coming winter would be necessary, and would detain us for several days, we took with us a supply of tools, as well as baskets of provisions, and other things essential to our comfort.

The whole of our stud, excepting the ostrich, were in their paddocks near the tree; but Jack, saying that his mother and Jenny really must not walk the whole way, to the great amusement of the latter, leaped on Hurry, and fled away in front of us. Before we had accomplished one quarter of the distance, we heard the thundering tread of many feet galloping down the avenue, and presently espied our motley troop of steeds being driven furiously toward us. Storm, Lightfoot, Swift, Grumble, Stentor, Arrow and Dart were there, with Jack, on his fleet two-legged courser, at their heels. At his saddle-bow hung a cluster of saddles and bridles, the bits all jangling and clanking, adding to the din and confusion, and urging on the excited animals, who thoroughly entered into the fun, and with tails in the air, ears back, and heels ever and anon thrown playfully out, seemed about to overwhelm us.

We stepped aside to shelter ourselves behind

the trees from the furious onset; but a shout from Fritz brought the whole herd to a sudden halt, and Jack spurred toward us.

"Which of the cattle shall we saddle for you, Jenny?" he shouted; "they're all as gentle as lambs, and as active as cats. Every one has been ridden by mother, and knows what a side-saddle means, so you can't go wrong."

To his great delight, Jenny quickly showed her appreciation of the merits of the steeds by picking out Dart, the fleetest and most spirited in the whole stud.

The ostrich was then relieved of his unusual burden, the animals were speedily equipped, and Lightfoot bearing the baskets and hampers, the whole party mounted and trotted forward. Jenny was delighted with her palfry, and henceforward he was reserved for her special use.

The work at Falconhurst, as I had expected, occupied us for some time, and it was a week before we could again return to Rockburg. Yet the time passed pleasantly; for though the young men were busy from morning to night, the presence of their new companion, her lively spirits and gay conversation, kept them in constant good humor.

When the repairs were all finished, we remained yet a day or two longer, that we might make excursions in various directions to bring in poultry from Woodlands, stores of acorns for the pigs, and grass, willows, and canes, to be manufactured during the winter into mats, baskets, hurdles, and hencoops.

Many a shower wetted us through during these days, and we had scarcely time to hurry back to Rockburg and house our cattle and possessions before the annual deluge began.

Never before had this dreary season seemed so short and pleasant; with Jenny among us, the usual feeling of weariness and discontent never appeared; the English language was quickly acquired by all hands, Fritz, in particular, speaking it so well that Jenny declared she could scarcely believe he was not an Englishman. She herself already spoke French, and therefore easily learned our native language and spoke it fluently before we were released from our captivity.

XVI

THE ENGLISH WARSHIP

MANY wondrous tales were told or read in turn by the boys and Jenny during the long evenings as we sat drawing, weaving and plaiting in our cozy study. In fact this winter was a truly happy time, and when at length the rain ceased and the bright sun again smiled upon the face of nature, we could scarcely believe, as we stepped forth and once more felt the balmy breath of spring, that, for so many weeks, we had been prisoners within our rocky walls.

All was once more activity and life; the duties in field, garden, and orchard called forth the

energy of the lads, while their mother and sister found abundant occupation in the poultry yard and house.

Our various settlements and stations required attention. Falconhurst, Woodlands, Prospect Hill, Shark and Whale Islands were in turn visited and set in order. The duty of attending to the island battery fell to Jack and Franz.

They had been busy all day repairing the flagstaff, rehoisting the flag, and cleaning and putting into working order the two guns.

Evening was drawing on and our day's work was over; the rest of us were strolling up and down upon the beach, enjoying the cool sea breeze. They loaded and ran out their guns, and paddling off with an empty tub in the cajack, placed it out at sea as a mark for practice. They returned and fired, and the barrel flew in pieces, and then, with a shout of triumph, they cleaned the guns and ran them in.

Scarcely had they done so when, as though in answer to their shots, came the sound of three guns booming across the water from the westward.

We stopped speechless. Was it fancy? Had we really heard guns from a strange ship? Or had the boys again fired? No! there were the lads leaping into their canoe and paddling in hot haste toward us. They, too, had heard the sound.

A tumult of feelings rushed over us—anxiety, joy, hope, doubt, each in turn took possession of our minds. Was it a European vessel close

upon our shores, and were we about to be linked once more to civilized life? Or did those sounds proceed from a Malay pirate, who would rob and murder us! What was to be the result of meeting with our fellow beings; were they to be friends who would help us, enemies who would attack us, or would they prove unfortunate creatures in need of our assistance? Who could tell?

Before we could express these thoughts in words the cajack had touched the shore, and Jack and Franz were among us.

"Did you hear them? Did you hear them?" they gasped. "What shall we do? Where shall we go?"

"O Fritz," continued my youngest son, "it must be a European ship. We shall find her. We shall see our Fatherland once more," and in an emotion of joy he grasped his brother's hands.

Till then I knew not what a craving for civilized life had been aroused in the two young men by the appearance of their European sister.

All eyes were turned toward me. What would I advise?

"At present," I said, "we can do nothing, for night is drawing on. We must make what preparations we can, and pray for guidance."

In the greatest excitement we returned to the house, all talking eagerly, and till late no one could be persuaded to retire to rest.

Few slept that night. The boys and I took it in turn to keep watch from the veranda, lest

more signals might be fired, or a hostile visit might be paid us. But about midnight the wind began to rise, and before we reassembled to discuss our plans a fearful storm was raging; so terrific was the sea that I knew no boat could live, and had a broadside been fired at the entrance of the bay we should not have heard it through the howling of the blast. For two days and two nights the hurricane continued, but on the third day the sun again appeared, and, the wind lulling, the sea went rapidly down. Full of anxiety, I readily complied with the boys' desire to put off to Shark Island and discharge the guns; for who could tell what had been the result of the gale; perhaps the vessel had been driven upon the rocky shore, or, fearing such a fate, she had left the coast and weathered the storm out at sea; if so, she might never return.

With these thoughts I accompanied Jack and Franz to the fort. One—two—we fired the guns and waited.

For some minutes there was no reply, and then an answering report rolled in the distance. There was no longer room for doubt; the strangers were still in the vicinity, and were aware of our presence. We waved the flag as a signal to those on shore that all was well, and quickly returned. We found the whole family in a state of the greatest excitement, and I felt it necessary to calm them down as much as possible, for I could neither answer the questions with which I was besieged, nor conceal the fact

that the visit of the vessel might not prove so advantageous as they expected.

Fritz and I at once prepared to make a reconnoissance; we armed ourselves with our guns, pistols, and cutlasses, took a spyglass, seated ourselves in the cajack, and with a parting entreaty from the mother to be cautious, paddled out of the bay and round the high cliffs on our left. For nearly an hour we advanced in the direction from which the reports of the guns seemed to proceed. Nothing could we see, however, but the frowning rocks and cliffs, and the waves beating restlessly at their base. Cape Pug-Nose was reached, and we began to round the bluff old point. In a moment all our doubts were dispelled, and joy and gratitude to the Great Giver of all good filled our hearts. There, in the little sheltered cove beyond the cape, her sails furled, her anchor dropped, lay a brig of war with the English colors at her masthead.

With the glass I could discern figures upon the deck, and upon the shore beyond several tents pitched under the shelter of the trees, and the smoke of fires rising among them. As I handed the glass to Fritz, I felt a sudden misgiving. "What," said I to myself, "can this English vessel be doing thus far from the usual track of ships?" and I called to mind tales of mutinous crews who have risen against their officers, have chosen some such sheltered retreat as this, have disguised the vessel, and then sailed forth to rob and plunder upon the high seas.

Fritz then exclaimed: "I can see the captain,

father; he is speaking to one of the officers, and I can see his face quite well; he is English, I am certain he is English, and the flag speaks the truth!" and he put the glass again in my hand that I might see for myself.

Still keeping under the shelter of the cliff, I carefully surveyed the vessel. There was no doubt that Fritz was right, and my fears were once more dispelled; all was neatness and regularity on board; the spotless decks, the burnished steel and brass, and the air of perfect order which pervaded both ship and camp, betokened that authority and discipline there reigned. For some minutes longer we continued our examination of the scene, and then, satisfied by the appearance of the camp on shore that there was no chance of the brig quitting the coast for several days, we resolved to return without betraying our presence, for I was unwilling to appear before these strangers until we could do so in better form, and in a manner more in accordance with our actual resources.

We again landed at Rockburg, where our family awaited our arrival in eager expectation, and as fully as possible we told them of all we had seen. They thoroughly approved of our caution, and even Jenny, whose hopes had been excited to the highest pitch by our description of the English vessel, and who longed to meet her countrymen once more, agreed to postpone the visit until the following day, when, having put our yacht into good order, we might pay our respects to the captain, not as poor ship-

wrecked creatures begging assistance, but as lords and masters of the land, seeking to know for what purpose strangers were visiting the coast.

The rest of the day was occupied in making our preparations. Our dainty little craft was made to look her very best; her decks were scrubbed, her brass guns burnished, all lumber removed and put ashore, and the flag of England hoisted to her peak. The mother overhauled our wardrobes, and the neatest uniforms were put ready for the boys and me, for though neither my wife nor Jenny had ever dreamed of appearing otherwise than they would have done had they been at home among civilized people in Europe, yet we, accustomed daily to rough and often even dirty work, had adopted just that costume which best suited our comfort and inclination. We should indeed have surprised the smart man-o'-war's men, had we appeared in our great, shapeless, wide-brimmed hats, our linen coats and trousers, our broad leathern belts and hairy buskins; so we next day readily donned the more becoming costumes.

At the break of that eventful morn, when we were destined once more to set our eyes upon our fellow-men, and to hear news of the outer world, from which for so many years we had been exiled, we assembled in our little breakfast room. The meal was eaten hurriedly and almost in silence, for our hearts were too full, and our minds too busily occupied, to allow of any outward display of excitement. Fritz and Jack

then slipped quietly out, and presently returned from the garden with baskets of the choicest fruits in fresh and fragrant profusion, and with these, as presents for the strangers, we went on board our yacht.

The anchor was weighed, the sails set, and with the canoe in tow the little vessel, as though partaking of our hopes and joyous expectation, bounded merrily over the waters of Safety Bay, gave a wide berth to the Reef, against whose frowning rocks the sea still lashed itself to foam, and kept away for the cove, where the English ship unconsciously awaited us. The Pugnosed Cape was reached, and, to the surprise and utter amazement of the strangers, we rounded the point and brought up within hail. Every eye on board and on shore was turned toward us, every glass was produced and fixed upon our motions; for of all the strange sights which the gallant crew may have looked for, such an anomaly as a pleasure yacht, manned by such a party as ours, and cruising upon this strange and inhospitable shore, was the furthest from their thoughts.

Fritz and I stepped into our boat and pulled for the brig. In another minute we were upon her deck. The captain, with the simple frankness of a British seaman, welcomed us cordially, and having led us into his cabin, begged us to explain to what good fortune he owed a visit from residents upon a coast generally deemed uninhabited, or the abode of the fiercest savages.

I gave him an outline of the history of the

wreck, and of our sojourn upon these shores, and spoke to him, too, of Miss Montrose, and of the providential way in which we had been the means of rescuing her from her lonely position.

"Then," said the gallant officer, rising and grasping Fritz by the hand, "let me heartily thank you in my own name, and in that of Colonel Montrose; for it was the hope of finding some trace of that brave girl that led me to these shores. The disappearance of the *Dorcas* has been a terrible blow to the colonel, and yet, though for three years no word of her or any of those who sailed in her has reached England, he has never entirely abandoned all hope of again hearing of his daughter. I knew this, and a few weeks ago, when I was about to leave Sydney for the Cape, I found three men who declared themselves survivors of the *Dorcas* and said that their boat, of four which left the wreck, was the only one which, to their knowledge, reached land in safety. From them I learned all particulars, and applying for permission to cruise in these latitudes, I sailed in hopes of finding further traces of the unfortunate crew. My efforts have been rewarded by unlooked-for success."

Fritz replied most modestly to the praises which he received, and then the captain begged to be introduced to my wife and Miss Montrose.

"And," he continued, "if it be not contrary to your rules of discipline for the whole ship's company to be absent at once, I will now send a boat for the remainder of your party."

One of the officers was accordingly dispatched to the yacht with a polite message, and the mother, Jenny, and the boys were presently on board.

Our kind host greeted them most warmly, and he and his officers vied with one another in doing us honor. They proved, indeed, most pleasant entertainers, and the time passed rapidly away. At luncheon the captain told us that there had sailed with him from Sydney an invalid gentleman, Mr. Wolston, his wife, and two daughters; but that, though the sea voyage had been recommended on account of his health, it had not done Mr. Wolston so much good as had been anticipated, and he had suffered so greatly from the effects of the storm, which had driven the *Unicorn* into the bay for repairs, that he had been eager to rest for a short time on land.

We were anxious to meet the family, and in the afternoon it was decided that we should pay them a visit. Tents had been pitched for their accommodation under the shady trees, and when we landed we found Mr. Wolston seated by one of them, enjoying the cool sea breeze. He and his family were delighted to see us, and so much did we enjoy their society, that evening found us still upon the shore. It was too late then to return to Rockburg, and the captain kindly offered tents for the accommodation of those who could not find room in the yacht. The boys spent the night on land.

That night I had a long and serious consulta-

tion with my wife, as to whether or not we really had any well-grounded reason for wishing to return to Europe. It would be childish to undertake a voyage thither simply because an opportunity offered for doing so.

Neither knew to what decision the feelings of the other inclined; each was afraid of expressing what might run counter to those feelings; but gradually it began to appear that neither entertained any strong wish to leave the peaceful island; and finally we discovered that the real wish which lay at the bottom of both our hearts was to adopt New Switzerland as thenceforward our home.

What can be more delightful than to find harmony of opinion in those we love, when a great and momentous decision has to be taken?

My dear wife assured me that she desired nothing more earnestly than to spend the rest of her days in a place to which she had become so much attached, provided I, and at least two of her sons, also wished to remain.

From the other two she would willingly part, if they chose to return to Europe, with the understanding that they must endeavor to send out emigrants of a good class to join us, and form a prosperous colony, adding that she thought the island ought to continue to bear the name of our native country, even if inhabited in future time by colonists from England, as well as from Switzerland.

I heartily approved of this excellent idea, and on consultation with my sons I found that Fritz,

whose interest in Jenny was most apparent, and Franz, who longed for school life, earnestly desired to return to Europe, while Ernest and Jack were more than willing to remain. Mr. Wolston, with his wife and elder daughter, decided to make New Switzerland their future home, and thus my wife and I were left far from solitary when our two sons parted from us.

ECHO

JOHN G. SAXE

I asked of Echo, 't other day,
(Whose words are few and often funny,)
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony?
Quoth Echo, plainly,—"Matter-o'-money!"

Whom should I marry?—should it be
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,
A pattern of inconstancy;
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply,—"Nary flirt!"

What if, aweary of the strife
That long has lured the dear deceiver,
She promise to amend her life,
And sin no more; can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, very promptly,—"Leave her!"

But if some maiden with a heart
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure, or forego it?
Quoth Echo, with decision,—"Go it!"

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vow she means to die a maid,
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly,—"Let her!"

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart intwined about
With Cupid's dear delicious chain
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly,—"Get out!"

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest
Till envious Death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*),—"Take her!"

THE STORY OF ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

NOTE,—*The Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, from which *Aladdin* and *Sinbad the Sailor* are taken, is a celebrated collection of Eastern tales. It is supposed that the Arabians got them from the people of India, who in their turn are supposed to have received them from Persia. They were introduced into Europe in a French translation about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and have always been very popular, not only on account of the interest of the stories, but because they give excellent pictures of life and customs in the East. In certain Mohammedan lands to-day people tell and believe stories of genii which are quite as extraordinary as some of those contained in the *Arabian Nights*.

The tales, although they are separate stories, are fancifully connected as follows:

A certain sultan, Schahriar, having found that his wife was unfaithful to him, had her put to death and vowed that each day thereafter he would marry a new wife, who should be put to death on the following morning. At length Scheherazade, a daughter of the vizier, determined to try by a clever device to stop the sultan's cruelty. By her own request she became the wife of the sultan, but in the morning, before he had a chance to order her beheaded, she be-

gan to tell him a most interesting story. In the middle of this tale she broke off, and the sultan was so curious as to what was to follow, that he declared she should live until the following day. Each day the sultaness practiced the same device, and each day the sultan's curiosity got the better of his cruelty, so that he allowed her to live on. For a thousand and one nights she kept up her story telling, and by the end of that time, the sultan had fallen so in love with his wife that he declared she should live. Thus by her heroism and her accomplishments she prevented the death of many girls, who might have become victims of the sultan's cruel vow.

ALADDIN

IN one of the great, rich cities of China, there once lived a poor tailor named Mustapha. Although his family consisted only of his wife and a son, he could scarcely by the hardest labor support them.

Aladdin, the son, was an idle fellow, careless and disobedient. Every morning early he would go out into the streets, and there he would stay all day, playing in the public places with other shiftless children of his own age.

When he was old enough to learn a trade, his father took him into his own shop and taught him how to use a needle, but no sooner was the father's back turned than Aladdin was gone for the day. Mustapha punished him again and again, but everything failed to keep Aladdin off

the street, and finally his father was compelled to abandon him to his evil ways. The poor old tailor felt his son's disobedience so keenly that he fell sick, and in a few months died of sorrow.

Aladdin, no longer restrained by the fear of his father, was never out of the streets by day, and gave himself up wholly to idleness and play till he was fifteen years old.

At about that time, as he was one day playing with some rough boys in the street, a stranger who was passing stopped and eyed the boy keenly. Though the stranger looked like any other man, he was in reality an African magician, who had but recently arrived in the Chinese city. Aladdin was an attractive boy, and because of his habits the sorcerer felt that the boy was well suited to his purposes. Accordingly, after talking with the other boys and learning Aladdin's history, he called the youngster away from his playmates.

"Child," he asked, "was not your father called Mustapha the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "but he has been dead for some time."

At these words the magician threw his arms about Aladdin's neck, and, with tears in his eyes, kissed the boy several times, saying, "I am your uncle; your father was my own brother. I knew you as soon as I saw you, you are so much like him. Go, my son," he continued, handing the boy some money, "to your mother! Give her my love and tell her that I will visit her to-morrow."

Overjoyed with the money his uncle had given him, Aladdin ran to his home.

"O mother," he cried, "have I an uncle?"

"No, my son," she replied, "you have no uncle either on your father's side or on mine."

"I am just now come," said Aladdin, "from a man who says he is my uncle and my father's brother. He cried and kissed me when I told him my father was dead, and gave me money, sending his love to you, and promising to come and pay you a visit, that he may see the house my father lived and died in."

"Indeed, child," replied the mother, "your father had no brother, nor have you an uncle."

The next day the magician found Aladdin playing in another part of the town, and embracing him as before, put two pieces of gold into his hand, and said to him, "Carry this, child, to your mother; tell her that I will come and see her to-night, and bid her get us something for supper; but first show me the house where you live."

Aladdin showed the African magician the house, and carried the two pieces of gold to his mother, who went out and bought provisions.

She spent the whole day in preparing the supper; and at night, when it was ready, said to her son, "Perhaps the stranger knows not how to find our house; go and bring him, if you meet with him."

Aladdin was just ready to go, when the magician knocked at the door, and came in loaded with wine and all sorts of fruits, which he brought

for a dessert. After he had given what he brought into Aladdin's hands, he saluted his mother, and desired her to show him the place where his brother Mustapha used to sit on the sofa; and when she had done so, he fell down, and kissed it several times, crying out, with tears in his eyes, "My poor brother! how unhappy am I, not to have come soon enough to give you one last embrace!"

Aladdin's mother desired him to sit down in the same place, but he declined.

"No," said he, "I shall not do that; but give me leave to sit opposite it, that although I see not the master of a family so dear to me, I may at least behold the place where he used to sit."

When the magician had comfortably seated himself, he began to talk with Aladdin's mother.

"My good sister," said he, "do not be surprised that you have never seen me in all the time you were married to my brother Mustapha, blessed be his memory. I have been forty years traveling in India, Persia, Arabia, Syria and Egypt. In Africa I lived for many years, but at last I wished to see my native country again, and to embrace my dear brother. Nothing ever afflicted me so much as hearing of my brother's death. But God be praised for all things! It is a comfort for me to find in my nephew one who has my brother's most remarkable features."

The widow wept so sorrowfully at these kind allusions to her husband, that the sorcerer changed the conversation.

"What business do you follow, my nephew," he asked; "have you any trade?"

The youth hung down his head and could make no answer, but his mother began to complain. "Aladdin is an idle fellow. When his father was alive, he tried to teach the boy his trade, but without success. Now I can do nothing with the boy, who forgets that he is no longer a child. He idles away his time in the streets till I have resolved one of these days to turn him out to provide for himself."

"This is not well, my nephew; you must think about helping yourself. There are many trades, and if you do not like your father's, I will try to help you. If you wish, I will hire a shop for you and furnish it with linens and fine cloths, and with them you can make money with which to buy new goods, and thus support yourself in an honorable way."

This plan just suited the lazy Aladdin. He told the magician that he felt more inclined to be a business man than to engage in any trade.

"Very well then," said the pretended uncle, "I will take you with me to-morrow to the best merchants in the city, clothe you properly, and set you up in a shop."

The widow could no longer doubt that the magician was her husband's brother, and after exhorting Aladdin to be worthy of his uncle's kindness, served the supper, and the three chatted on various subjects until the time came for the magician to take his leave.

The next day he came as he had promised,

and taking Aladdin with him, purchased a fine suit of clothing, just such as the boy wished.

After this the sorcerer took Aladdin through the city, showed him the fine buildings, took him into the rich stores, and finally introduced him to many of the prominent merchants with whom the young storekeeper would have to deal.

When night came, the sorcerer conducted Aladdin to his home, where his mother, seeing him so richly clothed, bestowed a thousand blessings upon the head of the magician. The second day the magician took Aladdin into the country, saying that on the third day he would purchase the shop. They went out at one of the gates of the city and visited a number of beautiful palaces, at every one of which the sorcerer would ask Aladdin if he did not think it fine, and then mention some palace farther on that was even more magnificent. By such device he led the youth far into the country, and in the heat of the day sat down with him on the edge of a fountain of clear water that discharged itself by the mouth of a bronze lion.

"Come nephew," he said, "let us rest ourselves, and we shall be better able to pursue our walk." The magician drew from his pocket some cakes and fruit, and as they lunched he urged Aladdin to change his habits, become industrious, and seek the companionship of the wise and learned.

After resting a time, the magician by various devices led Aladdin still farther into the country,

until they came between two mountains of nearly equal size, divided by a narrow valley.

"Now," said the magician, who had come all the way from Africa to China for this very purpose, "we will go no farther. I will show you here some wonderful things, for which you will thank me. But while I strike a light, gather up all the loose, dry sticks you can find, so that we can build a fire."

As soon as they had a good fire burning, the magician threw upon it some incense, pronouncing at the same time several magical words which Aladdin could not understand.

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the earth in front of the magician opened and disclosed a stone with a brass ring in it. Aladdin was so frightened by the noise and commotion, that he started to run away. But the magician seized him by the collar and gave him such a box on the ear that he fell to the ground.

"What have I done, uncle," said the boy, trembling with fear, "to be treated in such a manner?"

"I am your uncle," said the magician, "and I am in place of your father. It is not your place to question me. But my child," he said, softening his voice, "do not be afraid, for if you obey me punctually you will reap the great advantages I intend for you. Under this stone is hidden a treasure which shall be yours, and which will make you richer than the greatest monarch in the world. No one but yourself can lift the stone, and no one but yourself can enter the cave."

Aladdin, more and more amazed at what he said, forgot his fear and anger, and rising, said, "Command me, uncle! I am ready to obey."

"That is right, my boy," said the magician embracing him. "Take hold of the ring and lift the stone."

"But I am not strong enough," said Aladdin; "you must help me."

"If I help you, you can do nothing. Take hold of the ring and lift the stone; it will come easily."

Aladdin, obeying, raised the stone with ease and laid it to one side. Beneath it appeared a staircase leading to a door.

"Descend, my son," said the magician, "and open the door. It will lead you into a wonderful palace, having three great halls. In each of these you will see four large brass chests, full of gold and silver; but take care you do not meddle with them. Before you enter the first hall, be sure to tuck up your robe, wrap it about you, and then pass through the second into the third without stopping. Above all things, have a care that you do not touch the walls so much as with your clothes; for if you do, you will die instantly. At the end of the third hall, you will find a door which opens into a garden, planted with fine trees loaded with fruit. Walk directly across the garden to a terrace, where you will see a niche before you, and in that niche a lighted lamp. Take the lamp down and put it out. When you have thrown away the wick and poured out the liquor, put it in your waist-

band and bring it to me. Do not be afraid that the liquor will spoil your clothes, for it is not oil, and the lamp will be dry as soon as it is thrown out."

After these words the magician drew a ring off his finger, and put it on one of Aladdin's, saying, "This is a talisman against all evil, so long as you obey me. Go, therefore, boldly, and we shall both be rich all our lives."

Aladdin descended the steps, and, opening the door, found the three halls just as the African magician had described. He went through them with all the precaution the fear of death could inspire, crossed the garden without stopping, took down the lamp from the niche, threw out the wick and the liquor, and, as the magician had desired, put it in his waistband. But as he came down from the terrace, seeing it was perfectly dry, he stopped in the garden to observe the trees, which were loaded with extraordinary fruit of different colors. Some bore fruit entirely white, and some clear and transparent as crystal; some pale red, and others deeper; some green, blue and purple, and others yellow; in short, there was fruit of all colors. The white were pearls; the clear and transparent, diamonds; the red, rubies; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the purple, amethysts; and the yellow, sapphires. Aladdin, ignorant of their value, would have preferred figs, or grapes, or pomegranates; but as he had his uncle's permission, he resolved to gather some of every sort. Having filled the two new purses his uncle had

bought for him with his clothes, he wrapped some up in the skirts of his vest, and crammed his bosom as full as it could hold.

Aladdin, having thus loaded himself with riches of which he knew not the value, returned cautiously through the three halls and arrived at the mouth of the cave.

As soon as Aladdin saw the magician he cried, "Lend me your hand to help me out."

"Give me the lamp first," replied the magician impatiently, "it will be troublesome to you."

"Indeed, uncle," answered Aladdin, "I cannot. I will give it to you as soon as I am up."

The African magician was determined to have the lamp before he would help Aladdin out, and the latter, who had covered the lamp with the fruits he had picked in the garden, could not well get at it till he was out of the cave.

Provoked beyond reason by the boy's obstinacy, the magician flew into a passion, threw a little of his incense into the fire, and pronounced two magical words. Instantly the stone, which had closed the opening to the staircase, moved into its place, and the earth covered it over as smoothly as when the two companions had discovered it.

The truth was that the magician had learned of the existence of a wonderful lamp, which he was not permitted to take himself, but which he could use if it were given to him freely by some other person. Accordingly, he had tried by a mixture of authority and persuasion to get the lamp through Aladdin. When he saw that his

A GENIE OF FRIGHTFUL ASPECT APPEARED

attempt had failed, he hurriedly left the country without returning to the town.

Aladdin, suddenly enveloped in darkness and deserted, knew that the magician could not be his uncle, but must be some one who had evil designs against him. Again and again he cried out that he was willing to give up the lamp.

All his cries were unavailing, and at last, discouraged, he descended to the bottom of the steps, thinking to go back into the palace. Now, however, he found the door closed, and without hope of again seeing the light, he sat down on the bottom step weeping in despair.

Finally his good teachings came to his aid, and he thought, "There is help and power and strength in the High God; I will pray to him." So he knelt and joined his hands in supplication.

In doing so, he happened to rub the ring which the magician had put upon his finger, and immediately a genie of frightful aspect appeared.

"What wouldst thou?" said the genie. "I and the other slaves of the ring serve him who wears it. I am ready to obey."

At any other time, so hideous a figure as that of the genie would have frightened Aladdin, but the danger was so great that he cried out to the spirit, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place."

As soon as the words were uttered, Aladdin found himself on the very spot where the magician had last left him, and no sign remained of cave or opening.

After returning thanks to God for his deliverance, he hurried home, and as soon as he had recovered from his weariness, he told his mother what had happened.

Aladdin slept late the next morning, and when he wakened his first words were a request for something to eat.

"Alas! child," said his mother, "I have no bread to give you. Everything was eaten up yesterday. I have nothing but a little cotton which I might sell."

"Keep your cotton, mother, till another time," said Aladdin. "I will take the lamp which I got in the cave yesterday and try to sell it. The money will buy us our dinner and perhaps our supper."

Aladdin's mother looked at the lamp and saw that it was very dirty. "Perhaps it would bring more," she said, "if I should clean it." Taking some water and sand, she began to rub the lamp, when in an instant a genie of gigantic size and hideous appearance stood before her and called out in a voice of thunder:

"What wouldst thou have? I and the other slaves of the lamp that is in your hands are ready to obey thee."

Terrified at the sight of the genie, Aladdin's mother fainted, but Aladdin, who had seen such an apparition before in the cave, snatched the lamp from her hands and cried out, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat."

The genie disappeared, but in a moment returned with a large silver tray on which were twelve silver dishes, each containing the most delicious viands; six large white cakes lay on two silver plates; two silver flagons of wine, and two silver cups rested on the tray. All this was placed upon the carpet before Aladdin, and then the genie disappeared.

Aladdin's mother did not recover until he had

sprinkled some water in her face. As she returned to consciousness he said, "Be not afraid, mother; arise and eat! Here is something to put you in heart, and at the same time satisfy my hunger."

"Child," said the mother, as she looked upon the silver dishes and smelled the savory odor from the food, "who has given us these wonderful things? Has the sultan remembered us?"

"Never mind that," said Aladdin. "Let us sit down and eat. When we have done, I will tell you."

As they ate, both looked at the dishes, but neither knew their value. They were attracted more by the novelty than by the fact that they were silver. They lingered long over their food, and after they had eaten all they could, they found that enough was left for the whole of the next day.

"Now," said the mother after she had put away the dishes and the remnants of the feast, "tell me what happened while I was in the swoon."

What her son told her amazed her as much as the appearance of the genie.

"What have we to do with genii?" said the mother, "and how came that vile one to speak to me instead of to you, whom he had seen in the cave?"

"Mother," answered Aladdin, "the genie I saw in the cave was another, the slave of the ring. The one you saw was a slave of the lamp."

"What!" cried his mother, "was it the lamp

that caused that horrible genie to speak to me instead of to you? Take the lamp out of my sight and do with it what you please. If you take my advice, you will part with the lamp and the ring too, and have nothing to do with genii, who, as our Prophet has told us, are only devils."

"With your leave, mother," replied Aladdin, "I shall take care how I sell a lamp which will be so serviceable to us. That stranger would never have come to us for any reason but to get this lamp, and as we came honestly by it, let us use it without making any great show and exciting the envy and jealousy of our neighbors. However, since the genie frightened you, I will hide the lamp where I can find it in case I need it. The ring I will never part with, for without it I never would have seen you again. Let me keep it, therefore, and wear it on my finger."

Aladdin's mother consented, but declared she would have no more to do with genii, and would never mention the matter again.

When their food was all gone, Aladdin took one of the silver plates and sold it to an old Jew, who gave him about a sixtieth of what it was worth. But even then they were able to live upon the money for several days, and by selling the other dishes, even at the same low figure, they were able to live a long time.

When all the money was spent, Aladdin again took the lamp, found the place where his mother had scrubbed it with sand, and rubbed it once more.

"What wouldst thou have?" said the genie, who came immediately, as before. "I and the other slaves of the lamp that is in your hands are ready to obey thee."

"I am hungry," replied Aladdin; "bring me something to eat."

Then for the second time the genie brought a tray and dishes of silver loaded with appetizing food, all as fine and valuable as those of the first gift.

After the provisions were eaten, Aladdin started again to the Jew with one of the plates. As he was passing a goldsmith's shop, the latter said to him, "My lad, you must have something to sell to the Jew, whom I have seen you visit so often. Now he is the greatest of rogues. Let me see what you have, and I will give you all it is worth, or I will direct you to other merchants who will not cheat you."

Aladdin pulled the plate from under his vest and showed it to the goldsmith.

"What does the Jew give you for such a plate?" said the goldsmith.

"I have sold him twelve such for a piece of gold each," replied Aladdin.

"What a villain!" said the goldsmith. "Let me show you how much the Jew has cheated you."

The goldsmith weighed the plate and said, "This should bring you sixty pieces of silver, and I am willing to pay you that for it now."

Aladdin thanked him for his fair dealing, and never again went to any other person.

With such a thing as the lamp in their possession, you may well believe that neither Aladdin nor his mother suffered for food or clothing, but they were wise in the use of their treasure and lived with as great frugality as before the lamp was found.

Aladdin, too, improved in his conduct, and spent the most of his time among the merchants who sold gold, silver and fine clothing. Here at one time he learned that the fruits that he had gathered in the garden were not glass as he had supposed, but were precious jewels of inestimable value. He took care, however, not to mention this fact to any one, even his mother.

One day, as Aladdin was walking through the town, he heard a proclamation that commanded the people to shut up their shops and houses and stay within doors while the sultan's daughter, the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, passed through the streets. Aladdin was instantly inspired with curiosity to see the princess's face, and determined to gratify his wish by concealing himself behind a door. As it happened, the princess actually took off her veil just as she passed Aladdin, and he was able to see her face clearly. She was indeed a noted beauty. Her eyes were large, lively and sparkling; her smile bewitching; her nose faultless; her mouth small; her lips vermilion. It is not surprising, then, that Aladdin, who had never before seen any one so beautiful, was both dazzled and enchanted.

After the princess had passed, he hurried

home and told his mother his adventure, concluding, "I love the princess more than I can express, and am resolved to ask her in marriage of the sultan."

"Alas, child," said the mother. "What are you thinking of? You must be mad to dream of such a thing."

"Far from it," replied Aladdin. "I am not mad, but in my right senses. I knew you would reproach me, but I must tell you once more that I am resolved to ask the princess in marriage, and I do not despair of success. With the slaves of the ring and of the lamp to help me, how can I fail? Moreover, I have another secret for you; those pieces of glass which I took from the trees in that underground garden are jewels of inestimable value, and fit for the greatest of monarchs. There is nothing to be compared with mine for size or beauty. I am sure that they will secure me the favor of the sultan. You have a large porcelain dish fit to hold them; let us see how they will look when we have arranged them by colors."

Aladdin's mother brought the dish, and Aladdin placed the jewels in it according to his fancy. Their brightness and luster and great variety of colors dazzled the eyes of both mother and son, who had never before seen them thus together.

Aladdin's mother, fearing that he might be guilty of even greater extravagance, promised to do as he wished, and early the next morning she took the china dish in which the jewels had

been arranged the day before, wrapped it in two fine napkins, and set forth to the sultan's palace, where the grand vizier, the other viziers, and the most distinguished lords of the court were gathered. Despite the fact that the crowd was great, she got into the divan, a spacious hall with a magnificent entrance, and placed herself before the sultan, the grand vizier, and the great lords who sat in council at his right and at his left hand.

After several causes had been called, pleaded and adjudged according to their order, the divan broke up, and the sultan, rising, returned to his apartment, accompanied by all the high officials.

Aladdin's mother, thinking rightly that the sultan would not appear again that day, hurried back to her home, where she said to Aladdin with much simplicity, "Son, I have seen the sultan, and am very well persuaded he has seen me, too, for I placed myself just before him; but he was so much taken up with those who attended on all sides of him that I pitied him, and wondered at his patience. At last I believe he was heartily tired, for he rose up suddenly, and would not hear a great many who were ready prepared to speak to him, but went away, at which I was well pleased, for indeed I began to lose all patience, and was extremely fatigued with staying so long. But there is no harm done; I will go again; perhaps the sultan may not be so busy."

She went six times afterward on the days appointed, and placed herself always directly be-

fore the sultan, but with as little success as the first morning.

On the sixth day, however, after the divan was broken up, when the sultan returned to his own apartment, he said to his grand vizier: "I have for some time observed a certain woman, who attends constantly every day that I give audience, with something wrapped up in a napkin; she always stands up from the beginning to the breaking up of the audience, and affects to place herself just before me. If this woman comes to our next audience, do not fail to call her, that I may hear what she has to say." The grand vizier made answer by lowering his hand, and then lifting it up above his head, signifying his willingness to lose it if he failed.

On the next audience day, when Aladdin's mother went to the divan, and placed herself in front of the sultan as usual, the grand vizier immediately called the chief of the mace-bearers, and pointing to her bade him bring her before the sultan. The old woman at once followed the mace-bearer, and when she reached the sultan bowed her head down to the carpet which covered the platform of the throne, and remained in that posture until he bade her rise, which she had no sooner done, than he said to her, "Good woman, I have observed you to stand many days from the beginning to the rising of the divan; what business brings you here?"

After these words, Aalddin's mother prostrated herself a second time; and when she arose, said, "Monarch of monarchs, I beg of you to

pardon the boldness of my petition, and to assure me of your pardon and forgiveness."

"Well," replied the sultan, "I will forgive you, be it what it may, and no hurt shall come to you; speak boldly."

Then Aladdin's mother told the sultan faithfully the errand on which her son had sent her.

The sultan hearkened to her discourse without showing any anger; but before he answered her, he asked her what she had brought tied in the napkin. Thereupon she uncovered the china dish and presented it to the sultan. His amazement and surprise were inexpressible, and for some time he remained lost in admiration. At last, however, he took the present from the hand of Aladdin's mother, saying, "How rich! how beautiful!"

Having handled all the jewels, one after another, he turned to the grand vizier and said, "Behold, admire, wonder! and confess that your eyes never beheld jewels so rich and beautiful before." The vizier was charmed, and the sultan continued, "What sayest thou to such a present? Is it not worthy of the princess, my daughter? And ought I not to be willing to give her to one who values her at so great a price?"

"I cannot but own," replied the vizier, "that the present is worthy the princess, but I beg your majesty to grant me three months before you decide. I hope before that time that my son, whom you have looked upon with favor heretofore, will be able to make you a nobler present than this of the stranger, Aladdin."

"Good woman," said the sultan, turning to Aladdin's mother, "go home and tell your son that I agree to the proposal you made, but I cannot marry the princess, my daughter, for three months. At the expiration of that time come again."

Aladdin thought himself the most happy of men when he heard this news, and began to count every week, day, and even hour that passed, so great was his impatience.

One evening, when two of the three months had gone, his mother went out to buy some oil, and found a general festival—the houses dressed with foliage, silks and carpeting, and every one joining in a great rejoicing. The officers, in showy uniforms, on richly caparisoned horses, galloped about the streets.

"What is the meaning of all this preparation for public festivity?" said Aladdin's mother to the oil merchant.

"Where have you been, good woman," answered he, "that you do not know that the son of the grand vizier is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor to-night? These officers are to assist at the palace, where the ceremony is to be solemnized."

Hearing this news, Aladdin's mother ran home very quickly. "Child," she cried, "you are undone. The sultan's fine promises have come to nought. This night the grand vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor."

For a moment Aladdin was thunderstruck, but then he bethought himself of the lamp and

summoned the genie, resolved if possible to prevent the marriage.

"What wouldst thou have?" said the genie. "I and the other slaves of the lamp that is in thy hands are ready to obey thee."

"Hear me," said Aladdin. "You have hitherto obeyed me; this is a harder task. The sultan's daughter, who was promised me as my bride, is this night married to the son of the grand vizier. Bring them both hither to me as soon as they have retired to their chamber."

"Master," replied the genie, "I obey thee."

Aladdin supped with his mother as usual and then went to his own apartment to await the return of the genie.

In the meantime the festivities in honor of the princess's marriage were conducted at the sultan's palace with great magnificence. When the ceremonies were concluded, the princess and her husband retired to the chamber prepared for them. But no sooner had they lain down than the genie, the faithful slave of the lamp, to the great amazement and alarm of both the bride and the groom, took up the bed and in an instant transported them all to the chamber of Aladdin.

"Remove the bridegroom," said Aladdin to the genie, "and keep him a prisoner till to-morrow morning; then return with him here."

When Aladdin was left alone with the princess, he tried to quiet her fears and to explain to her the treachery practiced upon him by the sultan. Then, drawing his scimitar, he laid it

down between them to show her that he would treat her with the utmost possible respect, and secure her safety.

At break of day, the genie appeared bringing back the bridegroom, whom he had entranced and left motionless outside the door of Aladdin's chamber during the night. By Aladdin's command the couch with the bride and groom was transported into the sultan's palace. A moment after the genie had set the couch down in the chamber of the palace, the sultan came to the door to offer his good wishes to his daughter. The grand vizier's son, who had almost perished from cold by standing in his thin undergarment all night, hurried to the robing chamber and dressed himself.

Having opened the door, the sultan went to the bedside, kissed the princess on the forehead, and was greatly surprised to find her apparently in the greatest affliction. He left the room in a few moments and hurried to the apartments of the sultaness, whom he told of the princess's melancholy.

"Sire," said the sultaness, "I will go and see her; she will not receive me in the same manner."

Nevertheless, the princess received the sultaness with sighs and tears, but after some persuasion she told her mother all that had happened during the night. The sultaness urged her to say nothing about it, as no one would believe so strange a tale. Naturally the grand vizier's son, proud of being the sultan's son-in-law, was more than willing to keep silence.

The next night everything happened precisely as it had on the preceding night, but the second morning the princess told the sultan everything she had told her mother. On hearing this strange piece of news he summoned the grand vizier and declared the marriage canceled, for he feared even worse treatment from the invisible agency which had troubled the young couple.

Everybody was astonished at the sultan's change of mind, but no one except Aladdin knew the cause, and he kept profound silence.

On the very day that the three months expired, Aladdin's mother went again to the divan and stood in the same place. The sultan knew her and directed her to be brought before him.

Having prostrated herself before him, she said, "Sire, I come at the end of three months to ask of you the fulfilment of the promise you have made to my son."

The sultan had not thought that the request of Aladdin's mother was made seriously, so he consulted with the vizier, who suggested that the sultan should not refuse Aladdin's request, but should attach such conditions to the marriage as would be impossible for Aladdin to fulfill.

"Good woman," said the sultan after he had made his decision, "sultans ought to abide by their word, and I will keep mine by making your son happy in marriage with the princess, my daughter. But I cannot marry her without some further proof that your son is able to support her in royal state. Tell him then that I will fulfil my promise when he sends me forty

trays of massy gold filled with jewels such as those he has given me already, each tray borne by a black slave, who shall be led by a young and handsome white slave, all dressed magnificently. Go and tell your son what I say. I will wait for his answer."

"Where," said she on her way home, "can Aladdin get so many large gold trays and such precious stones to fill them? He will not be much pleased with my errand this time."

When she came home, she told Aladdin the whole story and added, laughing, "The sultan expects your answer immediately. I believe he will have to wait long enough."

"Not so long, mother, as you imagine," replied Aladdin. "This demand is a mere trifle. I will prepare at once to satisfy his request."

In a very short time after Aladdin had retired to his apartment and conversed again with the genie of the lamp, a train of forty black slaves led by the same number of white slaves appeared opposite the house in which Aladdin lived. Each black slave carried on his head a basin of massy gold, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.

"Mother," said Aladdin, "pray lose no time; before the sultan and his divan rise, be there with this present as the dowry demanded for the princess, so that he may know how diligent and exact I am, and how sincere I am in wishing the honor of this alliance."

As soon as this magnificent procession, with Aladdin's mother at its head, had begun to

march from Aladdin's house, the whole city was filled with the crowds of people desirous to see so grand a sight. The graceful bearing, elegant form, and wonderful likeness of the slaves; their grave walk at an equal distance from each other, the luster of their jeweled girdles, and the brilliancy of the aigrettes of precious stones in their turbans, excited the greatest admiration in the spectators. As they had to pass through several streets to the palace, the whole length of the way was lined with files of spectators. Nothing, indeed, was ever seen so beautiful and brilliant in the sultan's palace, and the richest robes of the emirs of his court were not to be compared to the costly dresses of these slaves, whom they supposed to be kings.

As the sultan, who had been informed of their approach, had given orders for them to be admitted, they met with no obstacle, but went into the divan in regular order, one part turning to the right and the other to the left. After they were all entered, and had formed a semicircle before the sultan's throne, the black slaves laid the golden trays on the carpet, prostrated themselves, touching the carpet with their foreheads, and at the same time the white slaves did likewise. When they rose, the black slaves uncovered the trays, and then all stood with their arms crossed over their breasts.

In the meantime, Aladdin's mother advanced to the foot of the throne, and having prostrated herself, said to the sultan, "Sire, my son knows this present is much below the notice of Princess

ALADDIN'S MOTHER PRESENTS THE SLAVES

Buddir al Buddoor; but hopes, nevertheless, that your majesty will accept of it, and make it agreeable to the princess, and with the greater confidence since he has endeavored to conform to the conditions you were pleased to impose."

The sultan, overpowered at the sight of such more than royal magnificence, replied without hesitation to the words of Aladdin's mother: "Go

and tell your son that I wait with open arms to embrace him; and the more haste he makes to come and receive the princess my daughter from my hands, the greater pleasure he will do me."

As soon as Aladdin's mother had retired, the sultan put an end to the audience; and rising from his throne ordered that the princess's attendants should come and carry the trays into their mistress's apartment, whither he went himself to examine them with her at his leisure. The fourscore slaves were conducted into the palace; and the sultan, telling the princess of their magnificent apparel, ordered them to be brought before her apartment, that she might see through the lattices he had not exaggerated in his account of them.

In the meantime Aladdin's mother reached home, and showed in her air and countenance the good news she brought to her son.

"My son," said she, "you may rejoice, for you are arrived at the height of your desires. The sultan has declared that you shall marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. He waits for you with impatience."

Aladdin, delighted with this news, said little, but hurried into his chamber. Here he rubbed his lamp, and the obedient genie appeared.

"Genie," said Aladdin, "convey me at once to a bath, and supply me with the richest and most magnificent robe ever worn by a monarch."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the genie, making Aladdin as well as himself invisible, took the latter into an elegant

marble bath, where the youth was well rubbed and washed with scented waters. When he came out from the bath, his skin was as clear as that of a child, and his body lightsome and free.

When the bath was finished, Aladdin found before him a robe, the magnificence of which astonished him. By the genie's aid he put on the robe, and was returned to his chamber.

"Have you any further command?" asked the genie.

"Yes," answered Aladdin, "bring me a charger that surpasses in goodness and beauty the best in the sultan's stables. Give him a rich saddle and bridle, and other caparisons to correspond with his value. Furnish me with twenty slaves, as richly clothed as those who carried the present to the sultan, to walk by my side and to follow me, and twenty more to go before me in two ranks. Bring my mother six women slaves to attend her, all dressed as richly as any slave of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, each slave carrying a complete dress fit for any sultaness. I want also ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses; go, and make haste."

The genie executed all these difficult commands in a moment. Then Aladdin, taking the women slaves, each carrying on her head a beautiful dress wrapped in a piece of silver tissue, presented them to his mother, saying that the dresses were brought for her use. Of the ten purses, Aladdin gave his mother four. The other six he left in the hands of the slaves who brought them, telling them to throw the money

by handfuls among the people as the procession went to the sultan's palace.

When Aladdin had thus prepared himself for his first interview with the sultan, he dismissed the genie, and immediately mounting his charger, began his march, and though he never had been on horseback before, appeared with a grace the most experienced horseman might envy. The innumerable concourse of people through whom he passed made the air echo with their acclamations, especially every time the six slaves who carried the purses threw handfuls of gold among the populace.

On Aladdin's arrival at the palace, the sultan was surprised to find him more richly and magnificently robed than he had ever been himself, and was impressed with his good looks and dignity of manner, which were so different from what he expected in the son of one so humble as Aladdin's mother. He embraced him with demonstrations of joy, and when Aladdin would have fallen at his feet, held him by the hand, and made him sit near his throne. He shortly after led him, amidst the sounds of trumpets, hautboys, and all kinds of music, to a magnificent entertainment, at which the sultan and Aladdin ate by themselves, and the great lords of the court, according to their rank and dignity, sat at different tables.

After the feast, the sultan sent for the chief cadi, and commanded him to draw up a contract of marriage between the Princess Buddir al Buddoor and Aladdin. When the contract had

been drawn, the sultan asked Aladdin if he would stay in the palace and complete the ceremonies of the marriage that day.

"Sire," said Aladdin, "though great is my impatience to enter on the honor granted me by your majesty, yet I beg you to permit me first to build a palace worthy to receive the princess your daughter. I pray you to grant me sufficient ground near your palace, and I will have it completed with the utmost expedition."

The sultan granted Aladdin his request, and again embraced him. After which Aladdin took his leave with as much politeness as if he had been bred up and had always lived at court.

Aladdin returned home in the order he had come, amidst the acclamations of the people, who wished him all happiness and prosperity. When Aladdin entered his room, he took down the lamp, rubbed it, and when the genie appeared as usual, said, "Genie, build me a palace fit to receive the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. Let it be made of nothing less than porphyry, jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, and the finest marble. Let its walls be massive gold and silver brick laid alternately. Let each front contain six windows, and let the lattices of these, excepting one, which must be left unfinished, all sparkle with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. Let there be an inner and an outer court in front of the palace, and a spacious garden; provide a safe treasure-house, and fill it with gold and silver. Let there be also kitchens and storehouses, stables full of the finest horses, with their equerries and grooms,

and hunting equipage, officers, attendants, and slaves, both men and women, for the princess and myself. Go and execute my wishes."

As Aladdin gave these commands to the genie, the sun was setting. It was morning when the genie returned and transported Aladdin in a moment to the palace he had made. The genie led Aladdin through all the apartments, where were officers and slaves, clothed according to their rank. The treasury was opened by a treasurer, and there Aladdin saw large vases of different sizes ranged around the chambers, and all filled to the top with money. In the stables were some of the finest horses in the world, and the grooms were busy dressing them. In the storehouses was everything necessary, both for food and ornament.

Aladdin examined every portion of the palace, and particularly the hall with the four and twenty windows, which far exceeded his fond expectations.

"Genie," he said, "everything is as I wished. Only one thing now is lacking. Lay immediately a fine carpet for the princess to walk upon from the sultan's palace to mine."

In an instant the carpet was laid, and the genie disappeared.

When the sultan's porters came to open the gates the next morning, they were amazed to find what had been an unoccupied garden filled with a magnificent palace. They ran with the strange tidings to the grand vizier, who hastened to the sultan.

"It must be the palace," said the sultan, "which I gave Aladdin permission to build for my daughter. He has wished to let us see what wonders can be done in a single night."

In the meantime Aladdin had sent his mother to the Princess Buddir al Buddoor to tell her that the palace would be ready for her reception in the evening. While the mother, attended by her women slaves, was in the apartments of the princess, the sultan himself came in and was surprised to find the woman whom he had seen in such humble guise at his divan, now more richly appareled than his own daughter. Aladdin, too, rose in the opinion of the monarch, because the young man had shared his wealth and honors with his mother.

Shortly after his mother's departure, Aladdin mounted his horse, and attended by his magnificent retinue, left the paternal home forever. With him he took, you may be sure, the wonderful lamp to which he owed all his good fortune, and the ring which had been given him as a talisman.

That night the sultan entertained Aladdin with the greatest magnificence, and at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony the princess took leave of her father. Bands of music, followed by a hundred stately ushers and a hundred black mutes in two files, with their officers at their head, led the procession. Four hundred of the sultan's young pages carried torches on each side, which together with the illumination of the two palaces made the night as light as day.

Thus the princess, accompanied also by Aladdin's mother, walked along the carpet which was spread to the palace of her husband. There Aladdin was ready to receive her, and to lead her into a large hall lighted with an infinite number of wax candles.

A feast consisting of the most delicate viands was then served upon dishes of massy gold. Plates, basins, goblets, were all of the most exquisite workmanship.

The princess, dazzled by such brilliancy, said to Aladdin, "I thought, prince, that nothing in the world was so beautiful as my father's palace; but the sight of this hall shows me how much I was deceived."

The next morning Aladdin's attendants brought him another habit, as rich and magnificent as that worn the day before. He then ordered one of the horses to be got ready for him; mounted it, and went, in the midst of a large body of slaves, to invite the sultan and the lords of his court to attend a banquet. To this the sultan gave immediate consent, and rising at once, accompanied Aladdin to his palace.

Every step of the way the sultan's admiration increased; but when he entered the hall and saw the windows enriched with such large and perfect diamonds, rubies and emeralds, he was more than ever astonished.

"This palace is one of the wonders of the world, my son; but what most surprises me is that one of the windows of this magnificent hall should be left incomplete and unfinished."

"Sire," answered Aladdin, "the omission was intentional, as I wished that you might have the glory of finishing the hall."

"I appreciate your kindness," said the sultan, "and will give orders about it immediately."

After the banquet the sultan summoned his jewelers and goldsmiths, and showed them the unfinished window. "I sent for you," said he, "to fit up this window in as great perfection as the rest. Examine them well and make all the haste you can."

The jewelers and goldsmiths examined the three and twenty windows, and after they had consulted to know what each could furnish, they returned to the sultan.

The principal jeweler, speaking for the rest, said: "Sire, we are willing to do our best to obey you, but among us all we cannot furnish jewels enough for so great a work."

"I have more than are necessary," said the sultan. "Come to my palace and choose what you need."

Thereupon the sultan returned to his palace and ordered his jewels to be brought out, particularly those Aladdin had given him. The jewelers selected a great quantity and began their work. Many times more they came back for jewels, and in a month's time, though they had used everything the sultan had, and borrowed of the vizier, their work was not half done.

Aladdin, who was now satisfied that the jewelers and goldsmiths saw that they could not possibly do the work, ordered them to undo what

they had begun, and to return all the jewels to the sultan and the vizier.

It took them but a few hours to undo what they had been a month in accomplishing. When Aladdin was left alone in the hall, after the workmen had gone to the sultan, he took the lamp which he carried about him and rubbed it till the genie appeared.

"Genie," said Aladdin, "I ordered you to leave one of the four and twenty windows of this hall imperfect, and you executed my command punctually. Now make it like the rest."

The genie immediately disappeared, and a few moments after, the window appeared like all the rest.

In the meantime the jewelers and the goldsmiths were introduced into the sultan's presence, and returned to him the jewels they had brought back. The sultan asked if Aladdin had given any reason for returning the stones, and when he was told that Aladdin had sent no message, he was much disturbed, and had one of his horses saddled and rode at once to Aladdin's palace. Aladdin came to the gate, and without replying to the sultan's inquiries led him to the grand hall, and showed him the once imperfect window now corresponding exactly to the others.

The sultan could not at first believe what he saw, and would not admit until he had examined every one of the four and twenty windows. When at last he was satisfied, he embraced his son-in-law and kissed him between the eyes.

"My son," said he, "what a wonderful man you are to do such surprising things in the twinkling of an eye. There is none such as you in the world; the more I know you, the more I admire you."

Aladdin lived in happiness, but did not confine himself within his palace. When he went about the streets he traveled in much state, sometimes to one mosque and sometimes to another, or at times to visit the principal lords of the court. Every time he went out, he caused two slaves to walk beside his horse and throw handfuls of money to the people as he passed through the streets and squares. In this way Aladdin secured the respect and esteem of the populace.

Several years passed quietly. It then happened that one day the African magician remembered Aladdin, and entered into a long series of magical ceremonies to determine whether Aladdin had perished in the subterranean cavern. Imagine his surprise when he learned by means of his horoscope that Aladdin, instead of dying in the cave, had made his escape and was living in royal splendor by the aid of the genie of the lamp. The very next morning the magician set out with great haste for the capital of China, and on his arrival there he took lodging in a khan.

He heard much there about the wealth, charities, happiness and splendid palace of the Prince Aladdin, and his knowledge of magic showed him that only by genii alone could such wonders have been accomplished.

Piqued and angered by Aladdin's success, the magician returned to his khan, and by magic undertook to find where Aladdin kept the lamp.

Great was his joy when he discovered that the lamp was kept in the palace.

"Well," said he, rubbing his hands in glee, "I shall soon have the lamp again, and will put Aladdin back to his original mean position."

The next day he learned that Aladdin had gone on a hunting expedition that was to last eight days, and that but three of the days had expired. Consequently the magician began at once to carry out his plans. He went to a coppersmith and asked for a dozen copper lamps. The master of the shop did not have so many by him, but said that if the magician would call the next day, he would have them ready and well polished.

Early the next day the magician called, and found the twelve lamps awaiting him. Paying the man the full price demanded, he put the lamps into a basket hanging on his arm, and started for Aladdin's palace. On the way he began to cry out, "Who will exchange old lamps for new ones?"

As he went along, a crowd of children and idle people followed hooting, for all thought him a madman or a fool to offer to exchange new lamps for old ones.

The sorcerer regarded not their scoffs, hooting, or anything they could say, but continued to cry shrilly, "Who will exchange old lamps for new ones?"

"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD!"

When he reached the palace he walked back and forth in front of it. The crowds kept increasing every moment, and his voice became more and more shrill. At last the princess heard the noise and commotion, and looking from one of the four and twenty windows, sent a slave to

find out what the crowd meant and what the man was saying.

"Madam," answered the slave, who soon returned laughing, "every one laughs to see an old man carrying on his arm a basket full of fine new lamps, and asking to exchange them for old ones. The children and mob crowd about him so that the old man can hardly stir, and make all the noise they can in derision of him."

"Now you speak of lamps," replied another female slave, "I know not whether the princess has observed it, but there is an old lamp in Prince Aladdin's robing room; whoever owns it will not be sorry to change it for a new one. If the princess wishes, she may find out if this old man is as silly as he appears to be, and will give a new lamp for an old one without expecting anything in addition."

The princess, who knew not the value of the lamp nor Aladdin's interest in it, entered into the amusement and ordered the slave to make the exchange. No sooner had the slave reached the gates of the palace than the magician snatched the lamp eagerly, and thrusting it as far as he could into his breast, offered the slave his basket, and bade her choose the lamp she liked best. The slave picked out a handsome one and carried it to the princess, while the children crowded around, deriding the magician's folly.

The African magician cried "New lamps for old ones" no more, but made the best of his way from the palace through unfrequented

streets, and having no use for lamps or basket set them down where nobody saw them, and after dodging about among the short and crooked streets, hurried through the city gates and out into the country.

Having reached a lonely spot, he stopped till the darkness of the night gave him the opportunity of carrying out his design. Then he drew out the lamp and rubbed it. At that summons the genie appeared to him as he had to Aladdin and said, "What wouldst thou have? I and the other slaves of the lamp that is in your hands are ready to obey thee."

"I command thee," replied the magician, "to transport me immediately to Africa, and with us take Aladdin's palace and all the people in it."

The genie made no reply, but with the assistance of his fellows the slave of the lamp transported the magician and the palace and every one in it to that spot in Egypt where the sorcerer wished to be.

Early the next morning when the sultan, according to custom, went to admire Aladdin's palace, his amazement was unbounded to find that it could nowhere be seen. He could not understand how so large a palace, which he had seen plainly every day for some years, should vanish so soon and not leave the least trace behind. In his perplexity he sent for his grand vizier.

That official, who in secret bore no good will to Aladdin, intimated his suspicion that the

palace was built by magic, and that Aladdin had made this hunting expedition an excuse for the removal of his palace. The sultan sent a detachment of his guard to arrest Aladdin as a prisoner of state.

The vizier's plan was carried out, and Aladdin would have been put to death had not the people, whose affection he had earned by his generosity, urged the sultan to grant him life. As soon as Aladdin had gained his liberty, he addressed the sultan as follows:

"Sire, I pray you to let me know the crime by which I have thus lost the favor of your countenance."

"Your crime," answered the sultan, "wretched man! do you not know it? Follow me and I will show you."

The sultan then took Aladdin into the apartment from whence his son-in-law's palace could best be seen, and said, "You ought to know where your palace stood; look from mine and tell me where it has gone."

Aladdin looked, and, utterly amazed, stood speechless. After recovering himself, he said, "It is true I do not see the palace, but I was not concerned in its removal. I beg you to give me forty days, and if in that time I cannot restore the palace, I will offer my head to be disposed of at your pleasure."

"I grant your petition," said the sultan, "but remember, at the end of forty days to present yourself before me."

Exceedingly humiliated, Aladdin went out of

the sultan's palace, and the lords, who had courted him in his days of splendor, now refused to have any communication with him.

For three days he wandered about the city, exciting the wonder and compassion of the multitude by asking everybody he met if they had seen his palace, or could tell him anything of it. On the third day he wandered into the country, where he fell down the bank of a river in such a way, that while he was attempting to hold himself, he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him.

Instantly the same genie that he had seen in the cave appeared before him and said, "What wouldst thou? I and the other slaves of the ring serve him who wears it. I am ready to obey."

Aladdin, surprised at the offer of help so little expected, replied, "Genie, show me where the palace I caused to be built now stands, or transport it back to where it first stood."

"Your command," answered the genie, "is not wholly in my power. I am the slave of the ring, not of the lamp."

"I command thee, then," continued Aladdin, "by the power of the ring, to transport me to the spot where my palace stands, in whatsoever part of the world it be."

These words were no sooner out of his mouth than Aladdin found himself before his own palace in the midst of a large plain, at no great distance from a city. Indeed, he was placed exactly under the window of the princess's apartment.

Now it so happened that a moment later one of the attendants of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, looking through the window, saw Aladdin, and reported the fact to her mistress at once. The princess, scarcely believing the joyful tidings, hastened to the window, and seeing Aladdin, opened the window. The noise attracted Aladdin's attention so that he turned his head, and seeing the princess, saluted her joyfully.

"I have sent to have the private chamber opened for you," she said; "enter and come up."

A few moments later, the happy couple were united in the princess's chamber. It is impossible to describe the joy they felt at seeing each other after so long a separation. After embracing each other and weeping for joy, they sat down, and Aladdin said, "I beg you, my princess, tell me what has become of an old lamp which stood upon the shelf of my robing chamber?"

"Alas!" answered the princess, "I was afraid our misfortune might be owing to that lamp, and what grieves me most is that I was the cause of it. I was foolish enough to change the lamp for a new one, and the next morning I found myself in this unknown country, which I am told is Africa."

"Princess," interrupted Aladdin, "you have explained everything by telling me we are in Africa. Can you tell me where the old lamp now is?"

"The African magician carries it carefully

wrapped up in his bosom," replied the princess. "I can assure you of this, because he pulled it out and showed it to me one time."

"My princess," said Aladdin, "I think I can regain possession of the lamp and deliver you. But to execute this design, I must go to the town. I shall return by noon and will then tell you what to do. In the meantime I shall disguise myself, and I beg that the private door may be opened at my first knock."

When Aladdin came out of the palace, he saw a peasant going into the country and hastened after him. After some persuasion the peasant agreed to change clothes with Aladdin, and the latter entered the city in disguise. Here, after traversing several streets, he entered one of the largest and best drug stores, and asked the druggist if he had a certain powder.

The druggist, noticing Aladdin's poor clothing, said, "I have the powder, but it is very costly."

Aladdin, understanding the druggist's insinuation, drew out his purse, showed him some gold, and asked for a half a dram of the powder, which was weighed out and passed over. Aladdin put a gold piece into the hand of the druggist and hastened back to the palace which he entered by the private door.

"Princess," he said, as he came into her apartment, "you must carry out your part in this scheme for our deliverance. Overcome your aversion for the magician; assume a friendly manner, and invite him to an entertainment in

your apartment. Before he leaves, ask him to exchange cups with you. Gratified at the honor you do him, he will gladly exchange, when you must hand him the cup into which I place this powder. On drinking it he will fall instantly asleep, and we shall obtain the lamp with its slaves, who will restore us and the palace to the capital of China."

The princess obeyed her husband's instructions, and the next night at the entertainment, when the magician drank the glass out of compliment to the princess, he fell back lifeless on the sofa.

Anticipating success, she had arranged it so that the moment the magician fell senseless, Aladdin should be admitted to her apartment.

The princess arose from her seat and ran overjoyed to embrace her husband, but he stopped her, saying, "Princess, retire to your own room and leave me alone while I try to transport you back to China as speedily as you were brought hither."

When everybody had withdrawn, Aladdin shut the door and went directly to the body of the magician, opened his vest, took out the lamp, unwrapped it carefully, and rubbed it as of old. The genie immediately appeared.

"Genie," said Aladdin, "I command thee to transport the palace instantly back to the place from which it was brought."

Everything happened as Aladdin commanded, and the removal was felt only by two little shocks: one when the palace was lifted up, and the other

when it was set down, and both in a very short interval of time.

The next morning the sultan, looking out of his window, and mourning over the fate of his daughter, was astonished to see the vacant place again filled up with his son-in-law's palace. Joy and gladness succeeded to sorrow and grief. Ordering a horse to be saddled, he mounted it that instant, but could not make haste enough to satisfy himself.

That morning Aladdin rose at daybreak, put on one of his most magnificent habits and walked out into the hall of the four and twenty windows, from whence he saw the sultan approaching, and hastened down to assist his ruler in dismounting.

He conducted the sultan directly to the princess's apartment, and the happy father and his daughter embraced each other with tears of joy.

For a short interval they were engaged in mutual explanations, and the sultan said, "My son, be not displeased at my proceedings against you; they arose from my paternal love, and therefore, you ought to forgive any harshness that I may have shown."

"Sire, I have not the least reason to complain of your conduct, since that infamous magician, the basest of men, was the sole cause of my misfortune," replied Aladdin.

Now the African magician, who had thus been twice foiled in his endeavor to ruin Aladdin, had a younger brother who was as skilful a magician, and who exceeded him in wickedness and hatred

of mankind. For many years they had been under an agreement to communicate with each other once a year, no matter how widely separated they might be.

The younger brother, not having received his usual annual communication, cast a horoscope to find out what was amiss, and discovered that his brother had been poisoned, and that the poisoner, though a person of mean birth, was married to a princess, a sultan's daughter, and lived in the capital of the kingdom of China. This discovery caused the younger brother to resolve upon immediate revenge, and he set out across plains, rivers, mountains and deserts for China. After incredible fatigue, he reached the capital city, and there he took lodging at a khan. Here by his magic powers he found that Aladdin was the person who caused the death of his brother.

At that time the city was talking about the wonderful miracles of a woman called Fatima, who had retired from the world to a little cell, where she performed marvelous cures.

Thinking this woman might be serviceable to him in the project he had conceived, the magician inquired minutely about the holy woman.

"What!" said the person whom he asked, "have you never seen nor heard of her? The whole town admires her for her fasting, her austerities and her exemplary life. Excepting Mondays and Fridays, she never stirs out of her little cell. When she does come forth into the town, she does an infinite amount of good,

healing men of all kinds of diseases by simply placing her hand upon them."

That very night the wicked magician went to the hermitage of the holy woman and stabbed her to death. Then in the morning he dyed his face the same hue as hers, put on her garb, covered his face with her veil, drew her large belt about his waist, and taking her stick, went to the palace of Aladdin.

The people gathered about this holy woman, as they imagined the magician to be, in a great crowd. Some begged his blessing, others kissed his hand, while others, more reserved, touched only the hem of his garment; still others, suffering from disease, stooped for him to lay his hands upon them. The magician, muttering some words in the form of a prayer, did continually as he was asked, counterfeiting so well that no one suspected he was not the holy woman.

Finally he came before the square of the palace. The crowd and the noise was so great that the princess, who was in the hall of the four and twenty windows, heard it and asked what was the matter. One of her women told her that it was a great crowd of people collected about the holy woman, to be cured by the laying on of her hands.

The princess, who had long heard of this holy woman, desired to have some conversation with her, and sent her chief officer to bring Fatima to her apartment.

The crowd parted before the attendants from the palace, and the magician, seeing that they

were coming to him, advanced to meet them, overjoyed that his plot was succeeding so well.

"Holy woman," said one of the attendants, "the princess wishes to see you, and has sent us for you."

"The princess does me too great an honor," replied Fatima; "I am ready to obey her command."

When the pretended Fatima had made her obeisance, the princess said, "My good mother, I have one thing to request, which you must not refuse me. Stay with me that you may edify me with your way of living, and that I may learn from your good example."

"Princess," said the counterfeit Fatima, "I beg of you not to ask me what I cannot consent to without neglecting my prayers and devotions."

"That shall be no hindrance to you," answered the princess. "I have a great many unoccupied apartments. Choose whichever you wish, and you may have as much liberty to perform your devotions as if you were in your own cell."

The magician, who really desired nothing more than an introduction into the palace, where he could easily execute his designs, soon allowed himself to be persuaded to accept the offer which the princess had made him.

Then the princess, rising, said, "Come with me; I will show you what vacant apartments I have, that you may choose what you like best." The magician followed, and after looking at all, chose the worst one, saying that it was too good

for him and that he accepted it only to please her.

Afterward the princess would have brought him back into the great hall to dine with her, but he, knowing he would have to show his face, which he had all this time concealed under Fatima's veil, begged her to excuse him, saying that he never ate anything but bread and dried fruits, and desiring to eat that slight repast in his own apartment.

"You are as free here, good mother, as if you were in your own cell. I will order you a dinner, but remember, I expect you as soon as you have finished."

After the princess had dined, the false Fatima was again brought before her.

"My good mother," said the princess, "I am overjoyed to have so holy a woman as yourself confer, by your presence, a blessing upon this palace. Now that I am speaking of the palace, pray how do you like it? Tell me first what you think of this hall."

The counterfeit Fatima, surveying the palace from one end to the other, said: "As far as such a solitary being as myself, who am unacquainted with what the world calls beautiful, can judge, this hall is truly admirable; there wants but one thing."

"What is that, good mother?" demanded the princess. "Tell me, I conjure you. I have always believed and heard that it lacked nothing, but if it does, the want shall be supplied."

"Princess," said the false Fatima with great

dissimulation, "forgive the liberty I take, but in my opinion, if it is of any importance, if a roc's egg were hung up in the middle of the dome, this hall would have no parallel in the four quarters of the world, and would be the wonder of the universe."

"My good mother," said the princess, "what is a roc, and where may one get an egg?"

"Princess, it is a bird of prodigious size that lives on Mount Caucasus; the architect who built your palace can get you one."

After the princess had thanked the false Fatima for what she believed her good advice, she conversed upon other matters, but she could not forget the roc's egg, and that evening when she met Aladdin, she almost immediately addressed him.

"I always believed that our palace was the most superb, magnificent, and complete in the world, but I will tell you now what it wants, and that is a roc's egg hung up in midst of the dome."

"Princess," replied Aladdin, "it is enough that you think it wants such an ornament; you shall see by my diligence that there is nothing that I should not do for your sake."

Aladdin left the Princess Buddir al Buddoor that moment, and went up into the hall of the four and twenty windows, where, pulling from his bosom the lamp, which he now always carried upon him, he rubbed the lamp till the genie came.

"Genie," said Aladdin, "I command that in the name of this lamp you bring me a roc's egg

to be hung up in the middle of the dome of the hall of the palace."

Aladdin had no sooner pronounced these words than the hall shook as if it would fall, and the genie cried in a loud voice, "Is it not enough that I and the other slaves of the lamp have done everything for you, but you, by an unheard-of ingratitude, command me to bring my master and hang him up in the midst of this dome? For this attempt, you and the princess deserve to be immediately reduced to ashes; I spare you simply because this request does not come from yourself. The true author is the brother of the African magician, your enemy, whom you have destroyed. He is now in your palace, disguised in the habit of the holy woman, Fatima, whom he has murdered. It is at his suggestion that your wife makes this pernicious demand. His design is to kill you, therefore take care of yourself." After these words the genie disappeared.

Aladdin resolved at once what to do. He returned to the princess's apartment, where, saying nothing of what had happened, he sat down, complaining of a great pain in the head. The princess told him how the holy Fatima was in the palace, and the prince requested that she be brought to him at once.

"Come hither, good mother," said Aladdin, when the pretended Fatima appeared; "I am glad to see you. I have a violent pain in my head, and hope you will not refuse to cure me as you do other afflicted persons."

THE DEATH OF THE FALSE FATIMA

So saying, Aladdin arose, holding his head down. The counterfeit Fatima advanced, keeping his hand all the time on a dagger concealed under his gown. Aladdin saw all this, and the moment the pretended woman came within reach. he snatched the dagger and plunged it into the heart of the traitorous magician, at the same time pushing him to the floor.

"My dear prince," cried the terrified princess, "what have you done? You have killed the holy woman!"

"No, my princess, I have not killed Fatima, but a villain, who would have assassinated me if I had not prevented him. This wicked man," he said, uncovering the face of the magician, "is the brother of the magician who attempted our ruin. He has murdered Fatima, disguised himself in her clothes, and come here with intent to murder me."

Aladdin then told her how the genie had explained these facts, and how narrowly she had escaped destruction through the treacherous suggestion which had led to her request.

Thus was Aladdin delivered from the persecution of the two magicians. Within a few years afterward, the sultan died in a good old age, and as he left no male children, the Princess Buddir al Buddoor succeeded him, and with Aladdin reigned many long years in happiness and prosperity.

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

Among the popular tales in the *Arabian Nights* collection are those in which Sindbad, the wealthy merchant of Bagdad, tells to a poor porter the story of seven marvelous voyages, to illustrate the fact that wealth is not always easily obtained. The most interesting voyage is the second, of which Sindbad gives the account as follows:

I DESIGNED, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, but it was not long ere I grew weary of an indolent life, and I put to sea a second time, with merchants of known probity. We embarked on board a good ship, and, after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit. One day we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. We walked in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. While some of the sailors diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I

made a good meal, and afterward fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

In this sad condition, I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair. I upbraided myself a hundred times for not being content with the produce of my first voyage, that might have sufficed me all my life. But all this was in vain, and my repentance came too late. At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a lofty tree, from whence I looked about on all sides, to see if I could discover anything that could give me hopes. When I gazed toward the sea I could see nothing but sky and water; but looking over the land, I beheld something white; and coming down, I took what provision I had left and went toward it, the distance being so great that I could not distinguish what it was.

As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a prodigious height and extent; and when I came up to it, I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top, as it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of a

THE BIRD CARRIED ME AWAY

monstrous size, that came flying toward me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a miraculous bird called the roc, and conceived that the great dome which I so much admired must be its egg. In short, the bird alighted, and sat over the egg. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that the roc next morning would carry me with her out of this desert island. After having passed the night in this condition, the bird flew away as soon as it was daylight, and carried me so high that I could not discern the earth; she afterward descended with so much rapidity that I lost my senses. But when I found myself on the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so, when the roc, having taken up a serpent of a monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The spot where it left me was encompassed on all sides by mountains that seemed to reach above the clouds, and were so steep that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. This was a new perplexity; so that when I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc had brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through this valley, I perceived it was strewed with diamonds, some of which were of surprising bigness. I took pleasure in looking upon them; but shortly saw at a distance such objects as greatly diminished my satisfac-

tion, and which I could not view without terror, namely, a great number of serpents, so monstrous that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the day time to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day in walking about the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most convenient. When night came on I went into a cave, where I thought I might repose in safety. I secured the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents; but not so far as to exclude the light. I supped on part of my provisions, but the serpents, which began hissing round me, put me into such extreme fear that I did not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say that I walked upon diamonds without feeling any inclination to touch them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my apprehensions, not having closed my eyes during the night, fell asleep, after having eaten a little more of my provisions. But I had scarcely shut my eyes when something that fell by me with a great noise awaked me. This was a large piece of raw meat; and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had always regarded as fabulous what I had heard sailors and others relate of the valley of diamonds, and of the stratagems employed by merchants to obtain jewels from thence; but

I PERCEIVED IN THIS DEVICE THE MEANS OF MY DELIVERANCE

now I found that they had stated nothing but the truth. For the fact is, that the merchants come to the neighborhood of this valley, when the eagles have young ones, and throw great joints of meat into the valley; the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them, and the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon

those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the precipices of the rocks to feed their young. The merchants at this time run to the nests, disturb and drive off the eagles by their shouts, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

I perceived in this device the means of my deliverance.

Having collected together the largest diamonds I could find, and put them into the leather bag in which I used to carry my provisions, I took the largest of the pieces of meat, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself upon the ground, with my face downward, the bag of diamonds being made fast to my girdle.

I had scarcely placed myself in this posture, when one of the eagles, having taken me up with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants immediately began their shouting to frighten the eagles; and when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he saw me; but recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods. "You will treat me," replied I, "with more civility, when you know me better. Do not be uneasy; I have diamonds enough for you and myself, more than all the other merchants together. Whatever they have they owe to chance; but I selected for myself, in the bottom of the valley,

those which you see in this bag." I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came crowding about us, much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story.

They conducted me to their encampment; and when I had opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds, and confessed that they had never seen any of such size and perfection. I prayed the merchant who owned the nest to which I had been carried (for every merchant had his own) to take as many for his share as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that, too, the least of them; and when I pressed him to take more, without fear of doing me any injury, "No," said he, "I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will raise as great a fortune as I desire."

I spent the night with the merchants, to whom I related my story a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my joy when I found myself delivered from the danger I have mentioned. I thought myself in a dream, and could scarcely believe myself out of danger.

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days; and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place the next morning, and traveled near high mountains, where there were serpents of a prodigious length, which we had the good fortune to escape. We

took shipping at the first port we reached, and touched at the isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphire. This tree is so large, and its branches so thick, that one hundred men may easily sit under its shade. The juice, of which the camphire is made, exudes from a hole bored in the upper part of the tree, is received in a vessel, where it thickens to a consistency, and becomes what we call camphire. After the juice is thus drawn out, the tree withers and dies.

In this island is also found the rhinoceros, an animal less than the elephant, but larger than the buffalo. It has a horn upon its nose, about a cubit in length; this horn is solid, and cleft through the middle. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, runs his horn into his belly, and carries him off upon his head; but the blood and the fat of the elephant run into his eyes and make him blind, and he falls to the ground. Then, strange to relate, the roc comes and carries them both away in her claws, for food for her young ones.

I pass over many other things peculiar to this island, lest I should weary you. Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for merchandise. From thence we went to other islands, and at last, having touched at several trading towns of the continent, we landed at Bussorah, from whence I proceeded to Bagdad. There I immediately gave large presents to the poor, and lived honorably upon the vast riches I had brought, and gained with so much fatigue.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

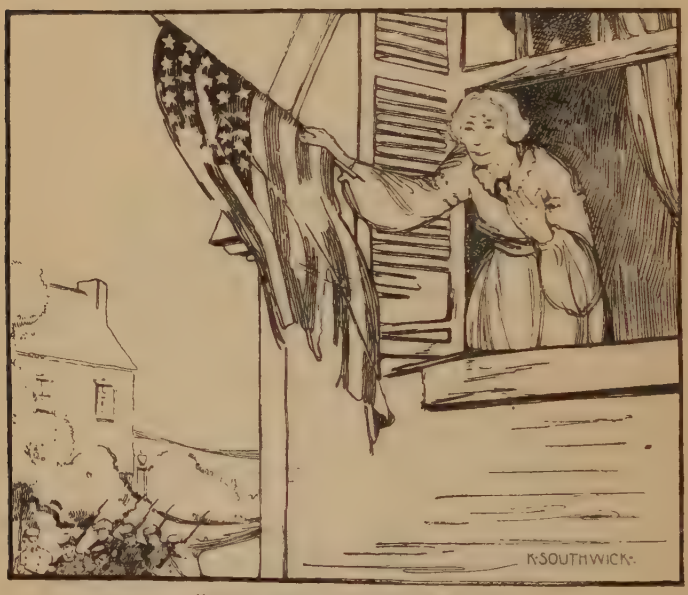
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.



"SPARE YOUR COUNTRY'S FLAG."

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

BEOWULF AND GRENDEL

NOTE,—The oldest poem in the English language is *Beowulf,* which covers some six thousand lines. When it was written is not exactly known, but the original is still in existence in the British Museum. It was written in Anglo-Saxon and could not be read and understood by us to-day. It has, however, been translated and turned into modern English, and its quaintness of phrasing gives it a very peculiar charm of its own.

An old Anglo-Saxon poem bears little resemblance to ours. There is no rhyme, and the lines are not equal in length, and there does not seem to be much music in it. One of its poetic characteristics is alliteration; that is, several words in the same line begin with the same or similar sounds. It is a noble old poem, however, and of great interest, for it shows us what the old Saxon gleemen sang at their feasts for the entertainment of their guests, as they sat about the blazing fires in the huge, rude halls, drinking their mead.

The chief incident in the poem is Beowulf's battle with Grendel, and a description of that, taken indirectly from the poem, is the story that follows. After this combat Beowulf returned to his home, in time was made king, and after a stormy life died from wounds received in combat with a terrible fire fiend.

HEN the history of the Danes begins they had no kings and suffered much at the hands of their neighbors. Then by way of the sea, from some unknown land, came Scef, who subdued the neighboring tribes and established the Danish throne on a firm foundation. His son and his son's son followed him, but the latter sailed away as his grandfather had come, and the race of ruler gods was ended.

Left to themselves, the Danes chose a king who ruled long and well and left his son Hrothgar to make of them a wealthy and prosperous people.

After years of warfare, when the prosperity of Hrothgar was fully established, it came into his mind to build a great hall where he and his warriors and counselors could meet around one common banquet table and where, as they drank their mead, they could discuss means for increasing their power and making better the condition of their peoples. High-arched and beautiful was the great mead-palace, with towering pinnacles and marvelous walls, and the name that he gave to the palace was Heorot, the *hart* or, as some say, the *heart*. When the noble building was finished, Hrothgar's heart was filled with joy, and he gave to his counselors a noble feast, at which he presented them with rings and ornaments and entertained them with music on the harps and the inspiring songs of the Skalds.

Far away in the marshes, in the dark and

solemn land where dwelt the Jotuns, the giants who warred against God's people, lived the grim and ferocious Grendel, more terrible than any of his brethren. From out of the fastnesses of his gloomy home he saw the fair building of Hrothgar and grew jealous of the Danish king, hating the united people, for peace and harmony were evil in his sight.

The feast was long over, and the thanes and warriors slept in the banquet hall, worn out by their rejoicings, but dreaming only of the peaceful days to follow their long years of warfare. Into the midst of the hall crept Grendel, and seized in his mighty arms full thirty of the sleeping men and carried them away to his noisome home, where he feasted at leisure upon their bodies.

The next morning there was grief and terror among the remaining Danes, for they knew that no human being could have wrought such havoc and that no human power could prevail against the monster who preyed upon them.

The next night Grendel came again and levied his second tribute, and again there was mourning and desolation in the land. Thus for twelve years the monster giant came at intervals and carried away many of the noblest in the kingdom. Then were there empty homes everywhere in the land, and sorrow and suffering came where joy and peace had rested. Strange as it may seem, Hrothgar himself was never touched, though he sat the night long watching his nobles as they slept in the mead-hall, hoping

himself to deliver them from the awful power that harassed them. But night after night Grendel came, and while Hrothgar remained unharmed he was equally powerless to stay the ravages of the giant. When Hrothgar thought of his noble vassals carried helpless into the misty marshes to serve as food for the giant, he bowed his head in sorrow and prayed to his gods to send help before all these perished.

Far to the westward, among strange people, lived a man, the strongest and greatest of his race, Beowulf by name. To him came the news of Grendel's deeds and of Hrothgar's sorrow, and his soul was filled with a fiery ambition to free the Danes. From among his warriors he selected fifteen of the boldest and strongest, and put out to sea in a new ship, pitched within and without, to seek the land of the Danes and to offer his help to Hrothgar. Over the white sea waves dashed the noble vessel, flinging the foam aside from her swanlike prow until before her showed the cliffs and wind-swept mountain sides of Denmark. Giving thanks to God for their prosperous voyage, they landed, donned their heavy armor and marched in silence to the palace Heorot.

Entering the hall with clanking armor they set their brazen shields against the wall, piled their steel-headed spears in a heap by the door, and bowed to Hrothgar, who, bowed with sorrow and years, sat silently among his earls. When Beowulf rose among his warriors he towered high above them, godlike in his glittering armor.

Hrothgar looked on him in wonder, but felt that he saw in the mighty man a deliverer sent in answer to his prayer.

Before Hrothgar could recover from his surprise and delight, Beowulf stretched forth his powerful arms and spoke: "Hail, Hrothgar, king of the Danes. Many a time and oft have I fought with the Jotuns, evil and powerful, and every time have I overcome, and now have I come unto the land of the Danes to undertake battle with the fierce Grendel. No human weapon hath power against a Jotun, so here in your mead-hall leave I my weapons all, and empty-handed and alone will I pit my strength against the horrid Grendel. Man to man, strength to strength, will I fight, till victory is mine or death befalleth me.

"If I perish, give my companions my shroud and send it home by them in my new ship across the sea. Let there be no mourning for me, for to every man Fate cometh at last."

Hrothgar answered, "Noble you are, O Beowulf, and powerful, but terrible indeed is Grendel. Many a time at eventide have my warriors fearlessly vowed to await the coming of Grendel and to fight with him as you propose; but when morning came, the floor of Heorot was deep with their blood, but no other trace of them remained. Before, however, we accept your valiant offer, sit this night at meat, where, by our old and honored custom, we incite each other to heroic deeds and valorous behavior, when night shall come and Grendel claim his prey."

A royal feast it was that the old king gave that night, and the golden mead flowed from the twisted cups in living streams, while the Skalds sang the valorous deeds of heroic Danes of old.

Then rose Beowulf to speak. "To-night Grendel cometh again, expecting no one to fight him, for many a time hath he levied his toll and escaped without harm. Here alone with myself will I keep vigil, and alone will I fight the foul fiend. To-morrow morning the sun will glorify my victory or I shall be a corpse in the dark and noisome home of the ogre."

The eye of the gray-haired king grew bright again as he listened to the brave words of Beowulf, and from her throne the queen in her bejeweled garments stepped down to Beowulf and presented him the loving-cup with words of gracious encouragement.

"No more shall Grendel feast upon the bodies of royal Danes, for to-night his foul body shall feel the powerful grip of my mighty hands," said Beowulf.

To their proper resting places in the hall stepped the Danish warriors, one by one, filing in a steady line past the great Beowulf, to whom each gave kindly greeting. Last of all came Hrothgar, and as he passed, he grasped the strong fingers of Beowulf and said, "To your keeping I leave my great hall, Heorot. Never before have I passed the duty on to any man. Be thou brave and valiant, and if victory cometh to thee no reward shall be too great for thy service."

FORTH FROM THE PALE MISTS OF THE MARSHES STALKED GRENDEL

And so the king departed, and silence fell over Heorot.

Left alone, Beowulf laid aside his iron mail, took off his brazen helmet and ungirded his trusty sword. Then unarmed and unprotected he lay down upon his bed. All about the palace

slept, but Beowulf could find no rest upon his couch.

In the dim light of the early morn, forth from the pale mists of the marshes, stalked Grendel, up to the door of the many-windowed Heorot. Fire-strengthened were the iron bands with which the doors were bound, but he tore them away like wisps of straw and walked across the sounding tiles of the many-colored floor. Like strokes of vivid lightning flashed the fire from his eyes, making before him all things as clear as noonday. Beowulf, on his sleepless couch, held his breath as the fierce ogre gloated savagely over the bountiful feast he saw spread before him in the bodies of the sleeping Danes. With moistening lips he trod among the silent braves, and Beowulf saw him choose the strongest and noblest of them all. Quickly the monster stooped, seized the sleeping earl, and with one fierce stroke of his massive jaw, tore open the throat of the warrior and drank his steaming blood. Then with fierce chuckles of delight he tore the corpse limb from limb and with horrid glee crunched the bones of his victim's hands.

Then spying the sleeping Beowulf he dropped his mangled prey and laid his rough hands on his watchful enemy. Suddenly Beowulf raised himself upon one elbow and fastened his strong grip on the astonished Jotun. Never before had Grendel felt such a grip of steel. He straightened his mighty back and flung the clinging Beowulf toward the door, but never for a moment did the brave champion relax his fierce grip, and the

ogre was thrown back into the center of the hall. Together they fell upon the beautiful pavement and rolled about in their mighty struggles till the walls of the palace shook as in a hurricane and the very pinnacles toppled from their secure foundations. The walls of Heorot fell not, but the floor was strewn with broken benches whose gold trappings were torn like paper, while the two struggled on the floor in the wreck of drinking horns and costly vessels from the tables, while over all slopped ale from the mammoth tankards. Backward and forward they struggled, sometimes upon their feet and again upon the floor; but with all his fearsome struggles, Grendel could not break that grip of steel. At last, with one mighty wrench, Grendel tore himself free, leaving in the tightly locked hands of Beowulf his strong right arm and even his shoulder blade, torn raggedly from his body. Roaring with pain from the gaping wound which extended from neck to waist, the ogre fled to the marshes, into whose slimy depths he fell; and there he slowly bled to death.

Fair shone the sun on Heorot the next morning when the warriors came from all directions to celebrate the marvelous prowess of Beowulf, who stalked in triumph through the hall with his bloody trophy held on high. Close by the throne of the king he hung Grendel's shoulder, arm, and hand, where all might see and test the strength of its mighty muscles and the steel-like hardness of its nails, which no human sword of choicest steel could mark or mar. With bursting

GRENDEL TORE HIMSELF FREE

heart, Hrothgar thanked God for his deliverance and gave credit to Beowulf for his valorous deed. First was the wreck of the savage encounter cleared away, then were the iron bands refastened on the door and the tables spread for a costly feast of general rejoicing. There amid the songs of the Skalds and the shouts of the warriors, the queen poured forth the sacred mead and handed it to Beowulf in the royal cup of massive gold. As the rejoicing grew more general, the king showered gifts upon Beowulf, an ensign and a helm, a breastplate and a sword, each covered with twisted gold and set with precious stones. Eight splendid horses, trapped in costly housings trimmed with golden thread and set with jewels, were led before Beowulf, and their silken bridles were laid within his hand. With her own hand the queen gave him a massive ring of russet gold all brilliant with carven stones and sparkling with diamonds, the finest in the land.

"May happiness and good fortune attend thee, Beowulf," she said, "and ever may these well-earned gifts remind thee of those whom thou hast succored from deadly peril; and as the years advance may fame roll in upon thee as roll the billows upon the rocky shores of our beloved kingdom."

When the feast was over Hrothgar and his queen departed from the hall, and Beowulf retired to the house they had prepared for him. But the warriors remained as was their custom, and, girt in their coats of chained mail, with

swords ready at hand, they lay down upon the floor to sleep, prepared to answer on the instant any call their lord should make. Dense darkness closed upon the hall, and the Danes slept peacefully, unaware that danger threatened.

When midnight came, out of the cold waters of the reedy fastnesses in the marsh came Grendel's mother, fierce and terrible in her wrath, burning to avenge the death of her son. Like Grendel she wrenched the door from its iron fastenings and trod across the figured floor of Heorot. With bitter malice she seized the favorite counselor of Hrothgar and rent his body limb from limb. Then seizing from the wall the arm and shoulder of her son she ran quickly from the hall and hid herself in her noisome lair.

The noise of her savage work aroused the sleeping Danes, and so loud were their cries of anger and dismay that Hrothgar heard, and rushed forth to Heorot, where Beowulf met him.

As soon as Hrothgar heard what had happened he turned to Beowulf and cried, "O, mighty champion of the Danes, yet again has grief and sorrow come upon me, for my favorite war companion and chief counselor has been foully murdered by Grendel's mother, nôr can we tell who next will suffer from the foul fiend's wrath.

"Scarcely a mile from this place, in the depths of a grove of moss-covered trees, which are hoary with age, and whose interlacing branches shut out the light of the sun, lies a stagnant pool. Around the edges of its foul black water twine

the snake-like roots of the trees, and on its loathsome surface at night the magic fires burn dimly. In the midst of the pond, shunned alike by man and beast, lives the wolf-like mother of Grendel. Darest thou to enter its stagnant depths to do battle with the monster and to deliver us from her ravages?"

Straightening his massive form and throwing back his head in fierce determination, Beowulf replied, "To avenge a friend is better than to mourn for him. No man can hasten or delay by a single moment his death hour. What fate awaiteth me I know not, but I dare anything to wreak vengeance on the foul murderer, and in my efforts to bring justice I take no thought of the future."

Then the king Hrothgar ordered a noble steed with arching neck and tossing mane to be saddled and brought forth for the noble Beowulf to ride. Shield bearers by the score accompanied him as he rode on the narrow bridle path, between those dark-frowning cliffs whose rugged trees dimmed the sun and made the journey seem as though it were in twilight. In such a manner came they to the desolate lake in the gloomy wood.

The sight that met the eyes of Beowulf was enough to chill the blood of any man. On the shore among the tangled roots of the trees crawled hideous poisonous snakes, while on the surface of the water rolled great sea dragons, whose ugly crests were raised in anger and alarm. From the turbid depths of the water,

SAW GRENDEL'S MOTHER LYING IN WAIT FOR HIM

unholy animals of strange and fearful shapes kept coming to the surface and swimming about with threatening mien.

Undaunted by these sickening sights, Beowulf blew a mighty blast upon his terrible war-horn, at the sound of which the noisome animals slunk back to the slimy depths of the dismal pond.

Clad in his shirt of iron mail, wearing the hooded helmet that had often protected his head from the savage blows of his enemies, and clasping in his hand the handle of his great knife, Hrunting, whose hardened blade had carried death to many a strong foeman, Beowulf fronted the awful lake.

Thus armed and protected, he plunged into the thickened oily waters, which closed quickly over him, leaving but a few great bubbles to show where he had disappeared. Into the depths of the dark abyss he swam until it seemed as though he were plunging straight into the jaws of death.

As his mighty strength neared exhaustion, Beowulf found the hall at the depth of the abyss, and there saw Grendel's mother lying in wait for him. With her fierce claws she grappled him and dragged him into her dismal water palace whose dark walls oozed with the slime of ages. Recovering his breath, and fierce at the assault, Beowulf swung his heavy knife and brought it down on the sea wolf's head. Never before had Hrunting failed him, but now the hard skull of Grendel's mother turned the biting edge of the forged steel, and the blow twisted the blade as though it were soft wire. Flinging aside his useless knife, Beowulf clutched the sea woman with the mighty grip that had slain her son, and the struggle for mastery began. More than once was Beowulf pushed nigh to exhaustion, but every time he recovered himself and escaped from the deadly grasp of the powerful fiend who

strove to take his life. As he grew weaker, Grendel's mother seized her russet-bladed knife and with a mighty blow drove it straight at the heart of Beowulf. Once again his trusty shirt of mail turned the blade, and by a last convulsive effort he regained his feet.

As he rose from his dangerous position he saw glittering in his sight as it hung in the walls of water, the hilt of a mighty sword, which was made for giants, and which no man on earth but Beowulf could wield. Little he knew of its magic power, but he seized it in both hands, and swinging it about his head in mighty curves, struck full at the head of the monster. Savage was the blow, more mighty than human being ever struck before, and the keen edge of the sword crashed through the brazen mail, cleft the neck of the sea wolf, and felled her dead upon the floor. From her neck spurted hot blood which melted the blade and burned it away as frost wreathes are melted by the sun. In his hand remained only the carven hilt.

On the shore of the dark lake the Danes waited anxiously for the reappearance of Beowulf, and when blood came welling up through the dark waters they felt their champion had met his fate, and returning to Heorot, they sat down to mourn in the great mead-hall.

Then among them strode Beowulf, carrying in one hand the great head of the sea woman and in the other the blistered hilt of the sword, snake-shaped, carven with the legend of its forging. Beowulf related the story of his com-

bat and added, "When I saw that Grendel's mother was dead I seized her head and swam upward again through the heaving waters, bearing the heavy burden with me; and I as landed on the shore of the lake I saw its waters dry behind me, and bright meadows with beautiful flowers take their place. The trees themselves put on new robes of green, and peace and gladness settled over all. God and my strong right hand prospered me, and here I show the sword with which the giants of old defied the eternal God. The enemies of God are overcome, and here in Heorot may Hrothgar and his counselors dwell in peace."

The king and his counselors gathered round about Beowulf, and looked with wonder and amazement on the head of the fierce sea monster and read with strange thrills of awe the wondrous history of the sword and the cunning work of its forgers.

Then to Beowulf, Hrothgar spoke in friendly wise, "Glorious is thy victory, O Beowulf, and great and marvelous is the strength that God hath given thee, but accept now in the hour of thy success a word of kindly counsel. When a man rides on the high tide of success he may think that his strength and glory are forever, but it is God alone who giveth him courage and power over others, and in the end all must fall before the arrows of death. God sent Grendel to punish me for my pride when I had freed the Danes and built my pinnacled mead-hall. Then when this despair was upon me he brought thee

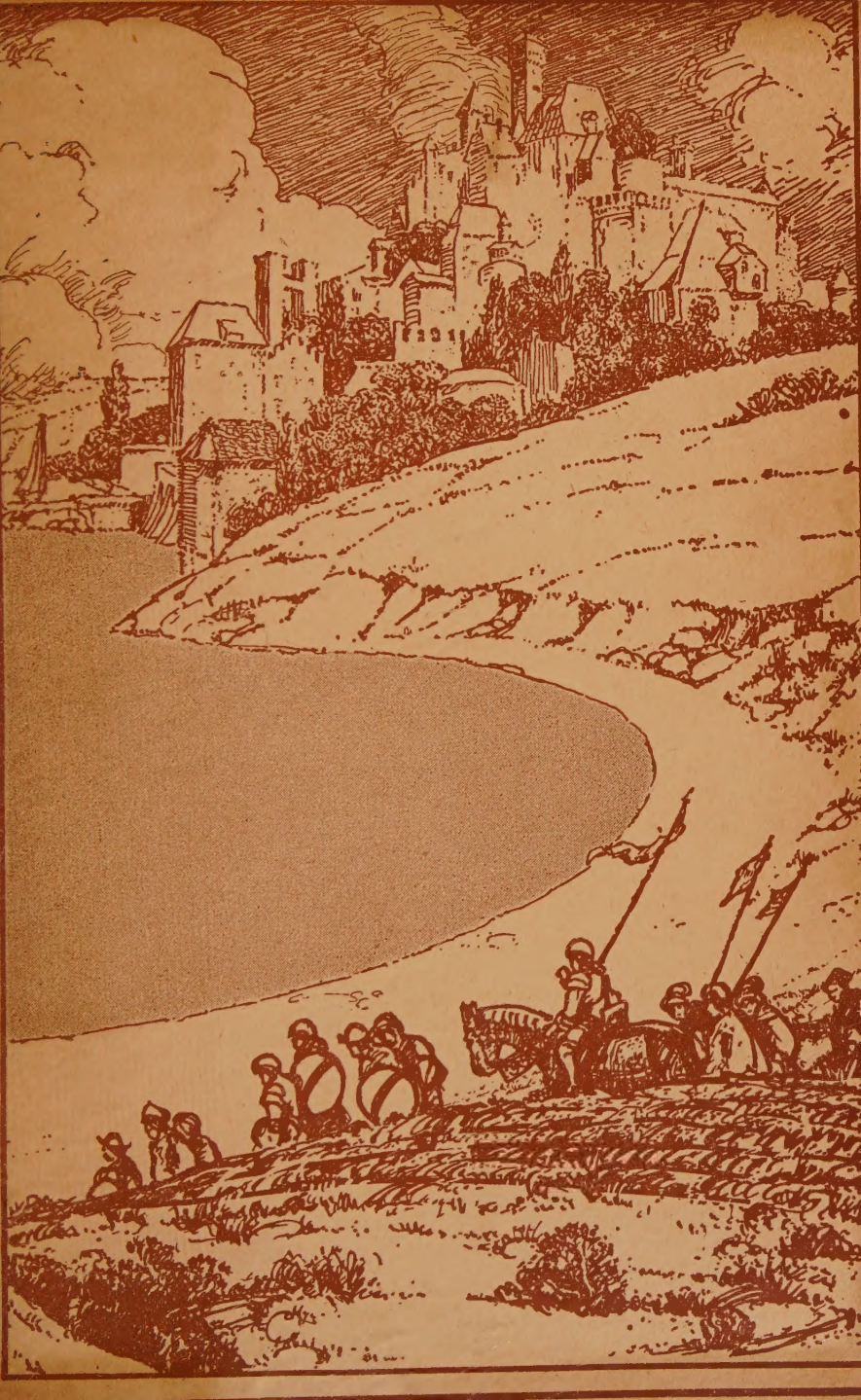
to my salvation. Bear then thy honors meekly, and give thanks to God that made thee strong. Go now into the feast and join thy happiness to that of my warriors."

That day the high walls of Heorot rang with the thunderous shouts of the warriors and echoed the inspiring words of the Skalds who sang of Beowulf's victory. When at last darkness settled o'er the towers and pinnacles of the palace, the grateful Danes laid themselves down to sleep in peace and safety, knowing that their slumber would never again be disturbed by the old sea woman or her giant progeny.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

NOTE,—The pronunciation of difficult words is indicated by respelling them phonetically. *N* is used to indicate the French nasal sound; *K* the sound of *ch* in German; *ü* the sound of the German *ü* and French *u*; *ö* the sound of *ö* in foreign languages.

AFGHAN, *af' gan*
BEOWULF, *ba' o woolf*
CACHALOT, *kash' a lot*
CANUTE, *kan ute'*
CAOUTCHOUC, *koo' chook*
CHRISTIAN, *kris' chan*
DANEBROG, *dan' e brog*
EGEDE, *a' ge deh*
FRIETCHIE, *fre' che*
GRYPHON, *grif' on*
HOLGER DANSKE, *hol' gur dans' ke*
HROTHGAR, *hroth' gar*
HRUNTING, *hroon' ting*
HVITFELD, *hvit' felt*
JOTUNS, *yo' toonz*
JUAN FERNANDEZ, *hwahn fer nahn' dath*
LEPRECAUN, *lep' re kawn*
LILLIPUTIANS, *lil li pu' shans*
LLEWELYN, *le wel' lin*
MOHAMMED, *mo ham' med*
MUSTAPHA, *moo' sta fah*
SCHAHRIAR, *shah re' ar*

Scheherazade, *she he″ ra zah′ de*
Serrano, *ser rah′ no*
Styria, *steer′ i ah*
Thorwaldsen, *tor′ vawld sen*
Tycho Brahe, *te′ ko brah′ eh*, or *brah*
Waldemar, *vahl′ de mahr*
Wyss, *vis*

Journeys
Through
Bookland